SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LV JUNE, 1914 NO. 6

A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS*

[THIRD ARTICLE]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE HEADWATERS OF THE PARAGUAY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

AT Corumbá our entire party, and all their belongings, came aboard our good little river boat, the *Nyoac*. Christmas Day saw us making our way steadily up-stream against the strong current, and between the green and beautiful banks of the upper Paraguay. The shallow little steamer was jammed with men, dogs, rifles, partially cured skins, boxes of provisions, ammunition, tools, and photographic supplies, bags containing tents, cots, bedding, and clothes, saddles, hammocks, and the other necessaries for a trip through the "great wilderness," the "matto grosso" of western Brazil.

It was a brilliantly clear day, and, although of course in that latitude and at that season the heat was intense later on, it was cool and pleasant in the early morning. We sat on the forward deck, admiring the trees on the brink of the sheer mud-banks, the lush rank grass of the marshes, and the many water birds. The two pilots, one black and one white, stood at the wheel. Colonel Rondon read Thomas à Kempis; Kermit, Cherrie, and Miller squatted outside the railing on the deck over one paddle-wheel and put the final touches on the jaguar-skins. Fiala satisfied himself that the boxes and bags were in place. It was probable that hardship lay in the future; but the day was our own, and the day was pleasant. In the evening the after-deck, open all around, where we dined, was decorated with green boughs and rushes, and we drank the health of the President of the United States and of the President of Brazil.

Now and then we passed little ranches on the river's edge. This is a fertile land, pleasant to live in, and any settler who is willing to work can earn his living. There are mines; there is water-power; there is abundance of rich soil. The country will soon be opened by rail. It offers a fine field for immigration and for agricultural, mining, and business development; and it has a great future.

Cherrie and Miller had secured a little owl a month before in the Chaco, and it was travelling with them in a basket. It was a dear little bird, very tame and affectionate. It liked to be handled and petted; and when Miller, its especial protector, came into the cabin, it would make queer little noises as a signal that it wished to be taken up and perched on his hand. Cherrie and Miller had trapped many mammals. Among them was a tayra weasel, whitish above and black below, as

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big and bloodthirsty as a fisher-martin; and a tiny opossum no bigger than a mouse. They had taken four species of opossum, but they had not found the curious water-opossum which they had obtained on the rivers flowing into the Caribbean Sea. This opossum, which is black and white, swims in the streams like a muskrat or otter, catching fish and living in burrows which open under water. Miller and Cherrie were puzzled to know why the young throve, leading such an existence of constant immersion; one of them once found a female swimming and diving freely with four quite well-grown young in her pouch.

We saw on the banks screamers—big, crested waders of archaic type, with spurred wings, rather short bills, and no especial affinities with other modern birds. In one meadow by a pond we saw three marsh deer, a buck and two does. They stared at us, with their thickly haired tails raised on end. These tails are black underneath, instead of white as in our white-tail deer. One of the vagaries of the ultra-concealing colorationists has been to uphold the (incidentally quite preposterous) theory that the tail of our deer is colored white beneath so as to harmonize with the sky and thereby mislead the cougar or wolf at the critical moment when it makes its spring; but this marsh deer shows a black instead of a white flag, and yet has just as much need of protection from its enemies, the jaguar and the cougar. In South America concealing coloration plays no more part in the lives of the deer, the tamandua, the peccary, the jaguar, and the puma than it plays in Africa in the lives of such animals as the zebra, the sable antelope, the wildebeeste, the lion, and the hunting hyena.

Next day we spent ascending the São Lourenço. It was narrower than the Paraguay, naturally, and the swirling brown current was if anything more rapid. The strange tropical trees, standing densely on the banks, were matted together by long bush ropes—lianas, or vines, some very slender and very long. Sometimes we saw brilliant red or blue flowers, or masses of scarlet berries on a queer palm-like tree, or an array of great white blossoms on a much larger tree. In a lagoon bordered by the taquará bamboo a school of big otters were playing; when they came to the surface, they opened their mouths like seals, and made a loud hissing noise. The crested screamers, dark gray and as large as turkeys, perched on the very topmost branches of the tallest trees. Hyacinth macaws screamed harshly as they flew across the river. Among the trees was the guan, another peculiar bird as big as a big grouse, and with certain habits of the wood-grouse, but not akin to any northern game-bird. The windpipe of the male is very long, extending down to the end of the breast-bone, and the bird utters queer guttural screams. A dead cayman floated down-stream, with a black vulture devouring it. Capybaras stood or squatted on the banks: sometimes they stared stupidly at us; sometimes they plunged into the river at our approach. At long intervals we passed little clearings. In each stood a house of palm logs, with steeply pitched roof of palm thatch, and patches of corn and mandioc. The dusky owner, and perhaps his family, came out on the bank to watch us as we passed. It was a hot day—the thermometer on the deck in the shade stood at 103 degrees Fahrenheit. Biting flies came aboard even when we were in midstream.

Next day we were ascending the Cuyabá River. It had begun raining in the night, and the heavy downpour continued throughout the forenoon. In the morning we halted at a big cattle-ranch to get fresh milk and beef. There were various houses, sheds, and corrals near the river's edge, and fifty or sixty milch cows were gathered in one corral. Spurred plover, or lapwings, strolled familiarly among the hens. Paraquets and red-headed tanagers lit in the trees over our heads. A kind of primitive houseboat was moored at the bank, a woman was cooking breakfast over a little stove at one end. The crew were ashore. The boat was one of those which are really stores, and which travel up and down these rivers, laden with what the natives most need, and stopping wherever there is a ranch. They are the only stores which many of the country-dwellers see from year's end to year's end. They float down-stream, and up-stream are poled by their crew, or now and then get a tow from a steamer. This one had a house with a tin roof; others bear houses with thatched

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roofs, or with roofs made of hides. The river wound through vast marshes broken by belts of woodland.

Always the two naturalists had something of interest to tell of their past experience suggested by some bird or beast we came across. Black and golden orioles, slightly crested, of two different species were found along the river; they nest in colonies, and often we passed such colonies, the long pendulous nests hanging from the boughs of trees directly over the water. Cherrie told us of finding such a colony built round a big wasp-nest, several feet in diameter. These wasps are venomous and irritable, and few foes would dare venture near birds' nests that were under such formidable shelter; but the birds themselves were entirely unafraid, and obviously were not in any danger of disagreement with their dangerous protectors. We saw a dark ibis flying across the bow of the boat, uttering his deep, two-syllabled note. Miller told how on the Orinoco these ibises plunder the nests of the big river turtles. They are very skilful in finding where the female turtle has laid her eggs, scratch them out of the sand, break the shells, and suck the contents.

It was astonishing to find so few mosquitoes on these marshes. They did not in any way compare as pests with the mosquitoes on the lower Mississippi, the New Jersey coast, the Red River of the North, or the Kootenay. Back in the forest near Corumbá the naturalists had found them very bad indeed. Cherrie had spent two or three days on a mountain-top which was bare of forest; he had thought there would be few mosquitoes, but the long grass harbored them (they often swarm in long grass bush, even where there is no water), and at night they were such a torment that as soon as the sun set he had to go to bed under his mosquito-netting. Yet on the vast marshes they were not seriously troublesome, in most places. I was informed that they were not in any way a bother on the grassy uplands, the high country north of Cuyabá, which from thence stretches eastward to the coastal region. It is at any rate certain that this inland region of Brazil, including the state of Matto Grosso which we were traversing, is a healthy region, excellently adapted to settlement; railroads will speedily penetrate it, and then it will witness an astonishing development.

On the morning of the 28th we reached the home buildings of the great São João *fazenda*, the ranch of Senhor João da Costa Marques. Our host himself, and his son, Doutor João the younger, who was state secretary of agriculture, and the latter's charming wife, and the president of Matto Grosso, and several other ladies and gentlemen, had come down the river to greet us, from the city of Cuyabá, several hundred miles farther up-stream. As usual, we were treated with whole-hearted and generous hospitality. Some miles below the ranch-house the party met us, on a stern-wheel steamboat and a launch, both decked with many flags. The handsome white ranch-house stood only a few rods back from the river's brink, in a grassy opening, dotted with those noble trees, the royal palms. Other trees, buildings of all kinds, flower-gardens, vegetable-gardens, fields, corrals, and enclosures with high white walls stood near the house. A detachment of soldiers or state police, with a band, were in front of the house, and two flagpoles, one with the Brazilian flag already hoisted. The American flag was run up on the other as I stepped ashore, while the band played the national anthems of the two countries. The house held much comfort; and the comfort was all the more appreciated because even indoors the thermometer stood at 107° F. In the late afternoon heavy rain fell, and cooled the air. We were riding at the time. Around the house the birds were tame: the parrots and paraquets crowded and chattered in the tree-tops; jacanas played in the wet ground just back of the garden; ibises and screamers called loudly in the swamps a little distance off.

Until we came actually in sight of this great ranch-house we had been passing through a hot, fertile, pleasant wilderness, where the few small palm-roofed houses, each in its little patch of sugar-cane, corn, and mandioc, stood very many miles apart. One of these little houses stood on an old Indian mound, exactly like the mounds which form the only hillocks along the lower Mississippi, and which are also of Indian origin. These

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occasional Indian mounds, made ages ago, are the highest bits of ground in the immense swamps of the upper Paraguay region. There are still Indian tribes in this neighborhood. We passed an Indian fishing village on the edge of the river, with huts, scaffoldings for drying the fish, hammocks, and rude tables. They cultivated patches of bananas and sugar-cane. Out in a shallow place in the river was a scaffolding on which the Indians stood to spear fish. The Indians were friendly, peaceable souls, for the most part dressed like the poorer classes among the Brazilians.

Next morning there was to have been a great *rodeó*, or round-up, and we determined to have a hunt first, as there were still several kinds of beasts of the chase, notably tapirs and peccaries, of which the naturalists desired specimens. Doutor João, our host, and his son accompanied us. Theirs is a noteworthy family. Born in Matto Grosso, in the tropics, our host had the look of a northerner and, although a grandfather, he possessed an abounding vigor and energy such as very few men of any climate or surroundings do possess. All of his sons are doing well. The son who was with us was a stalwart, powerful man, a delightful companion, an able public servant, a finished horseman, and a skilled hunter, fondest of that highest kind of sport in which the man must trust to his own nerve and prowess to overcome serious danger. He carried a sharp spear, not a rifle, for in Matto Grosso it is the custom in hunting the jaguar for riflemen and spearmen to go in at him together when he turns at bay, the spearman holding him off if the first shot fails to stop him, so that another shot can be put in. Altogether, our host and his son reminded one of the best type of American ranchmen and planters, of those planters and ranchmen who are adepts in bold and manly field sports, who are capital men of business, and who also often supply to the state skilled and faithful public servants. The hospitality the father and son extended to us was patriarchal: neither, for instance, would sit at table with their guests at the beginning of the formal meals; instead they exercised a close personal supervision over the feast. Our charming hostess, however, sat at the head of the table.

At six in the morning we started, all of us on fine horses. The day was lowering and overcast. A dozen dogs were with us, but only one or two were worth anything. Three or four ordinary countrymen, the ranch hands, or *vaqueiros*, accompanied us; they were mainly of Indian blood, and would have been called peons, or *caboclos*, in other parts of Brazil, but here were always spoken to and of as "camaradas." They were, of course, chosen from among the men who were hunters, and each carried his long, rather heavy and clumsy jaguar-spear. In front rode our vigorous host and his strapping son, the latter also carrying a jaguar-spear. The bridles and saddles of the big ranchmen and of the gentlefolk generally were handsome and were elaborately ornamented with silver. The stirrups, for instance, were not only of silver, but contained so much extra metal in ornamented bars and rings that they would have been awkward for less practised riders. Indeed, as it was, they were adapted only for the tips of boots with long pointed toes, and were impossible for our feet; our hosts' stirrups were long, narrow silver slippers. The *camaradas*, on the other hand, had jim-crow saddles and bridles, and rusty little iron stirrups into which they thrust their naked toes. But all, gentry and commonalty alike, rode equally well and with the same skill and fearlessness. To see Colonel Rondon and our hosts gallop at headlong speed over any kind of country toward the sound of the dogs with their quarry at bay, or to see them handle their horses in a morass, was a pleasure. It was equally a pleasure to see a *camarada* carrying his heavy spear, leading a hound in a leash, and using his machete to cut his way through the tangled vine-ropes of a jungle, all at the same time and all without the slightest reference to the plunges, and the odd and exceedingly jerky behavior, of his wild half-broken horse—for on such a ranch most of the horses are apt to come in the categories of half-broken or else of broken-down. One dusky tatterdemalion wore a pair of boots from which he had removed the soles, his bare, spur-clad feet projecting from beneath the uppers. He was on a little devil of a stallion, which he rode blindfold for a couple of miles, and there was a regular circus when he

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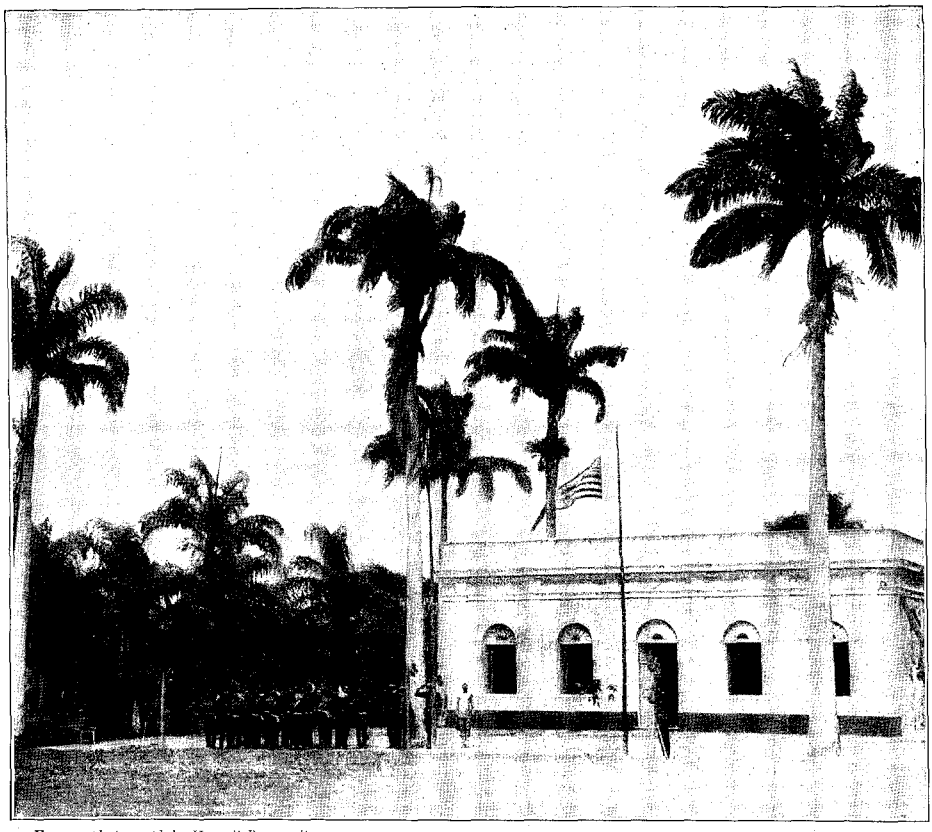

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Hoisting the American flag at São João.

A detachment of soldiers or state police, with a band, were in front of the house, and two flagpoles, one with the Brazilian flag already hoisted. The American flag was run up on the other as I stepped ashore.—Page 669.

removed the bandage; but evidently it never occurred to him that the animal was hardly a comfortable riding-horse for a man going out hunting and encumbered with a spear, a machete, and other belongings.

The eight hours that we were out we spent chiefly in splashing across the marshes, with excursions now and then into vine-tangled belts and clumps of timber. Some of the bayous we had to cross were uncomfortably boggy. We had to lead the horses through one, wading ahead of them; and even so two of them mired down, and their saddles had to be taken off before they could be gotten out. Among the marsh plants were fields and strips of the great caeté rush. These caeté flags towered above the other and lesser marsh plants. They were higher than the heads of the horsemen. Their two or three huge banana-like leaves stood straight up on end. The large brilliant flowers—orange, red, and yellow—were joined into a singularly shaped and solid string or cluster. Humming-birds buzzed round these flowers; one species, the sickle-billed hummer, has its bill especially adapted for use in these queerly shaped blossoms and gets its food only from them, never appearing around any other plant.

The birds were tame, even those striking and beautiful birds which under man's persecution are so apt to become scarce and shy. The huge jabiru storks, stalking through the water with stately dignity, sometimes refused to fly until we were only a hundred yards off; one of them flew over our heads at a distance of thirty or forty yards. The screamers, crying *curu-curu*, and the ibises, wailing dolefully, came even closer. The wonderful hyacinth macaws, in twos and

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threes, accompanied us at times for several hundred yards, hovering over our heads and uttering their rasping screams. In one wood we came on the black howler monkey. The place smelt almost like a menagerie. Not watching with sufficient care I brushed against a sapling on which the venomous fire-ants swarmed. They burnt the skin like red-hot cinders, and left little sores. More than once in the dryer parts of the marsh we met small caymans making their way from one pool to another. My horse stepped over one before I saw it. The dead carcasses of others showed that on their wanderings they had encountered jaguars or human foes.

From a photograph by Miller.

Moses, Miller's pet owl.

It was a dear little bird, very tame and affectionate.—Page 667.

We had been out about three hours when one of the dogs gave tongue in a large belt of woodland and jungle to the left of our line of march through the marsh. The other dogs ran to the sound, and after a while the long barking told that the thing, whatever it was, was at bay or else in some refuge. We made our way toward the place on foot. The dogs were baying excitedly at the mouth of a huge hollow log, and very short examination showed us that there were two peccaries within, doubtless a boar and sow. However, just at this moment the peccaries bolted from an unsuspected opening at the other end of the log, dove into the tangle, and instantly disappeared with the hounds in full cry after them. It was twenty minutes later before we again heard the pack baying. With much difficulty, and by the incessant swinging of the machetes, we opened a trail through the network of vines and branches. This time there was only one peccary, the boar. He was at bay in a half-hollow stump. The dogs were about his head, raving with excitement, and it was not possible to use the rifle; so I borrowed the spear of Doutor João the younger, and killed the fierce little boar therewith.

This was a collared peccary, smaller and less fierce than its white-lipped kinsfolk. It is a valiant and truculent little beast, nevertheless, and if given the chance will bite a piece the size of a teacup out of either man or dog. It is found singly or in small parties, feeds on roots, fruits, grass, and sometimes snakes and insects, and delights to make its home in hollow logs. If taken young it makes an affectionate and entertaining pet. When the two were in the hollow log we heard them utter a kind of moaning, or menacing, grunt, long drawn.

An hour or two afterward we unexpectedly struck the fresh tracks of two jaguars and at once loosed the dogs, who tore off yelling, on the line of the scent. Unfortunately, just at this moment the clouds burst and a deluge of rain drove in our forces. So heavy was the downpour that the dogs lost the trail and we lost the dogs. We found them again only owing to one of our *caboclos*, an Indian with a queer Mongolian face, and no brain at all that I could discover, apart from his special dealings with wild creatures, cattle, and horses. He rode in a huddle of rags; but nothing escaped his eyes, and he rode anything anywhere. The downpour continued so heavily that we knew the *rodeó* had been abandoned, and we turned our faces for the long, dripping, splashing ride homeward. Through the gusts of driving rain we could hardly see the way. Once the rain lightened, and half a mile away the sunshine gleamed through a rift in the leaden cloud-mass. Suddenly in this rift of shimmering brightness there appeared a flock of beautiful white egrets. With strong, graceful wing-beats the birds urged their flight, their plumage flashing in the sun. They then crossed the rift and were swallowed in the gray gloom of the day.

On the marsh the dogs several times roused capybaras. Where there were no ponds of sufficient size the capybaras

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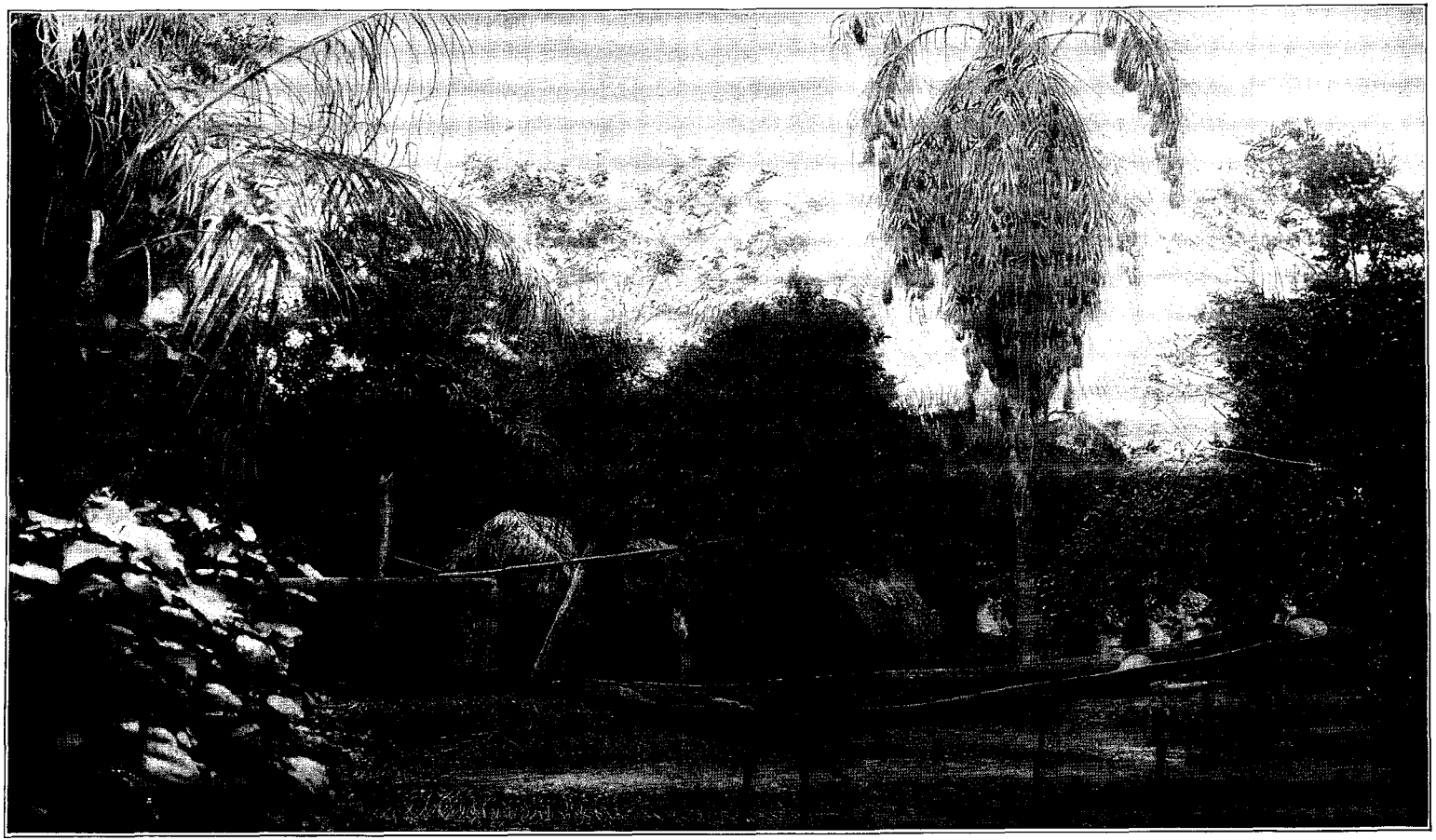

From a photograph by Harper.

An Indian village.

We passed an Indian fishing village on the edge of the river, with huts, scaffoldings for drying the fish, hammocks, and rude tables.—Page 670.

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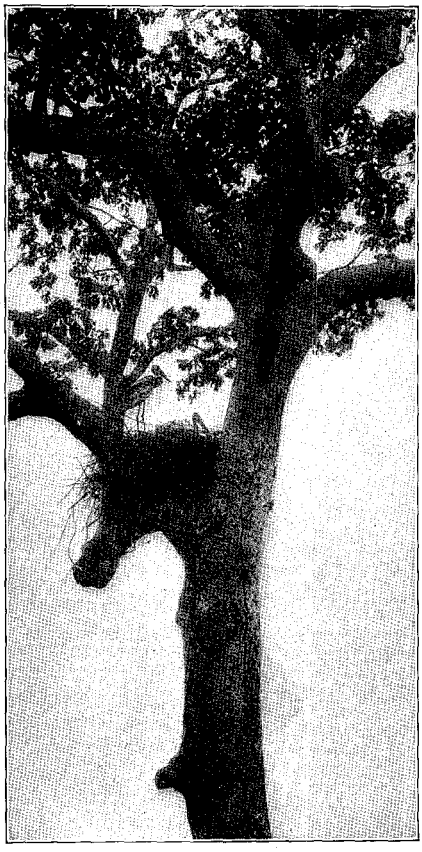
sought refuge in flight through the tangled marsh. They ran well. Kermit and Fiala went after one on foot, full-speed, for a mile and a half, with two hounds which then bayed it—literally bayed it, for the capybara fought with the courage of a gigantic woodchuck. If the pack overtook a capybara, they of course speedily finished it; but a single dog of our not very valorous outfit was not able to overmatch its shrill-squeaking opponent.

Near the ranch-house, about forty feet up in a big tree, was a jabiru's nest containing young jabirus. The young birds exercised themselves by walking solemnly round the edge of the nest and opening and shutting their wings. Their heads and necks were down-covered, instead of being naked like those of their parents. Fiala wished to take a moving-picture of them while thus engaged, and so, after arranging his machine, he asked Harper to rouse the young birds by throwing a stick up to the nest. He did so, whereupon one young jabiru hastily opened its wings in the desired fashion, at the same time seizing the stick in its bill! It dropped it at once, with an air of comic disappointment, when it found that the stick was not edible.



From a photograph by Harper.

A jabiru's nest.

The young birds exercised themselves by walking solemnly round the edge of the nest.

There were many strange birds round about. Toucans were not uncommon. I have never seen any other bird take such grotesque and comic attitudes as the toucan. This day I saw one standing in the top of a tree with the big bill pointing straight into the air and the tail also cocked perpendicularly. The toucan is a born comedian. On the river and in the ponds we saw the finfoot, a bird with feet like a grebe and bill and tail like those of a darter, but, like so many South American birds, with no close affiliations among other species. The exceedingly rich bird fauna of South America contains many species which seem to be survivals from a very remote geologic past, whose kinsfolk have perished under the changed conditions of recent ages; and in the case of many, like the hoatzin and screamer, their like is not known elsewhere. Herons of many species swarmed in this neighborhood. The handsomest was the richly colored tiger bittern. Two other species were so unlike ordinary herons that I did not recognize them as herons at all until Cherrie told me what they were. One had a dark body, a white-speckled or ocellated neck, and a bill almost like that of an ibis. The other looked white, but was really mauve-colored, with black on the head. When perched on a tree it stood like an ibis; and instead of the measured wing-beats characteristic of a heron's flight, it flew with a quick, vigorous flapping of the wings. There were queer mammals, too, as well as birds. In the fields Miller trapped mice of a kind entirely new.

Next morning the sky was leaden, and a drenching rain fell as we began our descent of the river. The rainy season had fairly begun. For our good fortune we were still where we had the cabins aboard

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From a photograph by Harper.

An Indian family.

the boat, and the ranch-house, in which to dry our clothes and soggy shoes; but in the intensely humid atmosphere, hot and steaming, they stayed wet a long time, and were still moist when we put them on again. Before we left the house where we had been treated with such courteous hospitality—the finest ranch-house in Matto Grosso, on a huge ranch where there are some sixty thousand head of horned cattle—the son of our host, Dom João the younger, the jaguar-hunter, presented me with two magnificent volumes on the palms of Brazil, the work of Doctor Barboso Rodriguez, one-time director of the Botanical Gardens at Rio Janeiro. The two folios were in a box of native cedar. No gift more appropriate, none that I would in the future value more as a reminder of my stay in Matto Grosso, could have been given me.

All that afternoon the rain continued. It was still pouring in torrents when we left the Cuyabá for the São Lourenço and steamed up the latter a few miles before anchoring; Dom João the younger had accompanied us in his launch. The little river steamer was of very open build, as is necessary in such a hot climate; and to keep things dry necessitated also keeping the atmosphere stifling. The German taxidermist who was with Colonel Rondon's party, Reinish, a very good fellow from Vienna, sat on a stool, alternately drenched with rain and sweltering with heat, and muttered to himself: "Ach, Schweinerei!"

Two small caymans, of the common or

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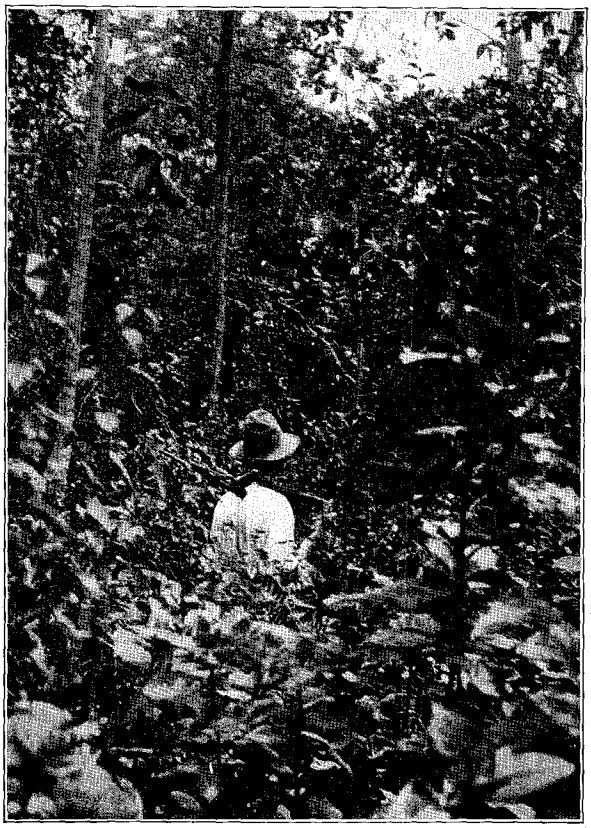
so-called spectacled species, with prominent eyes, were at the bank where we moored, and betrayed an astonishing and stupid tameness. Neither the size of the boat nor the commotion caused by the paddles in any way affected them. They lay inshore, not twenty feet from us, half out of water; they paid not the slightest heed to our presence, and only reluctantly left when repeatedly poked at, and after having been repeatedly hit with clods of mud and sticks; and even then one first crawled up on shore, to find out if thereby he could not rid himself of the annoyance we caused him.



From a photograph by Fiala.

Kermit Roosevelt breaking trail.

Kermit was the one of our party who possessed the speed, endurance, and eyesight, and accordingly he led.—Page 678.

Next morning it was still raining, but we set off on a hunt, anyway, going afoot. A couple of brown *camaradas* led the way, and Colonel Rondon, Dom João, Kermit, and I followed. The incessant downpour speedily wet us to the skin. We made our way slowly through the forest, the machetes playing right and left, up and down, at every step, for the trees were tangled in a network of vines and creepers. Some of the vines were as thick as a man's leg. Mosquitoes hummed about us, the venomous fire-ants stung us, the sharp spines of a small palm tore our hands—afterward some of the wounds festered. Hour after hour we thus walked on through the Brazilian forest. We saw monkeys, the common yellowish kind, a species of cebus; a couple were shot for the museum and the others raced off among the upper branches of the trees. When we came on a party of coatis, which look like reddish, long-snouted, long-tailed, lanky raccoons, they were in the top of a big tree. One, when shot at and

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missed, bounced down to the ground, and ran off through the bushes; Kermit ran after it and secured it. He came back, to find us peering hopelessly up into the tree-top, trying to place where the other coatis were. Kermit solved the difficulty by going up along some huge twisted lianas for forty or fifty feet and exploring the upper branches; whereupon down came three other coatis through the branches, one being caught by the dogs and the other two escaping. Coatis fight savagely with both teeth and claws. Miller told us that he once saw one of them kill a dog. They feed on all small mammals, birds, and reptiles, and even on some large ones; they kill iguanas; Cherrie saw a rattling chase through the trees, a coati following an iguana at full speed. We heard the rush of a couple of tapirs, as they broke away in the jungle in front of the dogs, and headed, according to their custom, for the river; but we never saw them. One of the party shot a bush deer—a very pretty, graceful creature, smaller than our whitetail deer, but kin to it and doubtless the southernmost representative of the whitetail group.

Miller, when we presented the monkeys to him, told us that the females both of these monkeys and of the howlers themselves took care of the young, the males not assisting them, and moreover that when the young one was a male he had always found the mother keeping by herself, away from the old males. On the other hand, among the marmosets he found the fathers taking as much care of the young as the mothers; if the mother had twins, the father would usually carry one, and sometimes both, around with him.

After we had been out four hours our *camaradas* got lost; three several times they travelled round in a complete circle; and we had to set them right with the compass. About noon the rain, which had been falling almost without interruption for forty-eight hours, let up, and in an hour or two the sun came out. We went

From a sketch by Anthony Fiala.

Crossing the pantanals

The floating masses of marsh grass, and the slimy stems of the water plants, doubled our work as we swam, cumbered by our clothing and boots, and holding our rifles aloft.—Page 678.

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back to the river, and found our rowboat. In it the hounds—a motley and rather worthless lot—and the rest of the party were ferried across to the opposite bank, while Colonel Rondon and I stayed in the boat, on the chance that a tapir might be roused and take to the river. However, no tapir was found; Kermit killed a collared peccary, and I shot a capybara representing a color-phase the naturalists wished.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Anthony Fiala in the bush.

Next morning, January 1, 1914, we were up at five and had a good New Year's Day breakfast of hardtack, ham, sardines, and coffee before setting out on an all-day's hunt on foot. I much feared that the pack was almost or quite worthless for jaguars, but there were two or three of the great spotted cats in the neighborhood and it seemed worth while to make a try for them, anyhow. After an hour or two we found the fresh tracks of two, and after them we went. Our party consisted of Colonel Rondon, Lieutenant Rogaciano, —an excellent man, himself a native of Matto Grosso, of old Matto Grosso stock, —two others of the party from the São João ranch, Kermit, and myself, together with four dark-skinned *camaradas*, cowhands from the same ranch. We soon found that the dogs would not by themselves follow the jaguar trail; nor would the *camaradas*, although they carried spears. Kermit was the one of our party who possessed the speed, endurance, and eyesight, and accordingly he led. Two of the dogs would follow the track half a dozen yards ahead of him, but no farther; and two of the *camaradas* could just about keep up with him. For an hour we went through thick jungle where the machetes were constantly at work. Then the trail struck off straight across the marshes; for jaguars swim and wade as freely as marsh deer. It was a hard walk. The sun was out. We were drenched with sweat. We were torn by the spines of the innumerable clusters of small palms with thorns like needles. We were bitten by the hosts of fire-ants, and by the mosquitoes, which we scarcely noticed where the fire-ants were found, exactly as all dread of the latter vanished when we were menaced by the big red wasps, of which a dozen stings will disable a man, and if he is weak or in bad health will seriously menace his life. In the marsh we were continually wading, now up to our knees, now up to our hips. Twice we came to long bayous so deep that we had to swim them, holding our rifles above water in our right hands. The floating masses of marsh grass, and the slimy stems of the water plants, doubled our work as we swam, cumbered by our clothing and boots and holding our rifles aloft. One result of the swim, by the way, was that my watch, a veteran of Cuba and Africa, came to an indignant halt. Then on we went, hampered by the weight of our drenched clothes while our soggy boots squelched as we walked. There was no breeze. In the undimmed sky the sun stood almost overhead. The heat beat on us in waves. By noon I could only go forward at a slow walk, and two of the party were worse off than I was. Kermit, with the dogs and two *camaradas* close behind him, disappeared across the marshes at a trot. At last, when he was out of sight, and it was obviously useless to follow him, the rest of us turned back toward the boat. The two exhausted members of the party gave out, and we left them under a tree. Colonel

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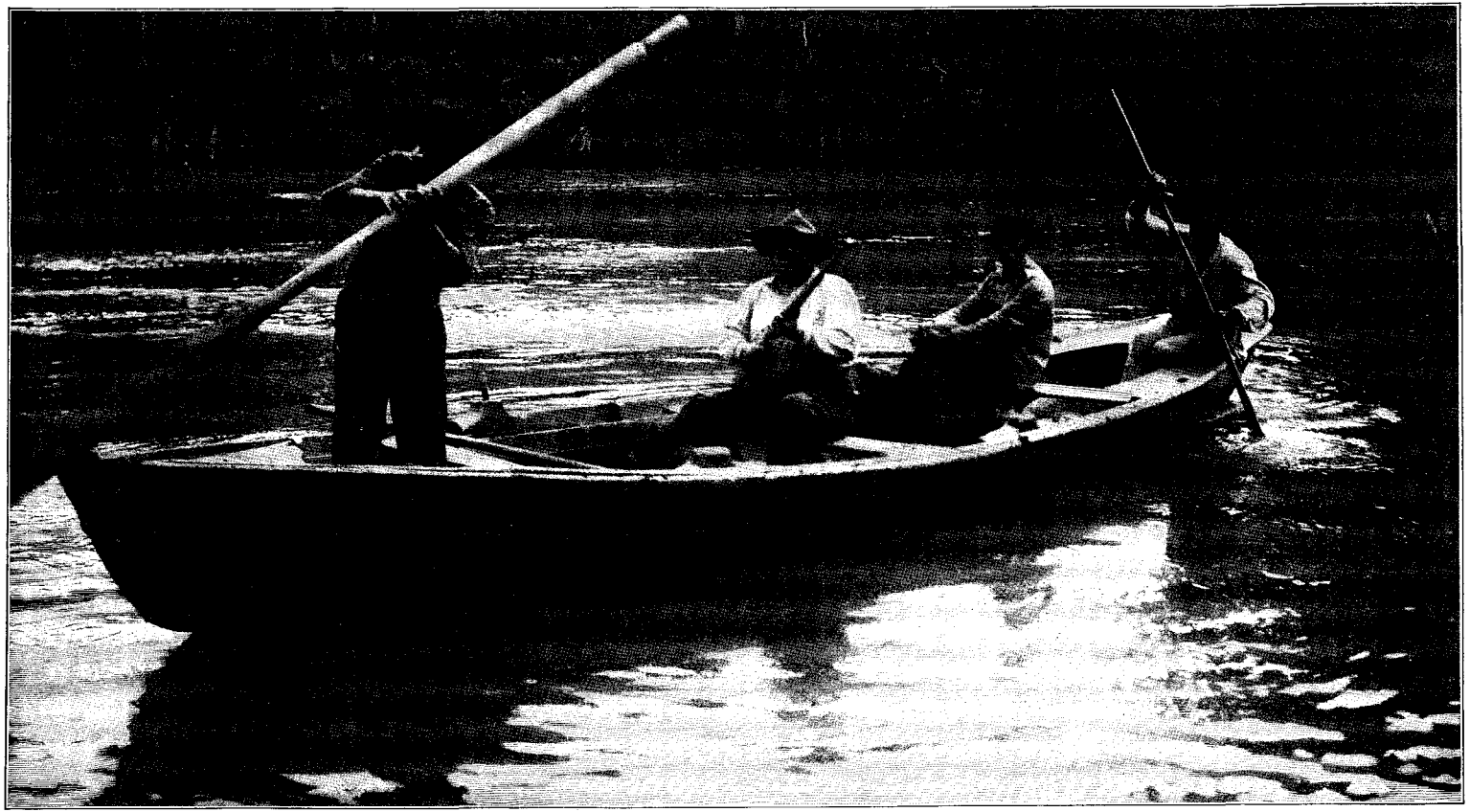
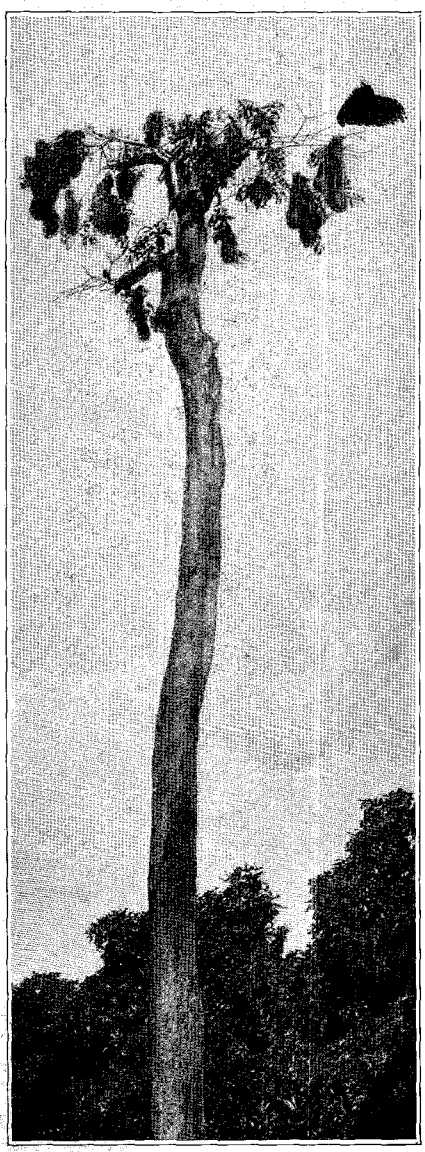


From a photograph by Harper.

Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Rondon returning from a hunt.

Rondon and Lieutenant Rogaciano were not much tired; I was somewhat tired, but was perfectly able to go for several hours more if I did not try to go too fast; and we three walked on to the river, reaching it about half past four, after eleven hours' stiff walking with nothing to eat. We were soon on the boat. A relief party went back for the two men under the tree, and soon after it reached them Kermit also turned up with his hounds and his *camaradas* trailing wearily behind him. He had followed the jaguar trail until the dogs were so tired that even after he had bathed them, and then held their noses in the fresh footprints, they would pay no heed to the scent. A hunter of scientific tastes, a hunter-naturalist, or even an outdoors naturalist, or faunal naturalist interested in big mammals, with a pack of hounds such as those with which Paul Rainey hunted lion and leopard in Africa, or such a pack as the packs of Johnny Goff and Jake Borah with which I hunted cougar, lynx, and bear in the Rockies, or such packs as those of the Mississippi and Louisiana planters with whom I have hunted bear, wildcat, and deer in the cane-brakes of the lower Mississippi, would not only enjoy fine hunting in these vast marshes of the upper Paraguay, but would also do work of real scientific value as regards all the big cats.



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

A troupial nest.

The troupials, or big black and yellow orioles, had built a large colony of their nests on a dead tree.—Page 681.

The fire-ants, of which I have above spoken, are generally found on a species of small tree or sapling, with a greenish trunk. They bend the whole body as they bite, the tail and head being thrust downward. A few seconds after the bite the poison causes considerable pain; later it may make a tiny festering sore. There is certainly the most extraordinary diversity in the traits by which nature achieves the perpetuation of species. Among the warrior and predacious insects the prowess is in some cases of such type as to render the possessor practically immune from danger. In other cases the condition of its exercise may normally be the sacrifice of the life of the possessor. There are wasps that prey and formidable fighting spiders, which yet instinctively so handle themselves that the prey practically never succeeds in either defending itself or retaliating, being captured and paralyzed with unerring efficiency and with entire security to the wasp. The wasp's safety is absolute. On the other hand, these fighting ants, including the soldiers even among the termites, are frantically eager for a success which

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

An Indian in a dugout.

generally means their annihilation; the condition of their efficiency is absolute indifference to their own security. Probably the majority of the ants that actually lay hold on a foe suffer death in consequence; certainly they not merely run the risk of but eagerly invite death.

The following day we descended the São Lourenço to its junction with the Paraguay, and once more began the ascent of the latter. At one cattle-ranch where we stopped, the troupials, or big black and yellow orioles, had built a large colony of their nests on a dead tree near the primitive little ranch-house. The birds were breeding; the old ones were feeding the young. In this neighborhood the naturalists found many birds that were new to them, including a tiny woodpecker no bigger than a ruby-crowned kinglet. They had collected two night monkeys—nocturnal monkeys, not as agile as the ordinary monkey; these two were found at dawn, having stayed out too late. The early morning was always lovely on these rivers, and at that hour many birds and beasts were to be seen. One morning we saw a fine marsh buck, holding his head aloft as he stared at us, his red coat vivid against the green marsh. Another of these marsh deer swam the river ahead of us; I shot at it as it landed, and ought to have got it, but did not. As always with these marsh deer—and as with so many other deer—I was struck by the revealing or advertising quality of its red coloration; there was nothing in its normal surroundings with which this coloration harmonized; so far as it had any effect whatever it was always a revealing and not a concealing effect. When the animal fled the black of the erect tail was an additional revealing mark, although not of such startlingly advertising quality as the flag of the whitetail. The whitetail, in one of its forms, and with the ordinary whitetail custom of displaying the white flag as it runs, is found in the imme-

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From a photograph by Harper.

Snake-birds

Mixed flocks of scores of cormorants, both at sunset

diate neighborhood of the swamp deer. It has the same foes. Evidently it is of no survival consequence whether the running deer displays a white or a black flag. Any competent observer of big game must be struck by the fact that in the great majority of the species the coloration is not concealing, and that in many it has a highly revealing quality. Moreover, if the spotted or striped young represent the ancestral, and if, as seems probable, the spots and stripes have, on the whole, some slight concealing value, it is evident that in the life history of most of these large mammals, both among those that prey and those that are preyed on, concealing coloration has not been a survival factor; throughout the ages during which they have survived they have gradually lost whatever of concealing coloration they may once have had—if any—and have developed a coloration which under present conditions has no concealing and perhaps even has a revealing quality, and which in all probability never would have had a concealing value in any "environmental complex" in which the species as a whole lived during its ancestral development. Indeed, it seems astonishing, when one observes these big beasts—and big waders and other water birds—in their native surroundings, to find how utterly non-harmful their often strikingly revealing coloration is. Evidently the various other survival factors, such as habit, and in many cases cover, etc., are of such overmastering importance that the coloration is generally of no consequence whatever, one way or the other, and is only very rarely a factor of any serious weight.

That evening we reached the junction of the San Lourenço and the Paraguay, and turned up the latter. This junction is a day's journey above Corumbá. From Corumbá there is a regular service by shallow steamers to Cayubá, at the head of one fork, and to San Luis de Cáceres, at the head of the other. The steamers are not powerful and the voyage to each little city takes a week; and there are other forks that are navigable. Above Cayubá and Cáceres launches go up-stream for several days' journey, except during the dryest parts of the season. North of this marshy plain lies the highland, the Plan

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and cormorants.

rants and darters covered certain
and after sunrise.

Alto, where the nights are cool and the climate healthy. But I wish emphatically to record my view that these marshy plains, although hot, are also healthy; and, moreover, the mosquitoes, in most places, are not in sufficient numbers to be a serious pest, although of course there must be nets for protection against them at night. The country is excellently suited for settlement, and offers a remarkable field for cattle-growing. Moreover, it is a paradise for water birds and for many other kinds of birds, and for many mammals. It is literally an ideal place in which a field naturalist could spend six months or a year. It is readily accessible, it offers an almost virgin field for work, and the life would be healthy as well as delightfully attractive. The man should have a steam-launch. In it he could with comfort cover all parts of the country from south of Coimbrá to north of Cayubá and Cáceres. There would have to be a good deal of collecting, although nothing in the nature of butchery should be tolerated, for the region has only been superficially worked, especially as regards mammals. But if the man were only a collector he would leave undone the part of the work best worth doing. The region offers extraordinary opportunities for the study of the life histories of birds which, because of their size, their beauty, or their habits, are of exceptional interest. All kinds of problems would be worked out. For example, on the morning of the 3d, as we were ascending the Paraguay, we again and again saw in the trees on the bank big nests of sticks, into and out of which paraquets were flying by the dozen. Some of them had straws or twigs in their bills. In some of the big globular nests we could make out several holes of exit or entrance. Apparently these paraquets were building or remodelling communal nests; but whether they had themselves built these nests, or had taken old nests and added onto or modified them, we could not tell. There was so much of interest all along the banks that we were continually longing to stop and spend days where we were. Mixed flocks of scores of cormorants and darters covered certain trees, both at sunset and after sunrise. Although there was no deep forest, merely belts or fringes of trees along the river, or

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in patches back of it, we frequently saw monkeys in the riverine tree-fringe—active common monkeys and black howlers of more leisurely gait. We saw caymans and capybaras sitting socially near one another on the sand-banks. At night we heard the calling of large flights of tree-ducks. These were now the most common of all the ducks, although there were many muscovy ducks also. The evenings were pleasant and not hot, as we sat on the forward deck; there was a waxing moon. The screamers were among the most noticeable birds. They were noisy; they perched on the very tops of the trees, not down among the branches; and they were not shy. They should be carefully protected by law, for they readily become tame, and then come familiarly round the houses. From the steamer we now and then saw beautiful orchids in the trees on the river-bank.

One afternoon we stopped at the home buildings or headquarters of one of the great outlying ranches of the Brazil Land and Cattle Company, the Farquahar syndicate, under the management of Murdo Mackenzie—than whom we have had in the United States no better citizen or more competent cattleman. On this ranch there are some seventy thousand head of stock. We were warmly greeted by McLean, the head of the ranch, and his assistant Ramsey, an old Texan friend. Among the other assistants, all equally cordial, were several Belgians and Frenchmen. The hands were Paraguayans and Brazilians, and a few Indians—a hard-bit set, each of whom always goes armed and knows how to use his arms, for there are constant collisions with cattle thieves from across the Bolivian border, and the ranch has to protect itself. These cowhands, *vaqueiros*, were of the type with which we were now familiar: dark-skinned, lean, hard-faced men, in slouch hats, worn shirts and trousers, and fringed leather aprons, with heavy spurs on their bare feet. They are wonderful riders and ropers, and fear neither man nor beast. I noticed one Indian *vaqueiro* standing in exactly the attitude of a Shilluk of the White Nile, with the sole of one foot against the other leg, above the knee. This is a region with extraordinary possibilities of cattle-raising.

There was a tannery, a slaughter-house, a cannery; a church, buildings of various kinds and all degrees of comfort for the thirty or forty families who made the place their headquarters; and the handsome, white, two-story big house, standing among lemon-trees and flamboyants on the river-brink. There were all kinds of pets around the house. The most fascinating was a wee, spotted fawn which loved being petted. Half a dozen curassows of different species strolled through the rooms; there were also parrots of half a dozen different species, and immediately outside the house four or five herons, with unclipped wings, which would let us come within a few feet and then fly gracefully off, shortly afterward returning to the same spot. They included big and little white egrets and also the mauve and pearl-colored heron, with a partially black head and many-colored bill, which flies with quick, repeated wing-flappings, instead of the usual slow heron wing-beats.

By the morning of January 5 we had left the marsh region. There were low hills here and there, and the land was covered with dense forest. From time to time we passed little clearings with palm-thatched houses. We were approaching Cáceres, where the easiest part of our trip would end. We had lived in much comfort on the little steamer. The food was plentiful and the cooking good. At night we slept on deck in cots or hammocks. The mosquitoes were rarely troublesome, although in the daytime we were sometimes bothered by numbers of biting horse-flies. The bird life was wonderful. One of the characteristic sights we were always seeing was that of a number of heads and necks of cormorants and snake-birds, without any bodies, projecting above water, and disappearing as the steamer approached. Skimmers and thick-billed tern were plentiful here right in the heart of the continent. In addition to the spurred lapwing, characteristic and most interesting resident of most of South America, we found tiny red-legged plover which also breed and are at home in the tropics. The contrasts in habits between closely allied species are wonderful. Among the plovers and bay snipe there are species that live all the year round in almost the same places, in tropical and

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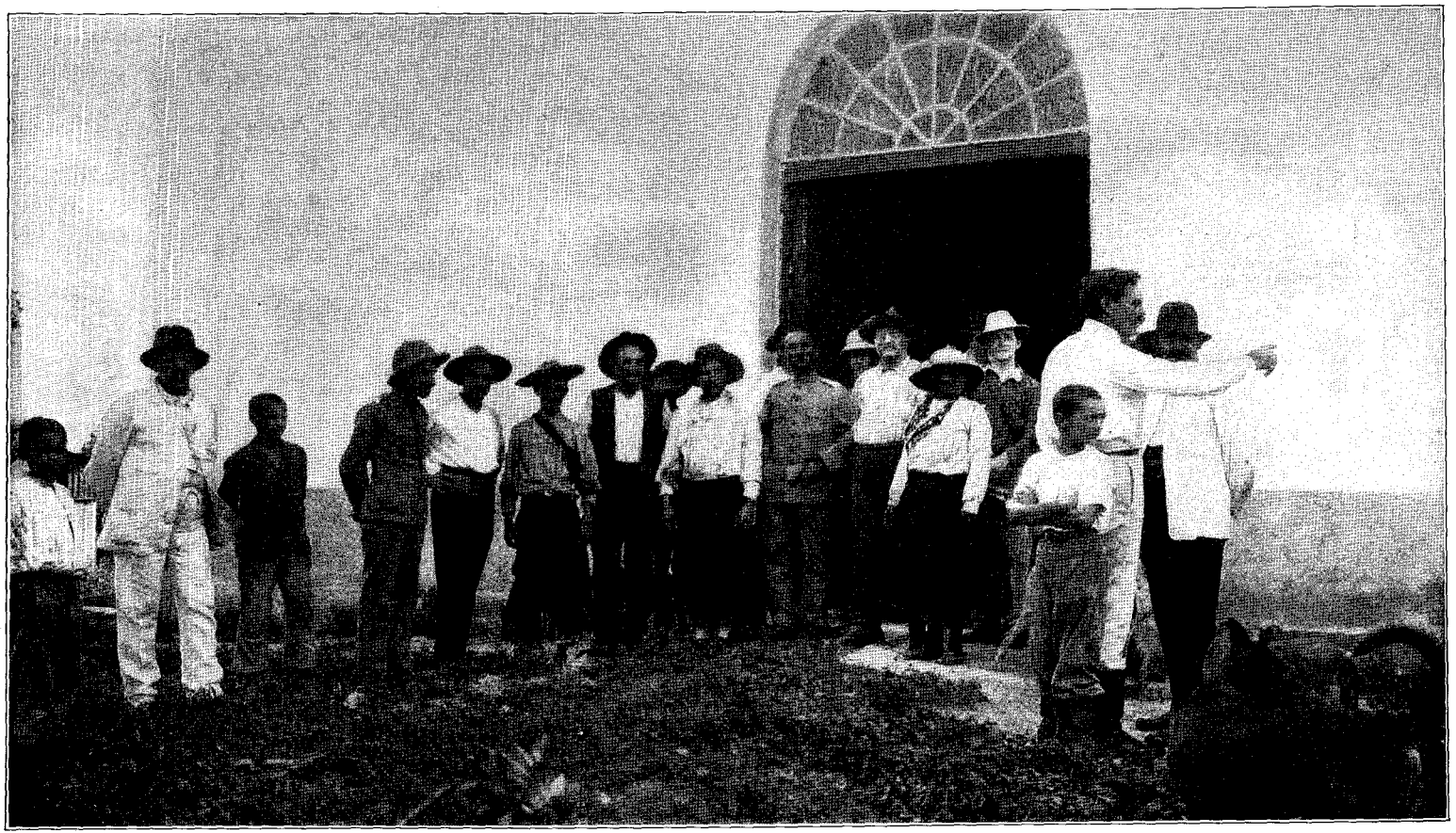

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

At the ranch of the Brazil Land and Cattle Company.

On this ranch there are some seventy thousand head of stock.—Page 684.

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Arrival at São Luis de Cáceres.

Groups of women and girls, white and brown, watched us from the low bluff.

subtropical lands; and other related forms which wander over the whole earth, and spend about all their time, now in the arctic and cold temperate regions of the far North, now in the cold temperate regions of the South. These latter wide-wandering birds of the seashore and the river-bank pass most of their lives in regions of almost perpetual sunlight. They spend the breeding-season, the northern summer, in the land of the midnight sun, during the long arctic day. They then fly for endless distances down across the north temperate zone, across the equator, through the lands where the days and nights are always of equal length, into another hemisphere, and spend another summer of long days and long twilights in the far south, where the antarctic winds cool them, while their nesting home, at the other end of the world, is shrouded beneath the iron desolation of the polar night.

In the late afternoon of the 5th we reached the quaint, old-fashioned little town of São Luis de Cáceres, on the outermost fringe of the settled region of the state of Matto Grosso, the last town we should see before reaching the villages of the Amazon. As we approached we passed half-clad black washerwomen on the river's edge. The men, with the local band, were gathered at the steeply sloping foot of the main street, where the steamer came to her moorings. Groups of women and girls, white and brown, watched us from the low bluff; their skirts and bodices were red, blue, green, of all colors. Sigg had gone ahead with much of the baggage; he met us in an improvised motor-boat, consisting of a dugout to the

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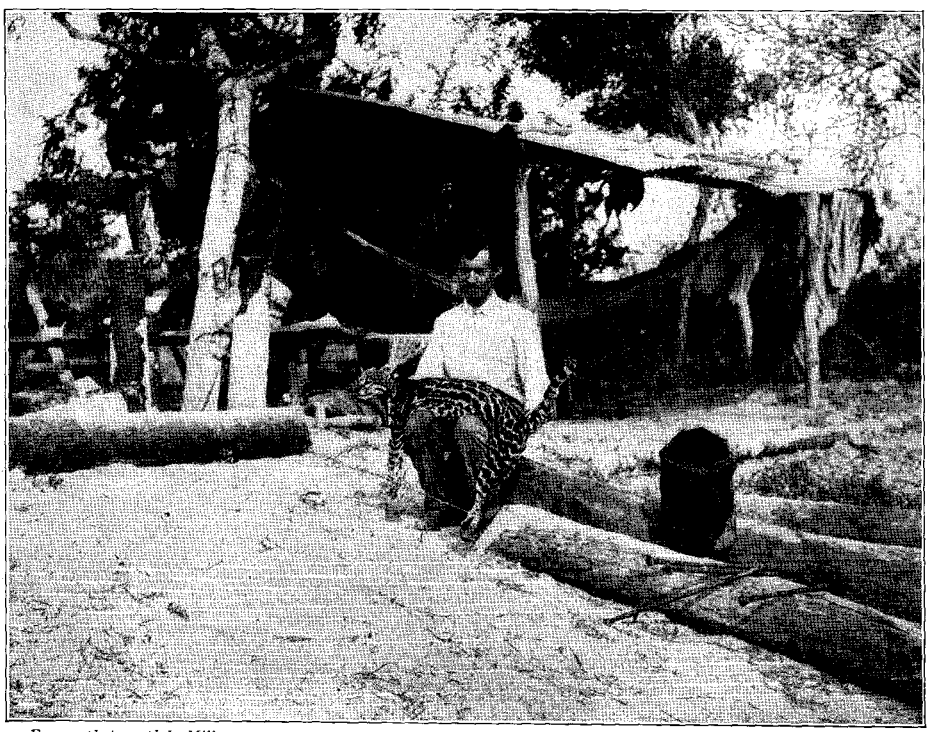
side of which he had clamped our Evinrude motor; he was giving several of the local citizens of prominence a ride, to their huge enjoyment. The streets of the little town were unpaved, with narrow brick sidewalks. The one-story houses were white or blue, with roofs of red tiles and window-shutters of latticed woodwork, come down from colonial days and tracing back through Christian and Moorish Portugal to a remote Arab ancestry. Pretty faces, some dark, some light, looked out from these windows; their mothers' mothers, for generations past, must thus have looked out of similar windows in the vanished colonial days. But now even here in Cáceres the spirit of the new Brazil is moving; a fine new government school has been started, and we met its principal, an earnest man doing excellent work, one of the many teachers who, during the last few years, have been brought to Matto Grosso from São Paulo, a centre of the new educational movement which will do so much for Brazil.

Father Zahm went to spend the night with some French Franciscan friars, capital fellows. I spent the night at the comfortable house of Lieutenant Lyra; a hot-weather house with thick walls, big doors, and an open patio bordered by a gallery. Lieutenant Lyra was to accompany us; he was an old companion of Colonel Rondon's explorations. We visited one or two of the stores to make some final purchases, and in the evening strolled through the dusky streets and under the trees of the plaza; the women and girls sat in groups in the doorways or at the windows, and here and there a stringed instrument tinkled in the darkness.

From Cáceres onward we were entering the scene of Colonel Rondon's explorations. He was born in Matto Grosso, and returned thither immediately after leaving the military school in Rio Janeiro, in which he studied in company with the present foreign minister of Brazil, Lauro Muller. For some eighteen years he was occupied in exploring and in opening telegraph lines through the eastern or north-middle part of the great forest state, the wilderness state of the "matto grosso"—the "great wilderness," or, as Australians



From a photograph by Miller.

The naturalists' camp.

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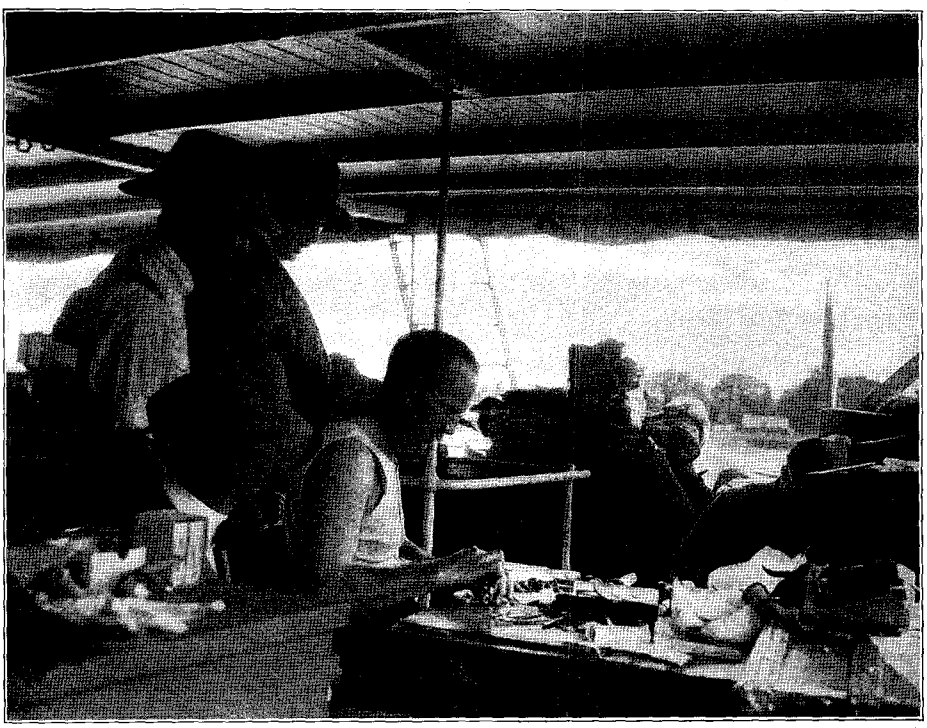

From a photograph by Fiala.

The naturalists at work.

would call it, "the bush." Then, in 1907, he began to penetrate the unknown region lying to the north and west. He was the head of the exploring expeditions sent out by the Brazilian Government to traverse for the first time this unknown land; to map for the first time the courses of the rivers which from the same divide run into the upper portions of the Tapajos and the Madeira, two of the mighty affluents of the Amazon, and to build telegraph-lines across to the Madeira, where a line of Brazilian settlements, connected by steamboat lines and a railroad, again occurs. Three times he penetrated into this absolutely unknown, Indian-haunted wilderness, being absent for a year or two at a time and suffering every imaginable hardship, before he made his way through to the Madeira and completed the telegraph-line across. The officers and men of the Brazilian army, and the civilian scientists, who followed him, shared the toil and the credit of the task. Some of his men died of beriberi; some were killed or wounded by the Indians; he himself almost died of fever; again and again his whole party was reduced almost to the last extremity by starvation, disease, hardship, and the overexhaustion due to wearing fatigues. In dealing with the wild, naked savages he showed an extraordinary combination of fearlessness, wariness, good judgment, and resolute patience and kindliness. The result was that they ultimately became his firm friends, guarded the telegraph-lines, and helped the few soldiers left at the isolated, widely separated little posts. He and his assistants explored and mapped for the first time the Juruena and the Gy-Paraná, two important affluents of the Tapajos and the Madeira, respectively. The Tapajos and the Madeira, like the Orinoco and Rio Negro, have been highways of travel for a couple of centuries. The Madeira (as later the Tapajos) was the chief means of ingress, a century and a half ago, to the little Portuguese settlements of this far interior region of Brazil; one of these little towns, named Matto Grosso, being the original capital of the province. It has long been abandoned by the government, and practically so by

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its inhabitants, the ruins of palace, fortress, and church now rising amid the rank tropical luxuriance of the wild forest. The mouths of the main affluents of these highway rivers were well known. But in many cases nothing but the mouth was known. The river itself was not known, and it was placed on the map by guesswork. Colonel Rondon found, for example, that the course of the Gy-Paraná was put down on the map two degrees out of its proper place. He, with his party, was the first to find out its sources, the first to traverse its upper course, the first to map its length. He and his assistants performed a similar service for the Juruena, discovering the sources, discovering and descending some of the branches, and for the first time going down and making a map of the main river itself, until its junction with the Tapajos. Near the watershed between the Juruena and the Gy-Paraná he established his farthest station to the westward, named José Bonifacio, after the first great republican patriot of Brazil. A couple of days' march northwestward from this station, he in 1909 came across a part of the stream of a river running northward between the Gy-Paraná and the Juruena; he could only guess where it debouched, believing it to be into the Madeira, although it is barely possible that it enters the Tapajos or even the Amazon. The region through which it flows is unknown, no civilized man having ever penetrated it; and as all conjecture as to what the river is, as to its length, and as to its place of entering into some highway river, is mere guesswork, he has entered it on his sketch maps as the Rio da Dúvida, the River of Doubt. Among the officers of the Brazilian army and the scientific civilians who have accompanied him there have been not only expert cartographers, photographers, and telegraphists, but astronomers, geologists, botanists, and zoologists. Their reports, published in excellent shape by the Brazilian Government, make an invaluable series of volumes, reflecting the highest credit on the explorers, and on the government itself. Colonel Rondon's own accounts of his explorations, of the Indian tribes he has visited, and of the beautiful and wonderful things he has seen, possess a peculiar interest.

From a photograph by Harper.

Colonel Roosevelt writing for SCRIBNER'S.

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HOW SPRING COMES TO SHASTA JIM

By Henry van Dyke

I NEVER saw no "red gods"; I dunno wot's a "lure";
But if it's sumpin' takin', then Spring has got it sure;
An' it doesn't need no Kiplin's, nor yet no London Jacks,
To make up guff about it, while settin' in their shacks.

It's sumpin' very simple that happens in the Spring,
But it changes all the lookin's of every blessed thing;
The buddin' woods look bigger, the mounting twice as high,
An' the house looks kindo smaller, tho I couldn't tell ye why.

It's cur'ous wot a show-down the month of April makes,
Between the reely livin', an' the things that's only fakes!
Machines an' barns an' buildin's, they never give no sign;
But the livin' things look lively, when Spring is on the line.

She doesn't come too suddin, nor she doesn't come too slow;
Her gaits is some cayprishus, an' the next ye never know,—
A single-foot o' sunshine, a buck o' snow er hail,—
But don't be disappointed, for Spring ain't goin' ter fail.

She's loopin' down the hillside,—the driffs is fadin' out.
She's runnin' down the river,—d'ye see them risin' trout?
She's loafin' down the canyon,—the squaw-bed's growin' blue,
An' the teeny Johnny-jump-ups is just a-peekin' thru.

A thousan' miles o' pine-trees, with Douglas firs between,
Is waitin' for her fingers to freshen up their green;
With little tips o' brightness the firs 'ill sparkle thick,
An' every yaller pine-tree, a giant candle-stick!

The underbrush is risin' an' spreadin' all around,
Just like a mist o' greenness that hangs above the ground;
A million manzanitas 'ill soon be full o' pink;
So saddle up, my sonny,—it's time to ride, I think!

We'll ford or swim the river, becos there ain't no bridge;
We'll foot the gulches careful, an' lope along the ridge;
We'll take the trail to Nowhere, an' travel till we tire,
An' camp beneath a pine-tree, an' sleep beside the fire.

We'll see the blue-quail chickens, and hear 'em pipin' clear;
Perhaps we'll sight a brown-bear, or a little bunch o' deer;
But never a heathen goddess or god 'ill meet our eyes;
For why? There isn't any! They're just a pack o' lies!

Oh, wot's the use o' "red gods," an' "Pan," an' all that stuff?
The natcheral facts o' Springtime is wonderful enuff!
An' if there's Someone made 'em, I guess He understood,
To be alive in Springtime would make a man feel good.

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THE DOMINANT STRAIN

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

IT is with some reluctance that I give to a public on whose sympathy a reporter of unvarnished facts can never count, the details that follow. I carry light cargoes for choice; and why I should have been drawn into the uncongenial epic of Rodney Teele, God only knows. But the thing happened—happened, alack! to my knowledge and witnessing eye; and I have been (even I, with my inveterate preference for comic opera) so struck by all it meant, that I cannot refrain. I should call the episode Biblical in its large effectiveness, if I did not see in it refinements of weakness that the Hebrew scriptures knew nothing of. Isaiah or Ezekiel would have smashed through the rotten spots in the fabric with a lean inspired fist; or lightning would have descended from an ever-prepared heaven. Besides, in those days, it could never have happened: America is not Palestine. There is our fatal modern softness in it; in spite of a hardness that suits quite well with the Chronicles.

It is not to be expected, I suppose, that our children shall keep on learning human nature from Jezebel and Joseph, though the Old Testament is, to my thinking, as good a primer of sociology as *The Kallikat Family*. It is inevitable that they should learn it from people like Rodney Teele, who was a king of sorts, as thousands of stockholders know. The newspapers, in their easy way, used to compare him to Napoleon. But he was a Napoleon without a Josephine and without a Saint Helena. He will stand, however, as well as any conqueror of them all, to illustrate the secular way of things. There are always human passions at work, and an ineluctable Voice that interferes. We have lost and gained many things in the twentieth century; but irony remains.

Money is so much more important than anything else, nowadays, whether to governments or individuals, that we must be forgiven for facing men like Rodney Teele with bated breath: for thinking that the personality which is moved by a brain like that is something out of the common sort. In the vast perspectives of to-day, pirates look like sneak-thieves, and the Medicis like push-cart men. How we are to escape reverence for Rodney Teele and his like, I do not see. Certainly, though I have no more reason to be a snob than most men, I always felt his importance. Even when I had seen him pityingly through the strangest episode of his life, I still felt that this man was not quite as other men. Nothing is so romantic as Democracy, which worships its kings wherever they happen to blaze forth. Strength is not yet old-fashioned; and our fists may prove that yet on the front teeth of Europe. There it is: all the primeval passions astir at the mere mention of Rodney Teele! I must get on with my story. It will not, if I can write the truth out calmly, leave you cold.

I knew Rodney Teele, Junior, at Saint Jude's, and later at Harvard. We had been good friends at school, where a gilded equality prevailed; and, though I could not afford at Harvard, as he did, to live on the Gold Coast, I saw a lot of him in that most democratic of universities. Rodney, of course, had no hereditary social pull that was recognized on the banks of the Charles; but it would have been mediæval and ridiculous to leave a fabulous fortune like that out in the cold, when the fabulous fortune was also a good fellow. Rodney had not an ounce of vice in him; by which I do not mean that he was a weakling. He was a perpetually smouldering creature, agog for achievements of the moral order. It's a complicated business to be righteous in these days, when the devil is flinging so many paradoxes about. It took Rodney's father in a premature skullcap, and surrounded with secretaries, to do that. Rodney, Junior, had somehow the simplicity of the soil: he was no more complicated than a

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crop of corn. The things that swayed him were blind, unphraseable forces. It would have taken the Department of Agriculture to analyze him. He was, for all practical purposes, merely a good fellow—but waiting, you could see, for his chance. Unless his chance came in extraordinarily lucky guise, he would probably mess it. That was the impression of our crowd. We liked Rodney all the better for not being a replica of his Machiavellian parent—whom we, as good Americans, knew all about. Personally, I thought Rodney would be distinctly up against it when it came to sharing the management of the Teele millions. His allowance was enormous, but, after all, he wasn't supposed to do anything but spend it. He used to finance us all when we were hard up, which shows he was a good sort. If he hadn't been, he would have been the last man we could borrow from. No one, however, could have called Rodney Teele a financial genius: he was peculiarly the heir of all his ancestors who hadn't made good. My own Europeanized kin thought him dull, though they never failed to tell every one when he had been staying with us, or when I had spent a college holiday in the vast and gloomy New York mansion that his widowed father inhabited alone. Rodney belonged, as a matter of course, to his father's unfashionable religious sect; but he made cheques serve in lieu of more personal services. Rodney would never teach in the Sunday-school. That was emphatically *not* the chance he was waiting for. At that time he was a bit of an agnostic.

Out of college, I naturally saw less of Rodney. I had just enough money to potter about and think of being an architect, because that gave me a chance to go to Europe on fantastic pretexts of studying detail. I eventually became an architect, but I am not, even now, a very good one. Accordingly, my friends' prophecy of huge commissions from the Teeles for every sort of edifice, public and private, has never been fulfilled. It was my own fault, however, I am sure. Rodney Teele, Senior, approved of my companionship for his son—I have never known why, as my attitude to the decorations of the big Fifth Avenue house must have been insufferable. I was at the priggish age.

Rodney himself was too unhappy, I think, at the time, to want anything but sympathy. He did not like his job, which consisted in being introduced to the diplomacy of high finance. I don't think Rodney disapproved particularly of his father's methods, or cared which way the eternal controversies and litigations went. I am convinced that it was not the muckraking that made him wretched. He was simply incapable of understanding a vast financial policy; and that incapacity, considering what was expected of him, naturally made for his unhappiness. He was like a child wrinkling its brows and trying to spell an elusive word—a child who knows that spelling is important. Rodney Teele's fortune would have been safe enough with his son; but he wanted more than that: he wanted to establish a dynasty of Teele. He wanted to leave a name that would terrify in itself; and he wanted his son to be a man, if possible, of more power than he. It was a mad thing to ask of the gods: to permit Rodney Teele to exist over again in his son, to let the lightning strike twice in that particular place. Certainly the gods showed no sign of permitting it. Rodney was loyal, but not to the point of genius.

Old Teele once did me the honor—as an intimate friend of Rodney's, and a quite unimportant, a virtually anonymous creature—of consulting me.

"The boy has stuff in him," he said quietly, with an interrogative lift of his left eyebrow. (You've seen it caught in snapshots.)

"Indeed, he has. But I suspect that it isn't that kind."

"He looks as if he would do something, sometime."

"He will. But no one except his guardian angel knows what. When Rodney wants anything supremely, he'll get it. But until he does want something supremely, he will be perfectly ineffectual. He can't apply his hidden powers until an overmastering desire unseals them. That's my notion of it, sir."

Rodney Teele, Senior, pushed back his skullcap and gazed at me, as non-committally as an idol.

"Perhaps you are right. We must find the key—we must find the key, with God's help."

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It did not seem to me unnatural that he should speak of the Deity. A man like that must believe in something besides himself; there must be a discreet colleague somewhere, or the weight of the world would be too much. Napoleon had his star, and Rodney had his own God, in whom he trusted—a God made vivid by a rococo taste in the essentials of salvation. His God was too much like a salaried confidant to suit me; but I have never doubted Rodney Teele's sincerity, or his capacity for mystical vision. The world knows only his charities; but once or twice I have perceived the Hebraic conviction that backed them. I have seen Rodney Teele at prayer.

So we were waiting, Rodney Teele and I, leaning from our separated orbits, to see what would move young Rodney. It was nearly a year before we saw—nearly a year, at least, before I did; and, characteristically, I saw it in the morning paper. Young Rodney had married. God knows where he met the girl, or why she bowled him over. Artistically speaking, it was a *mésalliance* of the finest. She was not even notorious. I waited for some word from Rodney himself. None came; and after the first day the papers, one and all, were silent. I didn't know what sums went into silencing them; but there was not even the usual mention of a fruitless interview. They were dumb as fish. The great negotiations for the Labrador railway went on, and the Bolivian loan pursued its path. Rodney Teele was at the helm, and whether young Rodney was working incognito among the crew, or had been marooned on some coral island, no one knew, any more than I. I suffered honest pain, for I had been fond of Rodney; and for his father I had that dazzled and guilty respect which I fancy most citizens shared with me. I wrote to my friend, but I got no answer. I did not write to the elder Teele; from him, in the circumstances, I was as cut off as if I lived in Mars. In the world of loans and railways and foreign bourses, I was as nothing.

Once, hoping for a clue, I went to his unfamiliar church, and saw him, solitary in his prominent pew. There was no clue there, though I watched him all through a long sermon. He looked—if there has ever been such a thing—like a Chinese Jew: son of a mandarin and a princess of the house of David. Nothing else expresses the baffling quality of that parchment face in which, above the thin, vertically drooping moustache and the high cheek-bones, black eyes burned. Fire and scroll alike were inscrutable. The ends of Asia seemed to have met in that countenance, fixed incongruously upon the optimistic preacher of an upstart creed. I took home a tremendous impression, but I no longer hoped for clues. Rodney was fair and stocky. . . . He would go under. For six months that conviction was all my sympathy had to feed upon.

Rodney Teele was not lost to my musings, however. It seemed incredible that he could drop out of sight like a kidnapped girl. Sometimes I hoped that his father was financing him in the Antipodes—Celebes or Argentina; that somewhere, under another name, he was the lord of rolling acres and queer exotic comforts. Sometimes I feared that there had been a bitter quarrel and that all young Rodney's latent force had gone into suppressing himself absolutely out of a world where his father's name was so much as known. In that case he would have to go far afield. It was very clear that, whatever had happened, Rodney was not trading on that name—not even to the extent of making the fortune of some reporter. Somebody's will-power, whether the father's or the son's, had created that sinister and abysmal silence. The case of Rodney Teele was not even a stock subject at clubs where men had known him—perhaps merely because the newspapers didn't keep him before the world. I imagine we are far more nose-led by the press than we will admit. The Teeles had never gone in for "society"; and young Rodney would never be missed by Wall Street so long as old Rodney was there. Sometimes it seemed to me that I was the only living creature who gave him a thought. "Very curious," said the one or two men I spoke to; then shrugged their shoulders and left it—as if, because old Rodney Teele was silent, it was bad form for any one else to wag his tongue. But I was not content; and I waited. I kept myself in a breathless

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state because—because I felt it shocking that some one should not be in a breathless state. And because no one else was breathless, I came to consider that I had been the only person who had really cared about young Rodney. I don't defend my logic; but, at all events, that is the state of mind I achieved in the six months after Rodney's marriage.

It was six months or more after the lightning-flash in the papers—a lightning-flash which had been followed by no reverberation—that I went one evening, as carelessly as you like, to the telephone. The call was long—I remember rattling the receiver impatiently to stop it. The message I listened to came in the precise, chill tones of Luke Standish, old Rodney Teele's private secretary. He stated his name and his authority, then made a bland request that I would come to Mr. Teele's house that evening, if possible, for ten minutes' talk with the great man. It was less a request, really, than an appointment: the voice mentioned an hour, and hardly waited for my acquiescence, which came, indeed, mechanically. It was a voice obviously not accustomed to discussion of previous engagements. It dropped the information—but not in the tone of apology—that Mr. Teele was sailing for Europe the next morning. Then I heard the click at the other end. "Hang you, I knew that!" I exclaimed, as I hung up the receiver. It was annoying to be told, after such a peremptory summons, something that every one with a penny to spend on a newspaper had known for a week. I felt as irritated as if I had been a competitor to be crushed; and the irritation lasted.

All irritation dropped, however, at half past eight that evening in Rodney Teele's library, when I stood once more facing him. The great cavalcade of books swept round the vast room in serried order, except where they broke ranks over the fireplace to admit the famous Rembrandt. I had seen the room before, but never by lamplight. It had seemed to me senselessly luxurious—barring the Rembrandt—and I had turned up my nose at the collection, which ran to bindings rather than editions. Rodney Teele was no connoisseur; and even the Rembrandt, as I knew, had been a mere curious accident of his career. I remembered distinctly my own earlier scorn; but now my scorn dropped with my irritation. Rodney Teele himself, slim and terrible, was a collector's piece that put even the Rembrandt to scorn. The dim Dissenting light of the church where I had last seen him had done him no justice, though it had given the hint of what I now saw focussed by the sixty-four candle-power lamp. What mating had produced Rodney Teele, I wondered, as I stood before him. I remember thinking fantastically that *Who's Who* must have lied. By what Mendelian miracle could the simple Middle Western pair who were his accredited progenitors have achieved this offspring?

The face that was bent towards mine was more Oriental than ever: the cheek-bones higher, the moustache thinner and grayer, the face more like old vellum—and the black eyes, by contrast, fiercer. "Inscrutable" is a cheap word to describe him with; there was no mystery there, in the crude sense, because there was no suggestion of anything to solve. That face had everything to say—and nothing to tell. It showed the door to curiosity. Rodney Teele might have been meditating the infinite in some high gorge of the Yalu since the Mings were overthrown. Only the eyes were like those we feel blazing upon us from the pages of the everlasting Chronicles. I thought how hideous it would be if I had come there to question him.

He did not offer me a cigar, though I saw the conventional box at hand. Rodney Teele did not smoke, himself, and he probably forgot it. I cannot say how unimportant I felt.

He began speaking at once—with a quite Occidental precision, in a soft, slightly nasal voice.

"I am leaving for Carlsbad to-morrow. My physicians insist upon it."

I bowed.

"I think it a quite unnecessary precaution, but as I am not needed here for the moment, I judged it well to be tractable. Any means of adding to one's strength after the age of sixty are desirable in themselves."

"Of course." I spoke shortly, determined not to grovel. But my own voice, I noticed, was low.

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"I remembered you as an intimate of my son's—an intimate whom, in former days, I was glad to welcome."

"I have always been very fond of Rodney."

"Yes—just so. And Rodney, I think, was fond of you—though I do not speak with authority of my son's feelings." He smiled.

"He certainly was." Some of the breathlessness of the months just past got into my voice at this point. To that I would stick, through thick and thin, nor care what the Power opposite me said.

"I felt inclined to ask you—I have not put the question to any one else—before leaving America for a rather long time, if you know where Rodney is. I quite understand that you may prefer not to answer."

"On the contrary, I prefer to answer, and with complete veracity. I know nothing whatever about Rodney except that I saw some months ago in a newspaper that he was married. I wrote to him here, but never had any reply."

"Yes. Your letter is probably among these." He took up a little pile of letters from the table, removed the elastic band that confined them, and held them out to me. "Would you care to extract it?"

The packet was not very large, and my own letter was quickly found. I fingered it, with the proprietary instinct one has towards old letters of one's own rediscovered in strange places or after many days. Then another impulse conquered that: the impulse not to stop my old message on its delayed and doubtless vain quest for Rodney Teele. No: if it ever reached him, so much the better. It would speak for itself more clearly than I could speak for it. I handed back the packet.

"I think I'll let it take its luck. There just might come a day when Rodney would be glad to find it."

"As you like." Rodney Teele replaced the elastic band and laid the bundle to one side. "But it is perhaps fair to tell you that I think there is less chance of its reaching Rodney here than in any other spot on earth."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Let it take its luck," I repeated. Then I grew bold. "Mr. Teele," I said, "you leave me at liberty to infer that you did not approve of Rodney's marriage. Surely, you, and you alone—since you managed to choke off the newspapers—can tell best where Rodney is likely to be; for Rodney must have talked with you since he talked with any one else. No one, I feel perfectly sure, has seen or heard of Rodney since his marriage. I am convinced that, if any one had, it would have been I. And you knew enough at least to silence the press—otherwise, there would have been a dozen reports a day."

He fingered a paper-cutter—not nervously, but methodically, as if with a purpose.

"If the newspapers have reported nothing, it is, so far as I know, because there has been nothing to report. I requested them to refrain from publishing anything that was not absolutely authentic. That, they were kind enough to do. If Rodney himself had chosen to fill a column a day, I could not, of course, have prevented it." He smiled blandly.

I may have looked incredulous, for he went on. "I am speaking only the literal truth. Have the goodness not to doubt my word. It would have satisfied a natural curiosity on my part if they had succeeded in getting at Rodney. But I am led to infer that he has the family dislike for informing the public about his private affairs."

The sense of his power ebbed from me a little, at that moment. It was inconceivable that any one could come close enough to old Rodney Teele to give him a strangle-hold. He was incalculably remote. I, at all events, was very far away from him—quite out of his perspective, too small to focus. If I had been something within his ken—a corporation, for example—I should doubtless not have ventured. But it really could not matter to Rodney Teele what went on in the insect world.

"I am very sorry that I cannot give you any information about Rodney. If I had any—unless Rodney had forbidden it—it would have been yours unreservedly. Would you mind my appealing to you in turn? Did anything pass between you and your son that could give an old friend—me, to be explicit—a clue to go on? I would do a good deal to get in touch with

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him. I would make sacrifices. Did he drop nothing when he had his interview with you?"

Rodney Teele's left eyebrow, as he answered, had its peculiar interrogative lift—that lift which so seldom accompanied a real question. "I had no interview with my son. None was needed."

"You mean——?"

For the first time, he spoke sharply, and departed from the stilted articulation of the self-made man. "When the young fool decided to throw his life away, he wasn't fool enough to ask me if I approved! Even young Rod had sense enough for that. No, sir: we needed no interview! He wrote me a letter saying what he was going to do; and then he had enough remnants of decency to get out. I've heard nothing of him since." He shut his lips close, and returned to his delicate operations with the paper-cutter. I was left staring.

"Then young Rod never even asked you what you felt about it?"

"My son knew what I should feel." He had returned to his precise manner. "For a long time he has been perfectly aware of my principles on the subject of marriage. He has known that under no conditions would I sanction his taking a wife who was not eminently fit to bear the next generation of Teeles. Wealth I should not necessarily have asked for; but a stock worth crossing with my own I think I had a right to expect. I am by nature, perhaps, something of an aristocrat in these matters, Mr. Souther. I do not believe in taking wives among the Midianitish women. And—I say it with due humility—the son of Rodney Teele had no ordinary responsibilities."

Useless to come into that court with a tale of human passion! It had always seemed to me—though I knew nothing about it—that between father and son there would be a deep instinctive sympathy in these matters: that a man could hardly be unmoved by the fresh desire engendered of his own desire—however deep beneath the ashes his own desire might have come to lie. But Rodney Teele hardly seemed, even reminiscently, the human male. He had the most celibate face I have ever seen. A strange person to be prating of the great human business of pedigrees!

"The girl may be as good as gold," I muttered.

"She may." He conceded it with no air of concession. "But I am justified in supposing that if my son had honestly believed her on all reasonable grounds acceptable to me as a daughter-in-law, he would have intimated as much. He made no attempt to defend his action to me. The Teeles are good pioneer American stock. I have been blessed with success beyond that of most men of my generation, but I should not have asked my son to marry any one of better birth than himself—if better birth, from a sane American standpoint, there can be. The importance of heredity is being so completely demonstrated at the present day by the men of science that I should have considered it a gross dereliction of my duty as a father and a steward of God's wealth, had I wanted less. My son knew my views on the subject, and, if he had met them in choosing a wife, he would have told me so. He had no reason, in that case, to expect opposition from me. He was my only child, and he had never found me niggardly with affection or with money."

"He is proud, young Rodney," I mused.

"Too proud—and yet not quite proud enough, I am afraid," his father affirmed, with mild precision. "And now, I do not think I need keep you longer, Mr. Souther. I thank you for coming. I am sure you understand a father's natural curiosity." He rose.

"Have you any message for Rodney, if I should run across him in your absence?"

He settled his eye-glass on his fine nose and looked at me interrogatively.

"Any message? Certainly not. If I had felt it imperative to communicate with my son, I could have employed people to trace him. I assure you that I respect his evident desire for privacy. And I trust you will not think it necessary to inform any one of my inquiries. In fact"— he looked me over from head to foot—"if you have any doubts on that point, I should be glad if you would indicate to me an adequate way of silencing them."

I was hot. "There are some things that are not bought and sold, Mr. Teele," I declared. "Among them are confidences between gentlemen."

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There was the hint of a smile on his stiff smooth features. "I was not referring to money," he answered.

I could not contradict him, though I still felt that my impulse of anger had been justified.

"It is very difficult to know, in personal matters, just what another man may consider to be his duty," he continued. I could not gainsay such a platitude, and judged it better to say nothing. The interview was obviously at an end; and for nothing in the world would I consciously prolong it. I moved to the door, while Rodney Teele rang for a servant to show me out. We had not shaken hands.

He was still holding the enamelled bell-handle, when a footman entered. Under his perfectly adequate mask, I thought him surprisingly pale. The man ignored me, and handed, very respectfully, a card to Mr. Teele. I waited impatiently for the chance to say a definite "Good evening" to my host. When I heard no order given, no sound made, I finally turned my head.

Rodney Teele was standing near the great table, but erect, quite independent of the support it offered. His eyes were bent on the card, and, from every tense and narrowed feature, I could see that he was considering a plan of action and did not mean to speak prematurely. I was uncomfortable—Rodney Teele in the act of decision was, even to an outsider, an impressive figure. I felt, besides, as if I were looking through a keyhole; such intensity, impenetrable though it was, he must usually have reserved, instinctively, for moments of solitude. I wanted desperately to run; yet I did not want to break in upon that tremendous concentration by definitely leaving the room.

He spoke, in a moment, with chill sharpness—still looking at the card. He did not even glance at the servant.

"How does it happen that a card like this is brought to me? Flodden knows perfectly well that I never see any one except by appointment."

The man was nervous, I could see, and I turned to gaze at the Rembrandt. But though I could be blind, I could not be deaf, to what passed.

"Flodden is out, sir, and Dempsey at the door is new, and Mr. Standish has left for the night, and Dempsey didn't quite venture, sir, he said, to—" The voice died away in a genuine stammer. Clearly, there had been magic in the card.

"I see that I am served by a pack of fools." The voice was very quiet; quiet enough to match the impassive pagan face that got so vividly (stare as I would at the masterpiece) between me and the Rembrandt.

Then I heard a sharp intake of the breath. "Mr. Souther!" I faced about. The master's back was turned, now, to the servant, and the man was surreptitiously drawing the back of his hand across his forehead. I saw the gesture vaguely over his master's shoulder.

I hurried forward. "I am sorry to have been an interruption. Good night, Mr. Teele." I wanted, unlimitedly, to dissociate myself, once and for all, from Rodney Teele's affairs.

"Wait!" He lifted a peremptory finger. Apparently his decision was taken, and I saw at once, to my extreme disgust, that he had involved me in it. No one, it seemed to me, could ever have wanted to be with Rodney Teele more than half an hour. Humanly speaking, it was a strain. And he had not even offered me a cigar—damn his dictatorial eyes! So, confusedly, reflected the sensitive young cub that I was then.

He looked at me keenly—his purpose, I was sure, perfectly formed. "Will you be so good as to be present at an interview I have just decided to grant to this person? I should be glad of a witness, and my secretary is spending the night with his mother before sailing with me to-morrow."

I looked at the card, held negligently under my nose by Rodney Teele's strong hand. "Mr. Rodney Teele, Jr.," was engraved on it. Only the "Mr." was crossed out in pencil, and "Mrs." written in above.

Every instinct in me cried out "No!" If there has to be a fight, I like a sporting proposition, and the handicap against the woman—whatever she was—was too great. I don't think there was one atom of curiosity in me concerning the event that was about to take place; curiosity is of comedy, and this was not comedy. But to stay seemed to be, in default of

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real knowledge, my best guess at the way to back young Rodney. "I'll stay," I said at last, rather thickly.

"Thank you." Then he turned to the man. "You may show her up here. Is she alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring her up at once." He tore the card carefully in two and dropped it into the waste-basket. To me, in the few minutes that went to the servant's descending and convoying his charge back to the library, he said nothing. We waited in silence, each staring at whatever spot on the book-lined wall was most convenient. I stole one look at him. His narrowed eyes seemed to slant slightly upward at the corners, and his thin gray moustache had precisely the vertical droop of a high Chinese official's. He was more than ever like a mandarin with whom one can exchange only Ollendorffian ideas, germane to the philosophy of neither.

At last we heard steps, and both of us, with a common impulse, faced the door. We must have looked like allies at bay. The footman did not announce the visitor in the usual way. He said only, "Here she is, sir!" and fled, decorously but definitely—hot-foot, no doubt, for the servants' hall. I moved over and closed the great mahogany door. Rodney Teele had given me no sign, but in some way his wishes had been communicated to me. Unless you gave yourself time to think, you would always, I fancy, have taken orders from Rodney Teele. I was annoyed, the instant I had done it: I was no lacquey to forestall his desires. Then I came back to the situation.

There was no formal introduction. Rodney Teele mentioned my name to his son's wife—absently, I should say, except that he never gave the impression of doing anything absently. He motioned her to a chair—almost imperceptibly—but she paid no attention to the gesture. He sat down, himself, then, in his own desk-chair, and faced the two of us who stood on the other side of the table. Young Mrs. Teele had not even looked at me when my name was spoken; she had merely shrugged one shoulder slightly in my direction, as if the name of a minor annoyance like me did not matter. Treated so cavalierly, I found myself at liberty to be curious. Rodney Teele sat erect, as if in the judgment-seat—his yellow-white face, with the light full on it, emerging from vague vast backgrounds of shadow. The woman, ignoring me utterly, stood facing him. For the moment I was free.

I knew, in an instant, that I should never understand why Rodney Teele, against such odds, had chosen her. "This is what it took to move young Rodney; *this* was his chance," my brain said with slow irony. In profile, under an ugly hat, her face did not, of course, have fair play; but, even so, it was not the profile of a beauty. Her figure was good, as most young American figures are good; but there was nothing extraordinary in posture, line, or carriage. Her eyes I could not see. More than ever, it seemed a mad adventure of young Rod's—and not so much mad, even, as outrageously unnecessary. But of course I did not know—never should know—what had flung them together, or what blinding magic there had been in circumstance. Sometimes a man loves a woman for the place or the hour he has found her in. I was hideously uncomfortable—I had expected that she would have beauty, at least, to back her. Something in me said: "Make the most of your bad moment; analyze this miracle, if you can." But, most emphatically, I could not.

All this was a matter of only a few seconds to my quickened senses, my eager, tiptoe mind. Then I heard her speaking.

"I wasn't sure you'd see me. But I saw you were going to Europe to-morrow, and I risked everything."

The balances of judgment that I considered I was holding swayed perceptibly. The voice was good—perhaps a shade too powerful, too full of emotional possibilities, for our conventional code, but undeniably an asset. Still: to throw away that chance in life for a voice—especially when it gave no positive guarantee of being the voice of a lady . . . Her English, as you will see, was well enough; but her intonations were not those of the privileged. I may as well record that fact now.

"It was a sudden decision to see you. My first, perhaps I should say my better, judgment, suggested that I should most

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emphatically refuse. I hope you will justify my decision by being brief. What is your business with me?"

"I am Rodney's wife."

"That does not constitute business with me."

"My husband is your son, then."

"Did he send you to me?"

"He did not. He is as proud as the devil."

Rodney Teele's left eyebrow mounted. He did not look at me, but I felt, none the less, his dry triumph at seeing me find her taste questionable.

"Then certainly you have no business with me. Suppose we terminate this quite useless interview now." There was a slight emphasis on the last word.

"I thought you ought to know that your son is not well and is very poor."

"If he is poor, it is his own deliberate choice that has made him so. He had a good salary when he was in my employ. I need not speak of what his prospects were, for I dare say you considered that before you married him."

"I considered nothing."

"Then you were very foolish. I am quite sure that my son did not lure you into marrying him with promises of wealth. He, at least, has never suggested that I should turn my stewardship to uses that I do not approve of. I think you are courageous—to use a mild word—to ask me for money when my son feels it impossible to do so himself. I think you are not very proud to beg when my son will not beg."

"I am too proud to beg of any one but you. I am much too proud to beg of you for myself."

"Are you suggesting that you would take a price for freeing him? Let me say at once that I believe the marriage-tie to be a thing instituted of God. Since my son has chosen you, if you are faithful to him, I should consider him as much disgraced by divorce as he was by his marriage."

The ivory-white features stirred only so much as speech necessitated. All the time his narrowed eyes searched her face. She was very game, at least.

"Even you couldn't part us." Her voice sank to a thrillingly harsh note. "And I tell you I am not asking for myself. I can go to the hospital when my time comes." There was the faintest contraction of Rodney Teele's thin lips; but his face remained impenetrable as ever. "All I ask of you is to keep Rodney going till he can get a start. He had no money when he married me except what was in his pocket. He's got no fortune of his own, as you very well know, and I guess he always lived up to that magnificent salary you tell about. And, cast off as he is, he'll never go to any of his friends for help. What do you suppose Rodney Teele, Junior, can do in New York with you and his own pride both against him? You didn't train him to work with his hands, did you? He's taken what he could get, but it'll kill him in time. Do you think your only son is such a poor proposition that you can't put a little of your money into him—even if he didn't marry the girl you picked out for him? You can send him out West. Suppose you don't like me: he's your son, isn't he? And his child will be your grandchild, no matter who his mother is."

She stopped, and, putting her hands on the table, leaned forward across it. "You can't get away from that!"

Things were going very badly. I wished myself away, so helpless I felt. But her voice—the rich and complex organ that she could command—was a miracle. I wondered if it could have been the voice. . . .

Rodney Teele brought his hand down on the table. The gesture was very quiet, but I felt that, metaphorically speaking, the imperial thumb had been turned down.

"Two facts should, I think, be called to your attention, madam. One is that I can respond to no appeals made to me by any other person than my son himself. The other is that your child is of no importance to me." Again the slight emphasis—this time on "your."

I have never, before or since, had to stand by and listen to the speaking of such brutal things; yet Rodney Teele, saying them in his soft, slightly nasal voice, did not sound so brutal as he is written down. The complete detachment of his tone saved him—perhaps her—to some extent. He might have been a consulted

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oracle, giving forth discouraging information about Rodney Teele, Senior. Even so, I could not blame her for flashing back her answer at him with some shrillness. She had caught his emphasis on the pronoun.

"My child? And why not my child? I was an honest girl when your son married me. I am an honest woman now. I simply tell you your Christian duty. I am no Christian myself; but I don't believe they'd stand for your kind of charity."

Rodney Teele took up his paper-cutter and held it lightly between the middle fingers of his two hands.

"I am not accusing you of not being 'honest,' as you use the word. What I mean is this, woman! The Teeles breed for virtues they have proved. They breed from a stock they can count on. If God has given me power in the land, the less reason why I should pass it on to people who are not my people nor their God my God. I have nothing against you; but you were not the wife for a Teele, or the mother for Teeles. My son told me of his marriage the day it was accomplished. He told me who you were and whence you came. If he had had any effective arguments to reconcile me to it, he would have produced them then. If he had felt that circumstances were now such as to justify his approaching me, he would have approached me himself. I trust far more to my son's conscience than to yours. I do not say how I should meet any approach from him; but, in any case, I meet none that is not entirely his own. My son is silent; and certainly while he is silent you babble in vain. As for my fortune, rather than hand it down to generations that I can never be sure of, it shall go back to God." There was no passion in his tone —only a great gravity that harshened his soft voice slightly.

The woman turned away from him, and for the first time—though even then she did not look at me—I saw her face. Her language had been that of the native-born—no trace of foreign accent. But the voice ran through a gamut of emotion that the pure American stock does not easily come by. And when I saw her face clearly, for a few seconds, under the lamplight, I found in it, too, something haunting and foreign—something like the mingled crudity and suggestiveness of a folk-song. I had no time to follow the clue, passionately concerned though I was to discover why she had so moved young Rodney. She turned back, while I was still discreetly searching her face, to Rodney Teele.

"You talk of God—you? God is supposed to be good, isn't he? Why, there isn't a man, woman, or child in the whole country that doesn't know how you got rich, and despise you for it!" Her voice was the very poetry of scorn. She was lyric, while old Rodney was detached; and escaped her own brutality as he did his. He did not seem revengeful, or she brazen. Painful, ugly, as the scene had been, even I, the witness, did not feel besmirched. She had strength, that girl, if she had no other virtue on earth. I could not honestly call her dark impressiveness beauty, or mistake her self-possession for breeding; but she was not simply a common creature.

Then I heard her take her farewell of Rodney Teele. "I don't know what you mean by the glorious Teele stock. If your son's child has an honest, healthy mother, I don't see why the Lord you seem to know so much about should ask for more. But I can't talk Scripture, I'm thankful to say! It's for me to worry, I guess, when my child will have a grandfather like you."

She moved to the door. Rodney Teele rose, and rang the bell for the man to reconduct her. He did not answer her, or bid her good-evening. Apparently neither would carry irony to the point of a conventional parting. As I heard the servant's footsteps approaching, I spoke to her. "Will you give my love to Rodney?" She just glanced at me, and shrugged her shoulders, as if I had merely made some kind of inarticulate noise. She did not pretend to reply. Without one backward glance, she left the room; and the man closed the door behind them.

While their footsteps grew fainter, I had a moment of acute meditation, my eyes fixed on the ground. When I looked up, Rodney Teele was standing at the far end of the room by a window, his back turned to me. If I had been perplexed as to how to get out of that terrible library a

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quarter of an hour before, I was perplexed now tenfold. But before I could think how to say "Good night," I saw that I was to be spared the trouble of saying it at all. Rodney Teele was not thinking of me: doubtless he believed that I had gone. One arm flung out horizontally, he was speaking to himself. I moved softly to the door. The words came clearly from that distant figure, its oblivious back turned to me. "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Then he dropped to his knees and was silent. In two minutes I was breasting the cool evening wind of the upper Avenue. I had encountered no servants, and had let myself out.

Young Rodney Teele died of pneumonia while his father was in Carlsbad. There was only the stark notice of the death in the papers—no hint of an address, no mention of the funeral: "Died, on — —, in New York City, of pneumonia, Rodney Teele, Jr." I got just that and no more from our loquacious press; and it crossed my mind that the widow had shown herself almost a Teele by refusing—as she must have done—to be interviewed. Rodney Teele, on the other side of the ocean, was equally taciturn. Now and then, in the months after he had returned, I heard a man say furtively that old Rodney looked done up. But as he had no social existence, most reports of the sort came from Wall Street; and his untempered despotism in the world of high finance robbed those chance hints of their significance. He was more colossal, more hated, and more fawned on, than he had ever been. The Lord, as he would surely have said, continued to bless his efforts. At the same time his charities became more overwhelming, more cosmic, than ever. He was the acknowledged treasury for promoters of all the most up-to-date and scientific reforms—the modern softness again, eating through the patriarchal fibre. He grew also more passionately religious, after his own queer kind. He seemed to me more than ever (for I occasionally saw him in his own house) to be in perpetual connection, by long-distance telephone, with his Maker. I do not speak flippantly: it is many years since there has been flippancy in any one of my many attitudes to Rodney Teele. I am merely trying to express the curious alliance in his manner between the mystical Dissenter and the financier sitting at the heart of an impressive modern machinery. Meanwhile the eugenists, the social reformers, the settlement workers, the chosen missionary societies, were gorged, and wiped the fatness of his wealth from their lips. Suffragists, I believe, were always turned away before they got within the outer fringe of secretaries. He had hated one woman too much.

I say that I saw Rodney Teele occasionally. He sent for me now and then, and I dined with him alone in that empty house—singularly empty, because it seemed to have no hope, no future. We were, he and I and the servants, like the dwindling population of a citadel: safe while we lasted, but never to be reinforced or rescued. It was depressing; and yet I felt that I owed it to him to sit opposite him, once every six months or so, and eat his imperial fare to the accompaniment of melancholy thoughts. We never discussed the scene of which I had been a witness; we never mentioned his dead son. If Rodney had been living, I could not have gone there; but I had the sense, if not of serving young Rodney, at least of doing him no disservice. Whether Rodney Teele had ever had further communication with his daughter-in-law, I, of course, did not know. Nothing was ever heard of her—which might cut in either direction. That I was tacitly on the side of young Rodney and whatever belonged to him I am sure the old man knew; but he did not resent it. I sometimes wondered if that were not his only reason for keeping hold of me. I never quite believed that, however. I think his impulse was, rather, not to lose sight of an individual who possessed intimate information of the sort that I had packed away. I should have been quite willing to tell old Rodney the truth: that I had sought—and sought fruitlessly—for young Rodney's widow, as I had sought for Rodney himself before his death. Their obscurity was one of the cleverest and most difficult things I have ever known fate, assisted or unassisted, to achieve. I fancied they had been lost in some outlying slum or suburb, perhaps under another name. In any case, I knew less than

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nothing. If Rodney Teele knew anything, he kept it to himself.

The pretext for his occasional invitations—there was always a pretext, as if to guard against my assuming that far-off event to be fresh in his memory—was usually architectural discussion. I was beginning to work hard, but I was near enough to the bottom for it to be out of the question that Rodney Teele should consult me professionally. He liked to talk about the plans of the various buildings that he endowed—informally, as he would have talked to a friend. I do not think he ever asked me a technical question, or in any sense gave away his own architects. But we discussed the exteriors of hospitals and settlements and missionary offices—all that generation of edifices brought into being by Rodney Teele's wealth during the last years of his life. On one occasion he asked me to go with him while he inspected a newly opened and most scientific orphanage. He used to walk quietly in, of an afternoon, to some institution he had backed, chat mildly with the authorities, do a little casual inspecting with the air of a sightseer, and walk out again—keeping, all the time, his thoughts to himself. Such visits were duly recorded in the press, of course; but they were externally as little as possible like an official progress. I was often his sole body-guard, and I know.

"The orphanage?" I answered, in reply to his suggestion. "Oh, yes, I should like to see it. But I wonder, sir, that orphans should be in your line."

The allusion was not so sharp as it sounds, for we had often discussed scientific philanthropy, and I knew some of his curious views.

"We must remember," said Rodney Teele in his soft voice, fainter and slightly more nasal than of old, "that the laws of heredity are becoming fixed for us. We know that a certain proportion of the offspring, even with a bad strain in one of the parents, can be saved. The charter of the asylum provides that they can receive no children both of whose parents are undesirable. The eugenic specialists are finding the institution a fruitful field for research. I may say that it will be a great help to the proper testing of the Mendelian law for human subjects." He smoothed his glove as we passed down the steps of his grim mansion. "And I have a great deal of money," he added irrelevantly.

No one, so far as I know, has ever seen Rodney Teele in what could be called a "human" mood. He was not as other men; and his geniality was no more deceiving than the mask the Chinese actor puts on in sight of the audience. More than ever, that afternoon, as we rolled through the crowded streets in the barricaded hush of his limousine, I felt the isolation of this man. I wondered privately if he kept his amenities, like his confidences, for God. Not the greatest expert of them all had ever been introduced, I believe, to Rodney's Teele's philosophy of life; and to no one, I judged, had he disclosed the complete design of his philanthropy. They were all blind beneficiaries. I, certainly, was as bewildered as any one; only I got no pleasure out of the contemplation of Rodney Teele. It did not flatter any secret democratic taint in me to see him walk up the steps of the main building of the asylum just as another man would have done. Yet I could not refuse him the little things he asked me.

This afternoon the superintendent was absent. It was hard on the superintendent, I thought privately. He would so have liked that brief chat in his own office with the great man—that nervous chat in which nothing sincere or significant could possibly be brought out. An assistant proffered the card-catalogue as an object of interest; but Rodney Teele waved him away.

"I should like to see some of the children—if they are not in school."

The head matron was summoned. For the little ones, it was the hour of recreation before supper. So we walked towards the scientific playground where earnest young women taught the little creatures the scientific way to play. The place was as clean as a hospital; elaborately subdivided, an intricate bare labyrinth of the most modern description. I was not uninterested in the plans of the vast place; but it was only one of a thousand details in Rodney's Teele's past, and he pushed on towards the playground, barely nod-

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ding at the matron's occasional outburst of rapture over arrangements for sanitation or comfort.

Presently we faced a crowd of fifty little creatures in a broad, sanded enclosure. The two young play-assistants scanned our group of three, whispered to each other, and went on ostentatiously guiding the games. The children seemed to be fearless, which comforted me. I do not like orphan asylums. They ran up, by twos and threes, to inspect us and smile at the head matron. They were always herded back into their games with elaborate gentleness by the play-assistants.

Rodney Teele stood on the lowest of the steps that led down into the playground, and folded his hands on his stick. He stared for a moment non-committally before him, over the heads of the children—a party-colored group. It was one of the new departures of this gilded institution that the children were not dressed alike. A little boy of three or four ran up to the matron to show her a toy pail. I should not have noticed the child except for the sudden flush that came over the woman's homely and dignified face. She beckoned one of the young women, whispered to her, and gave the boy into her charge, pointing to a distant sand-pile.

Just then Rodney Teele turned and saw the group. Perhaps he thought it time for another manipulation of the mask. At all events, he asked a question. "What is this little boy's name?"

The play-assistant answered promptly. "Teddy, sir. Come, Teddy, don't bother the gentleman." And she was for hastening him off.

But the child clung for a moment to the voluminous gray skirts of the matron and spoke shrilly.

"It isn't! It's Rodney Teele, Third. My mother told me so."

The matron rocked nervously where she stood. "It's known as 'Teddy Rouse' in the card-catalogue, sir." Her face had turned from red to pale. "But he was two years old when his mother died: we don't know what crazy things she may have said to him. Their parents come near being the ruin of us if they live too long. 'Teddy Rouse' it is, and Mrs. Rouse they say she was called. She must have had her marriage certificate, or he wouldn't have been admitted. These things are all done perfectly right at the Home, as the superintendent could tell you if he was here. Teddy, go and play with Miss Bamberg."

And the child went, but not before I had had one sufficient look at him. The resemblance to young Rodney's wife was unmistakable: he had the same features, stamped, too, with the haunting, foreign look I had noticed that evening in old Rodney Teele's library. "Recessive to the dominant Teeles," I muttered to myself. Certainly, the child had no look of my classmate, and still less of that mandarin in ivory who stood at this moment beside me.

Rodney Teele said nothing. He raised his hand to check the flow of the matron's apology: she stopped in the middle of a word. He did not glance after the retreating child; but I knew he had seen as well as I. If ten seconds had sufficed to me, they would have been more than enough for Rodney Teele. He turned his back on the playground and strode stiffly into the building. The superintendent had not returned when we reached the office, and we waited there only five minutes, while Mr. Teele talked with the assistant about some new Montessori outfits. The matron hovered limply in the background, and followed us to the door. Not a word was spoken about Teddy Rouse.

I need not have dreaded the drive home. It was my fate to enter into Rodney Teele's life at strange and crucial moments, and to emerge from them with no increased sense of fellowship with him. He always ignored immediately what we had just been through together, and the only proof I had of his remembering those hours was that he did not quite forget my existence. On this occasion, as well, no reference was made to the child we had seen. The only difference it had made was to bring to Rodney Teele's face the least perfunctory smile I had ever seen there—the smile of a man who has justified his ways. Without a lead from him, I could not speak; and we drove home uncommunicatively, except for that speaking smile. He dropped me, courteously, at my own club, and went on.

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Through the window of the limousine, as the car turned, I could see his extraordinary face still mildly glowing. He never sent for me, after that, and I never saw him again.

It was a year after our visit to the orphan asylum that Rodney Teele died. His will was published in the papers, to the last inch of its great length. That stupendous storm of bequests broke over a stunned world, excluding for a day every other excitement. There was so much money! Even Rodney Teele must have had hard work to dispose of it; but he had evidently toiled gallantly at his Herculean task. He had at least kept his account with his Maker on an imperial scale. Again I was haunted by a sense of partnership—as if Rodney Teele had been the terrestrial member of the firm. But I kept my cynical reflections to myself. The date of the will lay somewhere between young Rodney's marriage and the journey to Carlsbad, though there were plenty of charitable codicils since that date. Some of his financial associates were remembered, as well as outlying Teeles in obscure corners of the country. The usual things were done for servants. There was no mention of Teddy Rouse.

I peered into the future, wondering vaguely if I should ever be in a position to do anything for little Rodney Teele, Third. I hoped I should. But at the moment I could not afford to remove him from the institution where he was; and a brief interview with Rodney Teele's lawyer showed me that, in the circumstances, Rodney Teele's will could not be assailed for the child's benefit. There had been a sealed letter to his lawyers especially providing for that remote contingency. Rodney Teele had evidently not trusted me. I could only hold on and hope that sometime I might quietly take the boy away and look after him. It would not be a work of love—he did not look like Rodney; he looked only like all the things that had done for Rodney—but it might lay a few ghosts that seemed sometimes, to my forewarned ears, to be still treading the world.

The day never came, however. I used to visit the asylum occasionally as a kind of carking duty. Always, in my mind, was the firm intention to withdraw Teddy Rouse as soon as my income should reach a certain figure, which I had fixed. At present Rodney Teele's grandchild was faring better on his casual crumb of Teele benevolence than I could guarantee his faring. It was some satisfaction to me to know, at least, that Teddy Rouse would, for a time, have been supported by his grandfather. Until I could do better, there was nothing for it but to go occasionally and carry him permitted gifts. I don't think the child ever grew fond of me—probably he never really had the chance. I hadn't much to say to him—then.

A few years after Rodney Teele's death, when I paid one of my periodic visits to the orphanage, I was informed that Teddy Rouse had run away. No trace of the boy was ever discovered: his evasion had been planned with a skill worthy of the Teeles. It is possible that, one of these days, we shall do homage to some financial genius of undivulged origin, whose countenance an old man may quietly recognize. It may be that, meanwhile, the Teele brain is working somewhere in obscurity behind a face like a folk-song. But I doubt it. I think that little Teddy Rouse was a pure recessive, and that with his parents' untimely death the dominant strain was lost forever.

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EVERY MOVE

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

A FAT old woman in a blue-checked apron emerged from the shadows of the chestnut-trees in the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, and began to set in ordered line the wooden chairs that had been huddled together, like timid animals seeking warmth, during the cool hours of the night. It was seven o'clock of a May morning in Paris. Will some joyous chemist never distil the essence of it, bottle it, and distribute it gratis as an antitoxin for melancholy?

The old woman may have entertained some similar thought; for, as she worked, she hummed uncertainly a pleasant little spring song:

> Le lendemain elle était souriante,
> A sa fenêtre fleurie; chaque soir
> Elle arrosait ses petites fleurs grimpantes
> Avec de l'eau de son arrosoir.

When her task was fairly accomplished, and the straw-bottomed chairs were aligned like so many stiff hussars, she allowed her gaze to wander beyond the immediate foreground. She noted, with the quick disapproval of an order-loving mind, that the gravel of the walk was sprinkled with cream-colored blossoms from the chestnut-trees overhead. She weighed for an instant the possibilities of a cleansing broom, but a Latin sense of poetry checked her hand. To such an extent did she react that thereafter she was careful not to crush a single blossom, as she moved about on her clumsy, comical feet.

In the middle of the avenue, by the Rond-Point, a grizzled old man was watering the road. Behind him, progressing reluctantly on rollers, snaked fifty yards of rubber hose. Facing the Tuileries he hurled prismatic showers of spray into the very teeth of the morning sun.

The old woman greeted his approach cheerfully.

"Variety of sausage, hast thou not enough stirred up the dust for one day?"

"*Hé, la belle,*" he answered; "go seat thyself on thy chairs at two cents the hour!"

"Thou talkest," she retorted with a grin.

As he stopped by the curb he turned some mysterious spigot in such a way that the jet of spray folded itself up like a fan and, subsiding into a single ugly stream, ran disregarded down the gutter.

The old man crooked a bent thumb over the shoulder of his blouse.

"There is one up there by the Rond-Point," he said darkly, "who takes money from thy pockets. He is sitting on a *bench.* What thinkest thou of that, my little one—on a *bench!* Also, he has not moved from that bench all the night. That vexes thee, hein?—when he should be renting a chair of thee."

"The camel!" she exclaimed. "I will occupy myself with him."

"Take care; he has the beauty of a devil."

"So much the worse for the devil. He shall sit in one of my chairs if he be Fallières himself."

With this reflection on the president of her republic she hurried away to seek out the offender.

She found him, as the old man of the hose had said, occupying a bench at the Rond-Point. That he was either asleep or in misery was obvious, for his body was twisted up sideways on the bench in a position that no rational, wholly conscious person would wilfully assume, and his arms, hanging limply over the back of the seat, served as a precarious pillow for his head.

The old woman eyed him in doubt. She knew him at once for a gentleman: a tramp would have arranged himself more comfortably and would have made use of his coat for bedding. Besides, his

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hair was cut very short and it was black, and it curled in a manner distinctly patrician. A shrewd judge of social strata was the old woman.

A closer inspection revealed him an Anglo-Saxon; he was smooth-shaven; his shoes were well shaped; he was broad of shoulder and narrow of waist; his trousers were turned up as though they had been and always would be, and there was unmistakable breeding in the knot of his cravat.

Noting the tired, pathetic lines on his face, she resolved not to disturb him, and was in the act of turning away when he stirred and sat upright.

He looked about him, dazed, gave a hollow laugh, felt through his pockets anxiously and swore softly and with perfect resignation. The old woman moved up in front of him and, standing with her hands on her hips, addressed him in a friendly fashion.

"Monsieur has not need of a chair?—it would be more comfortable, and at two cents an hour—" Her gesture hinted that two cents an hour was a sum not to be mentioned between gentlemen and ladies.

But he shook his head and forced a crooked smile.

"I haven't enough to hire a chair for five minutes," he said in correct, careful French. "Otherwise I should not have chosen this bench for a night's rest. It is hard as charity—or is it 'cold as charity' that one should say?"

The old woman pleaded ignorance of the appropriate adjective; but, scenting mystery, she commenced to catechise.

"Monsieur says that he has passed the night on this bench? Poor monsieur! It is scandalous!"

"Is it not?" he agreed.

"And monsieur has no money?"

"Not a cent."

"Monsieur has been robbed, then?"

"Yes," he answered; "monsieur has been robbed. A porter at the Gare du Nord took all my coppers, a taxi-auto to my hotel took all my silver, and two bottles of champagne at the Café de Paris took my gold."

"And the bank-notes?"

"Oh, the bank-notes were taken without my consent. In their case I cannot put my finger on the thief; but should you ask me to guess, why, then, I might inform you that there was a lovely lady dressed all in salmon pink with whom I waltzed at the Bal des Coryphées last night, up there by the Place Pigalle. I recollect that she pinned a white carnation on my lapel, and was agreeably slow about it. Then, when I looked for her later——"

"She had gone!" finished the old woman.

"Exactly; and she doubtless is using seven five-hundred-franc notes for curl-papers at the present moment."

"The cow!" ejaculated the old woman coarsely. "But monsieur can get no money from the bankers? Monsieur has no friends in Paris? Monsieur cannot borrow from his hotel?"

The young man smiled.

"I know no one in Paris," he explained. "As for my hotel, they are more likely to attach my baggage than to advance me a louis. But I am keeping you. If I am not mistaken those two gentlemen are contemplating your chairs with a view to sitting on them."

The woman turned to follow his gaze.

"That," she explained, "is Monsieur Vilbert—very rich—an old client of mine. He is the little thin one with the gray mustache brushed like William's."

"Like William's?"

"Yes, like that of William the German. I will go to bid him good morning. I know him well; but his friend, the big one, I do not remember to have seen before. It must be that he does not sit often in the Champs-Elysées."

Left to himself, the young man stretched and rose to his feet. He slapped the dust out of his clothes and shook his coat viciously in a vain endeavor to smooth the wrinkles from it. A night on a bench in the open air is a poor valet.

Fortunately, however, he was young and his six feet two of youth needed no excuse.

As he stooped for his straw hat, which he had placed under the bench, he heard footsteps on the gravel behind him. He turned, hat in hand, to see Monsieur Vilbert and his friend standing at his elbow. Monsieur Vilbert inspected him critically, head to one side, thumbs resting in the upper pockets of his waistcoat, dapper little feet turned out at right angles. Monsieur Vilbert's friend inspected him

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ruminatively, sharp eyes narrowed to slits in his round, red face, fat white hands clasped across a convex abdomen, patent-leather feet planted far apart.

Then Monsieur Vilbert looked at his friend and they both nodded; and Monsieur Vilbert gave a nervous, energetic twist to his gray mustache, and his friend drew a sleek hand across his smooth-shaven chins. And Monsieur Vilbert spoke in French.

"What a beautiful morning!" is what he said.

The young man regarded one and then the other, puzzled, surprised, not certain that he was pleased.

"Yes," he answered finally, "one cannot complain of it."

The two Frenchmen appeared to ponder the words as though they had been sibylline. Then they nodded once more, *omine fausto*.

"Monsieur," said Vilbert, "my friend, the lady who rents the chairs, informs me that you are a stranger here in Paris and that you—that you have not been made to feel at home; in short, that you have been robbed. Pardon the brutality of the word, will you not?"

"But certainly," replied the young man.

"Good!" said Vilbert.

"Good!" echoed his friend.

"And now," continued Vilbert, "I pray you to permit me to present myself. I am called Etienne Vilbert, and this is my friend and associate, Monsieur Hippolyte Dieudonné."

They bowed graciously, and the young man could do no less.

"I am overcome," he said.

"You have not heard the names before?" asked Vilbert, it seemed a little anxiously.

"You must forgive me," answered the young man, "if I admit that I have not. I come from America, and we Americans know very little of your country and even less of its great men. Nevertheless I repeat that I am honored, and I beg to give you my name in return. I am called Austin Waide."

"Well, then, Monsieur Waide," said Vilbert briskly, when he and Dieudonné had duly bowed once more and murmured their enchantment, "if you will do us the honor of breakfasting with us I have no doubt but that we shall be able to put before you a proposition that will be of advantage to all of us. Do you accept, monsieur?"

Austin laughed.

"I certainly accept the breakfast," said he; "and as for the proposition—why, I am willing to do anything short of a crime to earn my living."

"We contemplate nothing criminal," Dieudonné assured him. "However, the work may be exciting and not unconnected with danger——"

He caught Vilbert's eye and stopped abruptly. Vilbert hailed an open cab and they drove out the Avenue du Bois to the Pré-Catelan. There, under the trees in front of the dairy, they breakfasted deliciously on fresh eggs and milk and wild strawberries.

When they had finished, Vilbert pushed back his iron chair and offered a brand of government cigarettes from a small mauve package.

"I patronize home industries," he remarked. "Perhaps you, Dieudonné, would prefer something more Oriental, with a Turkish name and a sensuous box."

Then he turned directly to Austin.

"Monsieur," he said, "you are young, handsome, well-built, athletic, like the majority of your countrymen. Like the majority of your countrymen, too, I take it that you are not afraid of danger."

"I have never wilfully avoided it," answered Austin, smiling.

"Good!" said Vilbert.

"Good!" said Dieudonné.

"I think we can use you," Vilbert continued. "The hours will be short; you will be released to-night in time for your *apéritif*, and the salary will be anywhere from one hundred francs to five hundred, depending entirely on the way you acquit yourself and the success of what, for us, is something of an experiment. Have I made myself understood? If so, I await your answer."

"One moment," said Austin. "I understand that you offer me from twenty to one hundred dollars for one day's work. Can you give me no more definite idea of the character of the work?"

Vilbert looked at his associate and they both shook their heads.

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"No, monsieur," answered Dieudonné firmly, "that is one of the conditions: a blissful ignorance on your part is indispensable to our success. We may but give you a hint: be surprised at nothing; behave as a gentleman should, and—well, do not be afraid to defend yourself as well as you are able. Moreover, *le boxe Anglais* is renowned; need I say more?"

"Need we say more?" echoed Vilbert dryly, tossing away his cigarette and rising. "And so, Monsieur Waide, if you say 'yes,' you will accompany us back to Paris in a taxi-auto; if you say 'no,' we part regretfully, enchanted, however, to have had the pleasure of your society at our little breakfast."

"No bouquets," said Austin with a laugh. "I say 'yes.'"

"Good!" cried Vilbert.

"Good!" cried Dieudonné.

They paid their bill and walked through the *vacherie*, Dieudonné patting the sleek, fat cows and throwing bits of paper at the voracious goats. He was as amused as a child. Vilbert, however, serious and impatient, plucked at his arm, urging him to be off.

As they drove back through the Bois, the sun was well up in the sky, and the roads and bridle-paths had assumed the animation that is bred in Paris of a May morning. Wonderfully equipped cavaliers, dressed in amazing English breeches and coats, cantered dashingly but uncertainly at the sides of their *amazones*, as the French term them. Buxom *nounous*, with broad ribbons fluttering from their caps, were out already with their perambulators, airing the children of the rich and keeping furtive eyes out for picturesque zouaves or gallant guardsmen. In France it is not the police who distract the nursemaids, but the army.

Conversation between the three men in the taxi flagged. Dieudonné, making several half-hearted attempts at Gallic wit, subsided quickly under Vilbert's severe frown. Austin was calm, indifferent, almost bored. He was beginning to doubt the sanity of the two Frenchmen; but then—he had always been brought up to doubt the sanity of all Frenchmen. There still persists a class in America to whom a Frenchman is a crazy person who eats frogs and snails and who wears an imperial.

Vilbert, leaning from the window at intervals, directed the course. They rounded the arch at the Place de l'Etoile and turned down the Champs-Elysées. At the Place de la Concorde they took the Rue Royale to the Madeleine, and then, to the right, on the Boulevard as far as the Opera House. Here they swung across into the Boulevard Haussmann and followed it to its inception. They took the last street on their left and stopped at the house next to the *bureau de poste*.

Vilbert, who had given the driver a gold piece before the taxi drew up at the curb, grasped Austin sharply by the arm and hurried him through a high, dark entrance, the heavy, wooden doors of which stood open. Austin caught a glimpse of a sombre courtyard beyond, paved with stone and decorated with dwarf trees in green pots. Then he was led to the right through a glass door into a large hall. While they waited in front of an elevator-shaft he had time to look about him.

The hall was panelled in mahogany halfway up to the ceiling, and the ceiling, Austin calculated, was nearly twenty feet high. Above the panelling hung rich, soft tapestries, illuminated dimly by clusters of heavily shaded electric lights. At intervals stood gorgeous, barbaric suits of mail, erect and uncannily alive. Fastened to the panels were inlaid shields and swords and graceful lances, all beautifully wrought—the plunder of a mediæval court. The floor was marble-paved, in squares of black and white, and carved marble benches stood in the corners.

Somehow, in spite of the insignia of war, it gave to Austin the impression of a cathedral of the middle ages—some chapel, perhaps, designed for a crusader's tomb, filled with the arms by which he had sought to hew his way to salvation. It lacked but the odor of incense and the religious light of a stained window to complete the illusion.

The lift, which had been descending silently and slowly, untenanted, and propelled by some unseen hand on some unseen button, now reached the ground with a muffled click and a sigh of relief. The two Frenchmen motioned to Austin to enter. When they had followed him, so small was the space within that it was with difficulty they could close the doors.

Then Vilbert touched the topmost of

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eight ivory buttons on a panel, and the tiny compartment hesitated, wheezed, and began once more its laborious motion upward, silently as before, save for the dull click at each landing.

"Remember," warned Vilbert earnestly, "you are expected to do exactly as you are bidden and to ask no questions. It is possible that some things may seem to you—how shall I say it?—bizarre, extravagant. But it is not for you to question our methods. If you conduct yourself satisfactorily to us your reward shall be satisfactory to you."

"Very well," answered Austin cheerfully, "I am prepared for the worst."

"Good!" said Vilbert.

"Good!" said Dieudonné.

Austin counted six landings and the lift stopped abruptly at the seventh. Vilbert led the way down a long corridor, flanked by numerous doors, all closely shut. There was no window in the corridor, but it was lighted at intervals by yellow electric lights. The bareness of its walls and ceiling and the multiplicity of its doors tended to accentuate its length. It might almost have been the corridor of some huge jail.

Austin fancied that he heard voices behind some of the doors; but he was hurried along so peremptorily that he could not be certain, and the three pairs of feet, echoing loudly on the stone floor beneath them, drowned all minor sounds.

At a door numbered 113 they paused, and Vilbert, drawing a pass key from his pocket, turned the lock and entered the room; Dieudonné and Austin followed.

It was a small rectanglar room, uninteresting, banal. White plaster walls and ceiling, a high, small window framing a patch of blue sky, a long wooden bench, a row of hooks on the wall, and a full-length mirror swinging in a wooden frame. Nothing more.

"Wait here," commanded Vilbert briefly, and pointed to the bench. Then he turned to Dieudonné, beckoned him to the door, and muttered directions in his ear.

"Tell Roxane we have found him, and tell her the circumstances. Warn her to be ready. I will call Luzech to come and prepare him."

Austin heard but, hearing, was none the wiser. The whole affair struck him as far-fetched, unduly mysterious. If there was danger to be encountered, why did they not point out the danger and bid him face it? They were behaving, to his eyes, like opera-bouffe conspirators. They needed but masks and dark lanterns and low music.

When they left him he noted that they closed the door and that the lock snapped back at its closing. He shrugged his broad shoulders and listened patiently to the sound of their feet diminishing in the distance down the corridor.

Walking listlessly over to the window, he looked out, his chin on the level with the sill. From that position he could see nothing save the mansard roofs of houses several blocks away and, over on the right and beyond, the slender line of the Eiffel Tower, bayoneting the blue sky.

"An excellent bird's-eye view of Paris," he remarked. "It would look well on a post-card to send home to Kansas City. But the room has none of the modern conveniences; I doubt if I stay long."

He sat down on the low bench and studied his shoes and his finger-nails. Still no interruption occurred. The silence became annoying and, for the first time that day, he lost his perfect serenity. He felt through his pockets for a cigarette, found none, and, resorting finally to that manifestation of impatience to which all caged beasts come sooner or later, he paced the room from corner to corner, from wall to wall.

Some one must have come noiselessly up the corridor, for, of a sudden, he heard the lock snap and his door opened inward. He turned and, instinctively on the defensive, put his back to the wall. What he saw in the doorway startled him for an instant; and then he smiled appreciatively. It was too good to be true: it smacked of the "Arabian Nights."

A huge figure blocked the doorway: a man as black and as shiny as hard coal; and he was naked to his waist. On his head was a fantastic, turbanlike affair; in his ears hung two golden crescent rings, and about his loins was wrapped a leopard's skin, rather worn and frayed. His feet and legs were as bare as his broad black chest, and his arms were decorated only with heavy gold bracelets, an inch wide.

Over one arm, however, hung a pile of

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wonderfully colored fabrics, all purples and scarlets and greens and blues, embroidered with jewels and gold. Advancing gravely into the room, he laid them on the bench, and Austin perceived that they constituted a man's garments—the garments, possibly, of an Eastern prince.

The black bowed low with arms outstretched, his features set stolidly, unresponsive to Austin's frank smile. Then he pointed to the garments with a wave of his hand and indicated that Austin was to clothe himself in them forthwith.

"Very well, my good Nubian," agreed the American; "your wish is my law."

He examined the apparel with interest and amusement. A pair of gold slippers, pointed and turned up at the toes in a curve like the volutes of an Ionic capital; close-fitting scarlet tights with jewelled garters to clasp about them below the knee; a wonderful purple cloak that hung loosely to the thighs and was edged with ermine at the collar and around the wide sleeves and was embroidered gorgeously with gold in strange Oriental designs; a broad scarlet girdle to bind it at the waist, heavy with jewels and tasselled with gold rope, and, finally, a close-fitting turban, clasped at the forehead with a huge purple amethyst.

Slowly and wonderingly Austin got out of his own clothes, and slowly and wonderingly, with the aid of the silent Nubian, got into this finery of the East.

Once dressed, he surveyed himself, not without approval, in the tall mirror. His dark complexion, he noted, lent itself remarkably well to the costume: he was every inch a Persian, if, indeed, that was what the costume intended him to be.

Drawing himself up to his greatest height he found that he was able to look the giant Nubian fairly in the eyes. This pleased him, filled him with a subtle satisfaction. So with all of his national audacity he slapped himself soundly on the chest and grinned and cried: "Behold the great Persian lamb! Now bring on your Scheherazades—all there are in the harem!"

The black regarded him gravely, almost pityingly, and maintained an ominous silence; but he bowed low and led the way through the door.

Standing in the corridor was Vilbert, nervously twisting the pointed ends of his mustache into spirals. At sight of Austin, arrayed in glory, he nodded and gave a short grunt of satisfaction.

"Good!" he said.

Dieudonné was not present to echo the monosyllable.

The little Frenchman, slipping his arm through Austin's, led him slowly down the corridor. The Nubian followed, mute, behind them.

"My friend," said Vilbert huskily, "it now depends but on you. I have done all that I can to make you a success. I may do no more. Remember, keep your head cool and your hands ready and your muscles supple. Fight, if you must; and if you fight, fight well. Meanwhile, do as you are told. It is possible that I shall be watching you; in which case pretend that we have never met. It will be better so. *Au revoir*. I shake your hand and I wish you all success."

Monsieur Vilbert, his voice unsteady with real feeling, wrung his hand as though he were sending him to his death. Austin could not but be moved by the display of emotion.

"Good-by, monsieur," he said, "and do not agitate yourself on my account. I have been in some pretty tight places before now. Have you ever tried to cross Broadway down by Herald Square during the rush hour? This business of yours is all very mysterious, of course, but at least we are in twentieth-century Paris."

"You will not think so long," remarked Vilbert, and turned on his heel without another word.

Down the corridor the Nubian led the way, respectfully, solicitously, as one would lead an attractive lamb to the sacrifice. There seemed to be miles of corridor.

Finally, turning abruptly to the left, they came into a vaulted atrium, surrounded by glistening marble columns that supported Byzantine arches. At this point the Nubian paused and stepped aside in order that Austin might see into the hall beyond.

Austin looked and exclaimed: "My God!"

The Nubian put his finger warningly to his lips.

In front of them stretched an enormous court, crowded with restless people moving quietly backward and forward, in different directions, in and out, like a

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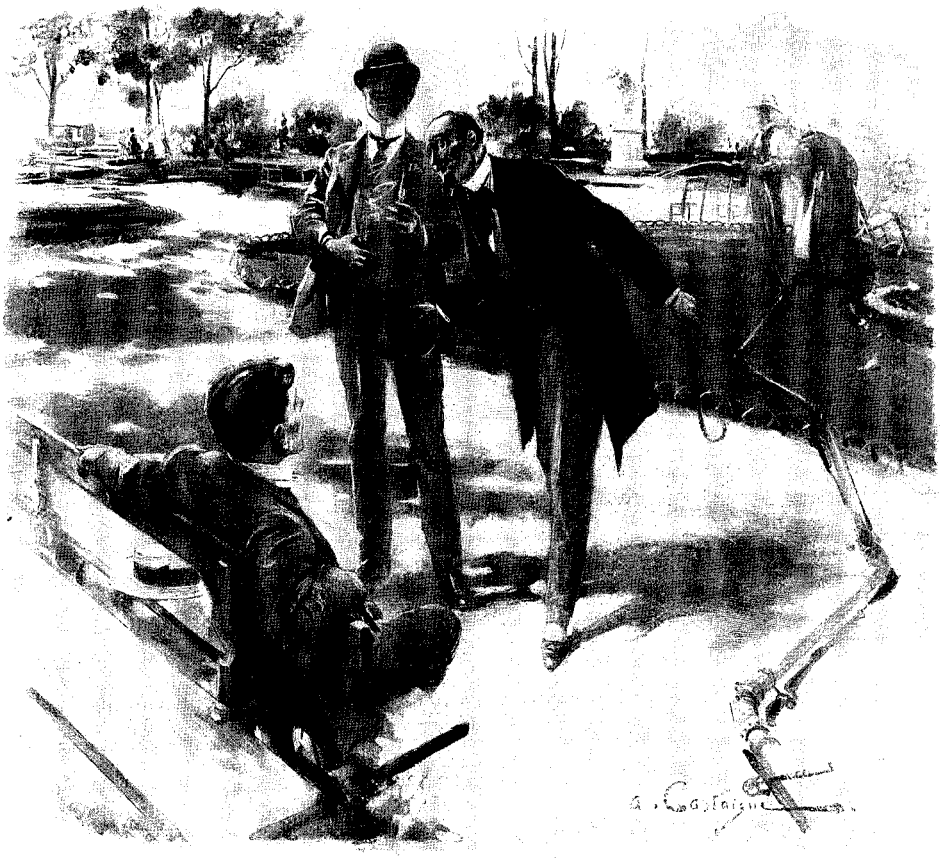

"Monsieur," said Vilbert, "my friend, the lady who rents the chairs, informs me that you are a stranger here."
—Page 707.

wheat-field in a shifting wind. An arched colonnade extended along the rear of this courtyard for a space of perhaps fifty yards; then it turned on itself at right angles and continued in that direction beyond Austin's range of vision from where he stood in the atrium. Many of the arch openings were closed with exquisite tapestries; others were filled with the wanton colors of tropical foliage and fruits. In two of them fountains tossed up jets of water that hung, perpendicular in the air, like silver wands.

Over this vast courtyard, and supported by the colonnades, stretched a flat roof of white, transparent glass, set in large rectangular lights, through which the May sun poured as through the roof of some huge greenhouse, where mammoth plants were being nursed to unholy size.

At the back, near the centre of the rear colonnade, stood a dais, raised on two low, marble steps, carpeted with a rug of tawny yellow and pastel blue; and on the dais was a broad couch of cloth of gold, and on the couch, half-seated, half-reclining, languidly, sensuously, was a woman.

"My God!" repeated Austin.

Again the Nubian motioned for silence.

She was the focus of the crowd: about her the others backed and filled and circled and flew like bits of steel about a magnet. Four female slaves, their black skins shining in the heat, fanned her with long ostrich-plumes—fanned her rhythmically, monotonously, perpetually. A score of men, counterparts of Austin's Nubian, kept grim watch on either side of her throne, their hands crossed on the hilts of their naked, evil swords.

At her feet, in a semicircle, sat a dozen dancing girls, veiled to their eyes, stretch-

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ing their graceful limbs on the rugs and the soft skins that covered the cold marble of the floor. As Austin looked, one of them was dancing, her body motionless above the waist, save for the slim arms that curved and coiled, her flat palms making strange, abnormal angles with her wrists.

Beyond the circle of the dancing girls the court was bare in front of the throne; but to the right and to the left knelt a score of men and women, clad in Persian dress and beating abstractedly on brazen cymbals or on muffled tambours; and through all the dull din that they made crept another sound, a grinding, mechanical sound, like the purr of a smooth motor or the buzz of a dentist's drill.

But Austin could not keep his eyes from the woman on the couch. He had read of vampires, and he wondered if, perhaps, she was not of their breed. Her face embodied all the cruelty, all the lust, of the baneful women that have marred history. As he looked on her he shivered, and yet he was not cold; and for the first time in his life he doubted himself and his own courage.

She was dressed all in white: white, loose Turkish trousers, gathered at her ankles with pearls; white pointed slippers curving up at the toes; a broad, white girdle beneath her breasts, which held in place the thin veil that draped her narrow shoulders and which hung down to her knees, weighted with pearls. Pearls at her wrists, pearls on her long, slender fingers, pearls wound in profusion through her black hair. Her face was unveiled. Alas, for the peace of man!

Austin looked and saw a narrow, oval face, white as paper; a broad, full mouth with lips painted dark vermilion—cruel, pitiless lips, fretting and twisting in front of small teeth that were too white and too regular to seem human. Black, straight eyebrows almost met over the thin nose and, beneath the eyebrows, black eyes gleamed and darted, restlessly, furtively, under narrow lids stained with indigo.

Austin had read of such women, had seen fantastic drawings of such women; indeed, he remembered that such a woman as this adorned the pasteboard boxes of a brand of cigarettes luringly called Persian favorites. But to be face to face with such a woman, breathing the same heavy, perfumed air that she breathed—that was a different matter. It gave him a strange feeling about his heart, as though he had smoked too many of those cigarettes. He could not explain it.

Suddenly, while he watched, the dancing girl fell exhausted, her forehead on the floor in front of the dais. At a nod from the woman on the couch, two slaves lifted her in their arms and carried her away, panting and writhing, out through one of the arches of the colonnade.

Forthwith a third attendant salamed, and, although Austin could not hear the spoken words, it was obvious from his gestures that he announced the presence of some one in the atrium. The woman in white clapped her hands and, led by the giant Nubian, Austin marched through the crowd that made a lane for him clear to the marble steps. There the black drew away a few paces, leaving him face to face with the woman. His heart beat like a hammer while she surveyed him between her narrowed eyelids.

At length she stretched out a listless, white hand to be kissed. Under other circumstances Austin might well have grasped it heartily in his own, given it an emphatic shake, and murmured: "Glad to meet you."

But the spell being upon him, he leaned over it and kissed it gracefully enough.

The vermilion lips parted in a slow smile.

"Who may you be?" she asked in French, and her voice was low and caressing.

"My name is Austin Waide," he answered stiffly.

"And what is your business here?"

"I am afraid, madame, that I do not exactly know. I am here to find out."

"Ah," she said, still smiling, "how very interesting."

"Perhaps," said he.

"Perhaps?" she echoed. "And why 'perhaps'? If ignorance is bliss, is not doubt seven times bliss?"

"I am quite satisfied," said Austin, looking her fairly in the eyes; "only these shoes are uncomfortable."

"That shall be remedied," she answered, making a place for him beside her on the couch. "Monsieur Austin Waide shall not be compelled to stand."

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He sat down as he was bidden. Strange to say, all embarrassment had left him; but he felt confidently excited, as though he had drunk champagne.

"Do you find me beautiful?" she demanded, turning on him suddenly.

Austin looked her frankly in the eyes; and *her* eyes were not frank, but the reverse. She screened them with her indigo-tinted lids and her small teeth played with her lower lip.

"Yes," he answered at length, "I find

Over one arm, however, hung a pile of wonderfully colored fabrics.—Page 709.

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you beautiful in a certain sense of the word."

"You are half-hearted," she said, dissatisfied, "and not gallant. You are disappointing after all. But, then, you are nothing but an Anglo-Saxon that has never felt his heart beat."

She clapped her hands sharply and motioned to one of the girls lying at her feet.

"Dance!" she commanded.

The girl obeyed her, trembling. The din of the tambours throbbed, pulselike, through the court. The long fans of ostrich-plumes waved to and fro, like pendulums, in the heavy, scented air.

The woman leaned toward Austin on the couch, her eyes fixed on his. Some strange, Eastern perfume that she used stole about him and intoxicated him.

She laughed softly, and he put out his arms and held her closely.
—Page 715.

Watching his face, she read in it his agitation, and she smiled at the knowledge that she had stirred him—smiled slowly and lazily with her red lips.

"Ah," she said softly, "at last you know that your heart beats. Now, tell me, am I beautiful?"

"You are so beautiful that it hurts," he answered her, shivering. The blood rushed to his head and above the dull beating of the music he could hear his own

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heavy breathing and hers; and, through it all, the even, rhythmical murmur, like the purr of a smooth motor or the buzz of a dentist's drill.

She laughed softly, and he put out his arms and held her closely. Her eyes came nearer to his, fixed on them, holding them. A loose strand of her hair brushed his forehead. Then he closed his eyes and kissed her on the lips.

As he did so the dancing girl fell to the ground and lay there white, motionless, exhausted. At the same instant the sound of the tambours ceased, and, stifled by the silence, he opened his eyes and rose to his feet, dazed, staring stupidly about him.

There was no movement from the crowd in front of the dais. The dancing girl lay where she had fallen. Only the fans swayed up and down monotonously.

As his senses came slowly back to him, he passed his hand vaguely across his forehead. It was as though he were coming out of some tense, realistic dream—some dream that had been so vivid that he could not yet wholly shake it off.

Then, standing, he saw that which he had not seen before. He saw, half-hidden by the screening foliage, the body of a man, sprawling, twisted and contorted, on the marble floor to the left of the dais. The body was dressed much as he himself

He saw, half-hidden by the screening foliage, the body of a man, sprawling, twisted and contorted.

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was dressed, and the body lay in a pool of blood. An ugly knife lay beside it, bare and crimson.

While he stood and gazed, overwhelmed, unbelieving, the woman beside him clapped her hands once more. Two giant black slaves, half-naked, their muscles rippling smoothly along their arms and backs, bowed low before her. She pointed at Austin with disdain.

"Take him away," she said, "and teach him. He sickens me; he is over-squeamish. Teach him not to draw away from my kisses as though they burnt his lips. When you have finished with him you may bring him back and throw him beside the other. Now go. Take him away!"

They rushed at him together. But he stood on the dais, two steps above them, waiting for them. And this was in his favor.

One of them he caught neatly under the chin with his left and sent him reeling back with his arms beating the air. The second grappled with him and they rocked and staggered together, up and down the step. The woman, drawing her feet up on the couch that they might not be in the way, watched the fight with cool interest, her chin in her hands. She watched it as might a disinterested spectator who had no bet on the outcome: she approved a good blow struck or an advantage gained by either side.

In the doorway of the atrium Austin had a glimpse of Monsieur Vilbert's white face watching them eagerly. Behind him bulged the fat figure of Dieudonné, his cheeks shining with excitement.

Austin tripped his man and threw him heavily to the floor, just as the other black regained his unsteady feet. Monsieur Vilbert, in the distance, grinned sardonically and rubbed his small white hands. His lips framed the monosyllable "good."

"Good!" echoed Dieudonné, at his back.

The woman on the couch imperiously waved forward two more slaves from the waiting row. It reminded Austin grimly of Nero clamoring in the Colosseum for more lions.

"If they start using their knives it's—good-by," he muttered.

With four against him, even though two of them were somewhat crippled by previous combat, the fight became dismally unequal. They came upon him with a rush from all sides save the rear, where he was protected by the couch. He was able to deliver but one blow, and that one, being his last, was a desperate effort. He had the satisfaction of stretching one huge, ugly giant flat on his back before they overpowered him and held his arms fast to his sides.

They manifested no gentleness then in their treatment of him; one at his head and two at his feet. The fourth lay beside the dancing girl, motionless, unheeded.

As they bore Austin away toward the atrium he had a glimpse of the woman, stretched prone on the couch, following him with her eyes. And a slow, cruel smile curled her lips. The long fans were waving quietly, rhythmically, and the only sound throughout the court was that dull murmur, like the purr of a smooth motor or the buzz of a dentist's drill.

Vilbert met them in the atrium. He was strangely excited, and all the time he was rubbing his sleek hands gloatingly together. Dieudonné stood behind him, perspiring freely.

Once outside the court Austin was allowed to stand, the slaves holding his arms. Panting, furious, he looked back toward the dais. The woman was huddled on the couch, sobbing and shaking and wringing her hands.

Vilbert stood by the entrance, his arm upraised, waiting. Suddenly the woman sat upright, threw back her head, drew something from her girdle that flashed like a knife, and plunged it into her breast. Then she fell forward on her face.

"Now!" cried Vilbert ecstatically. "Finished!"

He clapped his hands, and the scene changed with magic rapidity. The woman on the couch raised herself slowly and began to adjust her clothing, patting her hair with delicate touches. The Nubian slave and the dancing girl, who had lain prostrate on the floor, got slowly to their feet, she smiling, laughing, chatting unconcernedly and volubly in French; he stumbling, a little stiffly. somewhat crestfallen, for Austin had put excellent force behind his last upper-cut.

And the dull noise like the purr of a smooth motor or the buzz of a dentist's drill ceased.

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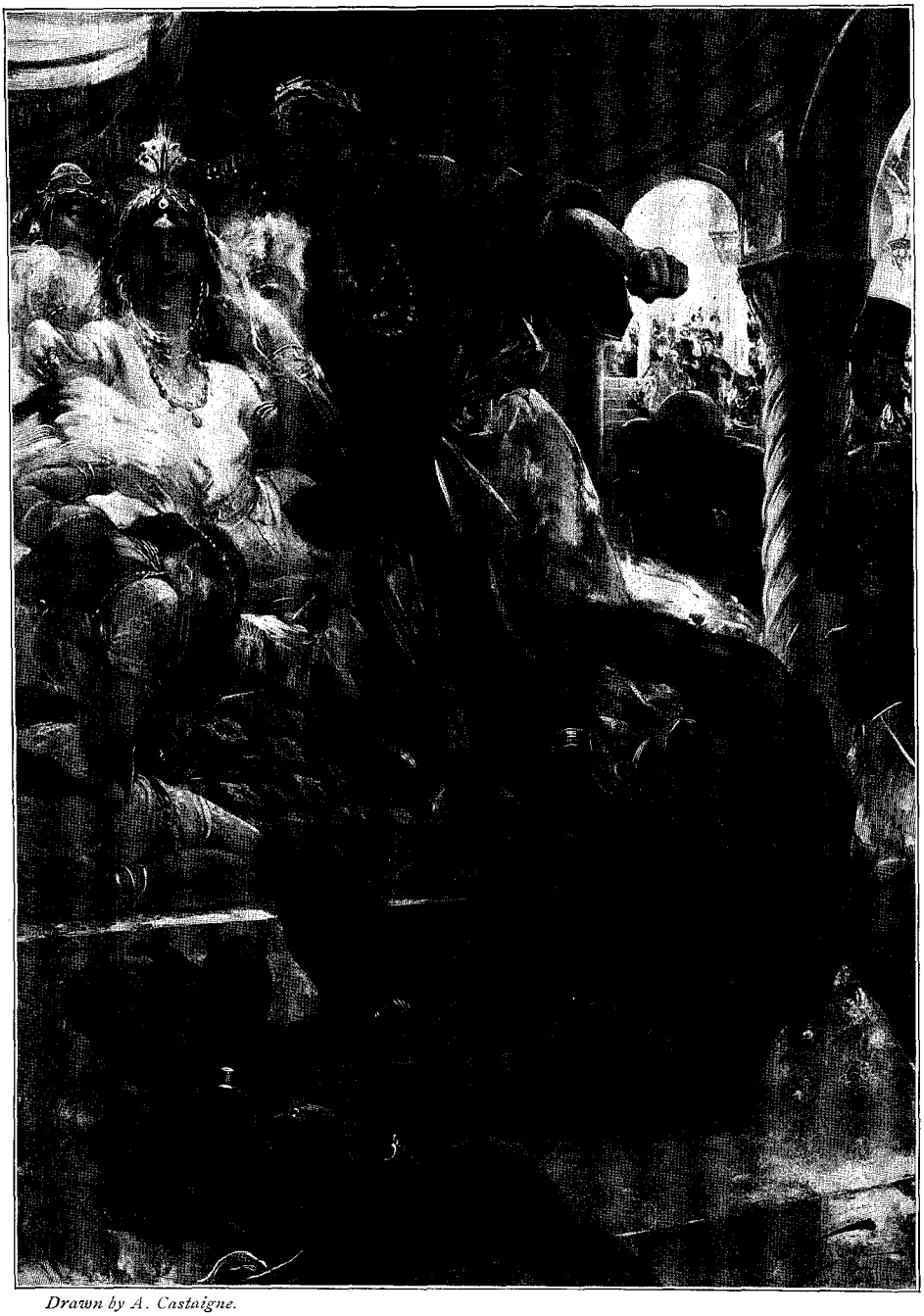

Drawn by A. Castaigne.

With four against him, even though two of them were somewhat crippled by previous combat, the fight became dismally unequal.—Page 716.

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Vilbert turned, his face wreathed in smiles. He seized Austin in his arms and kissed him rapturously on both cheeks.

"Cut it out," said Austin disgustedly; "what in the devil do you think you are doing? Will you please tell me the joke?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Monsieur Vilbert; "he thinks it a joke. Well, here is Roxane. She will explain the joke."

"Yes," agreed Dieudonné, "she will explain."

As he spoke, the woman from the couch came into the atrium. Vilbert, beside himself with delight, rushed to her, shrieking adjectives of approval. When she had calmed him he turned to Austin.

"Monsieur Waide," he said, "it is my great pleasure to present you to Madame Roxane Verneuil, of the Comédie Française. To-day, for the first time in her brilliant career, she has honored the firm of Vilbert and Dieudonné by consenting to display her divine talent for a moving-picture——"

"Hush," said she, interrupting his eloquence. "Monsieur Waide, I am enchanted to meet you on a somewhat more formal basis than just now; and may I congratulate you on your most realistic portrayal of the leading rôle of our drama without words. Realism—perfect realism! That is what we obtained by keeping you in ignorance of our purpose. I only regret that your words cannot be reproduced as well as your motions. Your fighting was magnificent, but your love-making was—well, shall I say convincing?"

"One does what one can, madame," said Austin weakly. "It is somewhat humiliating, however, to find that, out of so many, I was, so to speak, the only goat—*le seule chèvre*."

"I do not quite comprehend," said Roxane, "but you need not be humiliated; poor Alphonse and Bernard are still nursing their chins—they who are used to rough handling, also. What shall you call the film, Monsieur Vilbert?"

"I think," answered Monsieur Vilbert, "that I shall call it 'Through Passion to Death.' That should attract the American public."

"I'm afraid," said Austin, "that portions of my performance would fall short of that title. I only wish I might give an encore; for I am convinced that on a second trial I could do myself better justice. There was one part in particular," he added, glancing surreptitiously at Roxane, "that I might have improved had I not hurried it."

"Oh, I am not sure," she answered him quickly; "you did it quite well enough." And, smiling, she dabbed the rouge from her lips with her handkerchief.

THE TRODDEN WAY

By Martha Haskell Clark

Did you know the call of the spring-sweet world, mother, oh, my mother,
Hid close in the dim-remembered days when you were as young as I?
When life seemed only a gypsy trail through pine-fringed upland and sunlit swale,
And never a care walked nigh, ah, mother, for never a care walks nigh.
All day a-fare under bough-laced skies we have read our love in each other's eyes,
And life is fair as a gypsy trail, with the spring wind sweeping by.

Ay, little wild heart, through the jasmined door
You pass the way that I walked before.

Did you know the glare of the summer noon, mother, oh, my mother,
Locked far in the half-forgotten days when you were as young as I?
When the hands' relief at a duty done meant only another task begun
With the breath of the roses nigh, ah, mother, the breath of the roses nigh.

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The prisoning cottage walls within, all the stifling hours must I sit and spin
Till life seems only a tangled skein, with the tear-knotted threads awry.

Ay, little mute heart, through the dust and heat
You will find the print of my toiling feet.

Did you shrink from the shadowy valley-path, mother, oh, my mother,
Spread dark in the pale-lit autumn days, when you were as young as I?
The whispered prayer, and the frightened tears, and the gaunt, grim shapes of the hidden fears
That stir in the gloom close by, ah, mother, that walk in the gloom close by.
Till the rose-leaf touch of a tiny hand stretched out of the night of shadow-land,
And over a world of peace there lay the gold of a sunset sky.

Ay, little lone heart, through the dark and dread
My feet have faltered, my heart has bled.

I know each step of your seeking feet, daughter, oh, my daughter,
And when the road is adrift with snow, and you are as old as I,
You will find the flame of that springtime fire you lit on the trails of your young desire
Is whispering still anigh, my daughter, is whispering love anigh.
It has lit the path of your gypsy feet, it has lent its warmth to the hearth-side peat,
And still through the gray of the winter dusk will its comfort and trust bide by.

Ay, little young heart, there is no regret
On the road where the light of that flame is set.

CONCERNING CONVERSATION

By Brander Matthews

IT is not always that foreigners, adrift for a few weeks in these United States, exhibit that condescension which Lowell resented sharply. Sometimes they reveal themselves as very frank in expressing their disappointment and their disapproval. It cannot be denied that they are often disappointed in us—perhaps almost as often as we are disappointed in them. They may have ventured across the Western ocean merely to spy out the land, or they may have arrived as missionaries of culture, having prepared themselves to enlighten us by means of lectures in words of one syllable—to borrow a pertinent phrase of Colonel Higginson's. But whether they come as single spies or in lecturing battalions they rarely display the self-control which prevented Thackeray from adverse criticism of his American hosts. Dickens had been welcomed as the guest of the nation; but he did not hold that the acceptance of our hospitality debarred him from the privilege of speaking his mind freely about his entertainers. Many lesser men have shared our bread and salt; and not a few of them have felt free to follow the example of Dickens rather than that of Thackeray.

In the fall of 1909 a wandering British philosopher, who hailed from the Uni-

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versity of Cambridge, was a guest at various American colleges; and after he had gone back to his own place he published in a Cambridge review his opinion that "in America there is, broadly speaking, no culture. There is instruction; there is research; there is technical and professional training; there is specialization in science and in industry; there is every possible application of life to purposes and ends; but there is no life for its own sake." And he declared that "you will find, if you travel long in America, that you are suffering from a kind of atrophy. You will not, at first, realize what it means. But suddenly it will flash upon you that you are suffering from lack of conversation. You do not converse; you cannot; you can only talk. It is the rarest thing to meet a man who, when a subject is started, is willing or able to follow it out into its ramifications, to play with it, to embroider it with pathos or with wit, to penetrate to its roots, to trace its connections and affinities. Question and answer, anecdote and jest, are the staple of American conversation; and, above all, information. They have a hunger for positive facts."

In a sweeping assertion like this there is certainly no hint of condescension, even if there is in it a disquieting assumption of superiority. That it should have been made by an Englishman is a little startling, since our kin across the sea would seem to be related to us in nothing more intimately than in their desire for information and their hunger for positive facts. It would have been more understandable if this assertion had been risked by a Frenchman, since the French are governed by the social instinct and trained from their youth up to be easy in converse themselves and also to put others at their ease. There it is, however, made by an Englishman; and this leaves us wondering what Hawthorne could have meant when he made one of the entries in the note-book he kept while he was in exile as consul to Liverpool: "I wish I could know exactly what the English style good conversation. Probably it is something like plum-pudding—as heavy, but seldom as rich."

Yet there is profit always in weighing the words of an alien critic of American characteristics and in trying to discover how much of truth may be contained in his off-hand opinion. We can afford to overlook the casual discourtesy of his supercilious and superficial phrase if we are able to get at the core of his accusation. It is well that we should know ourselves; and we must not deny our gratitude to the foreigner who forces us to take stock of our deficiencies. If we are frank we must admit that question and answer, anecdote and jest, are frequent in our mouths, and that our ears hunger for information. The relish for anecdote and jest is one manifestation of that omnipresent American humor, which is also good humor and which may often degenerate into mere triviality. The desire for positive facts is an attribute of our practicality, of our ability to turn everything to account. We are not unlike the Athenians of old in our eagerness to hear and to tell some new thing; and probably some part of the wide-spread ability to shift our ingenuity suddenly into new channels may be ascribed to this very characteristic. A chance fact dropped in talk by a stranger, a casual scrap of information picked up by the wayside—these things have been the seed-corn of many a new industry. We have no cause to blush when we are told that we have a hunger for positive facts or even when we are assured that the staple of our talk is question and answer.

This is as it should be, and no man has a right to expect anything more in ordinary talk. But the imported lecturer made a sharp distinction between ordinary talk and genuine conversation. Talk is all in the day's work; it is practical; it consists of question and answer; it lends itself lightly to the interchange of facts and to the swapping of stories. Conversation is another thing altogether, or rather it is the same thing raised and glorified. There is the same difference between talk and conversation that there is between house-painting and the mural decoration of Puvis de Chavannes or of John La Farge. Talk might be called one of the mechanical arts, whereas conversation is one of the fine arts. Only a man born to the craft, specifically gifted for it, trained by years of practice, enlightened by the example of the masters of conversation, can take a subject, follow it out in all its ramifications, play with it, embroider it with pathos or with wit, penetrate to its roots, and trace its connections and affinities. A great converser is like any other great artist, born not made—or rather born and also made.

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Our Cambridge critic has here supplied an admirable definition of the fine art of conversation as distinguished from the frankly inartistic talk of every-day life. Where he made his slip was in expecting to find practitioners of this delicate art scattered all over the United States wherever his engagements might take him. In no country of the world is any one of the fine arts cultivated by the average man; and it is absurd to expect the average man to lift himself to this exalted level of artistic accomplishment. The average man has no time for any of the fine arts; he is too busy trying to keep a roof over his head and to make a living for his family. The masters of conversation are no more frequent in America than they are anywhere else; and the visitor from abroad is no more likely to drop into the centre of a circle of these artists here than an American abroad is likely to happen into a similar group on the other side. In no country do these artists in conversation hold an open exhibition and sell tickets at the door.

Hawthorne, for example, before he went to England, had attended the Saturday luncheons at Boston, with Lowell at one end of the table and Holmes at the other, and it is small wonder that he failed to find conversation of that kind in Liverpool. The itinerant lecturer who recorded his sufferings from a lack of conversation here in the United States did not have the good fortune to penetrate into the circles where that fine art was cultivated. At home he knew where to go to get just what he wanted; and because he did not know where to get it here he was rash enough to assume that it did not exist. The assumption may have been natural enough; but it was a blunder, nevertheless. And it was intensified by his failure to reflect on the fact that he was not one of us, but an outsider, a man not tested, an unknown quantity, passing through hastily, and only pausing here and there to eat and to sleep, and to speak his piece, and then away on the wing once more. Even if he had by chance found himself in some circle of true lovers of conversation, he himself would have been a disturbing element, and he might have got away without ever suspecting that he had been in the company of the very artists whose society he was vainly seeking. A master of conversation might shrink from showing off before a stranger; he might prefer to reserve for his intimates the full display of his powers.

Our British visitor failed to find fit conversation here in America, yet he seems to have had no doubt that it existed in England. But a recent American writer is saddened because it cannot now be found anywhere. He has asserted that "present-day conversation has sunk far below the high levels of the talk of the past; that our conversational performances are flat, thin, and poor"; and "that conversation is indeed a lost art." He believes that this assertion will pass unchallenged and he has set it in the foreground of a welcome volume into which he has collected half a score of essays on the subject. He even ventures to entitle this delectable gathering "The *Lost* Art of Conversation." Here again we find cropping up the ineradicable belief that this is a day of decadence and that there were giants in other days to whose stature we cannot hope to stretch ourselves. We are all prone to be praisers of passed times—especially when we are very young or very old. The great masters are all dead and we have been born too late into an exhausted world. As Tom Reed put it pithily, "a statesman is a successful politician—who is dead." There are no great actors now, and no great orators, and no great conversationalists. These opinions are the result of that optical delusion which leads us to think that the telegraph poles are closer together the farther off they are.

As a matter of fact, good conversation is probably no rarer to-day and in these United States than it ever was anywhere. It must always be rare, if conversation is truly one of the fine arts. It flourished in London in the eighteenth century in The Club, which gathered about Johnson, although his selfish brutality must often have killed the easy interchange of question and answer, since Johnson was incorrigibly domineering; and, as Goldsmith once put it, "whenever his pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt." Conversation was cultivated as a fine art in Boston at those Saturday luncheons, although Lowell and Holmes may have been a little inclined to seize more than their share of the talk. And it flourishes to-day in New York in several little circles where there are men of the world and men of affairs who are able to follow a subject out into its ramifications and to play with it,

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penetrating to its roots and embroidering it with wit and with pathos. Such little circles are not many, of course, but they exist here and now, known to those who are competent to join them—and necessarily unknown to the rest of the world.

In Mr. Krans's agreeable collection of essays which he has entitled "The Lost Art of Conversation," we find the two characteristically acute papers of Robert Louis Stevenson on "Talk and Talkers," written more than twenty-five years ago. Stevenson was a delightful talker himself, as I can testify, although I had only the privilege of one afternoon session with him, not long before he left England for the last time. And he knew good talk when he heard it. In these two essays he painted the portraits of six of his friends whom he held to be masters of the art of conversation. These friends whose powers he was celebrating he disguised under various names—"Burly," "Spring heel'd Jack," "Cockshot," and "Purcell." Most of them are now dead; and there is no indiscretion in giving their real names. "Cockshot" was Professor Fleeming Jenkin, whose biography Stevenson was to write. "Burly" was his collaborator, W. E. Henley, who turned traitor after Stevenson's death. "Spring heel'd Jack" was his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson. "Athelred" was, I believe, his executor, Mr. Baxter. "Opalstein" was John Addington Symonds, and "Purcell" was Mr. Edmund Gosse.

It was my good fortune more than a quarter of a century ago to make the acquaintance of four out of the six. I never had the pleasure of talking with Symonds or with Mr. Baxter, and I think I had speech with R. A. M. Stevenson only two or three times. But the other three I met frequently, often together, although they were not as intimate with each other severally as they were with Stevenson himself. That they were masters of the art of conversation, conscious and deliberate artists—this is beyond all question. Fleeming Jenkin, more especially, was one of the most gifted and spontaneous talkers I have ever had the delight of listening to—full of whim and of wisdom, delighting in expounding unexpected theories tinctured with his own vivacious originality.

Yet I should hesitate to assign to any one of these four British subjects a higher place in the hierarchy of good talkers than I should bestow upon four American citizens —Thomas B. Reed and John Hay, Clarence King and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. They were all wits, but they none of them insisted on reducing talk to a soliloquy, as Macaulay and Gladstone were wont to do. A brilliant conversationalist cannot be a monologue artist. He must give and take; he must play the game fairly, allowing his associates a chance to show what they can do also. On the other hand, wit is the most precious ingredient of good talk; and none who love conversation will hold with Prior's man who

> "Thinks wit the bane of conversation,
> And says that learning spoils a nation."

Tom Reed's conversation was a constant delight, due in part to his caustic wit. John Hay had the same wide knowledge of men and affairs; and his talk was also tinctured with a subacid wit. When he was secretary of state he clashed repeatedly with the Senate, which led him to express his opinion with the utmost freedom. When he was asked which senator he detested most, he answered promptly, "The one I have seen last. I hold the Senate to be my tribal enemy!" Clarence King had an equally large acquaintance with the world and an equally frank delivery of his opinion about men and things. And as for Aldrich, pearls of wit dropped from his lips whenever he opened his mouth. I chanced to say to him once that it was curious how a certain British scholar, who seemed to have read everything and written about everything, should not have gained greater wisdom by all his labors. "Yes," said Aldrich, "he is like a gas-pipe—no richer for the illumination it has conveyed."

Of course, specimen bricks are wholly inadequate even to suggest an idea of the house of conversation in which Reed and Hay, Aldrich and King, made themselves at home. Good talk is not merely a swift succession of good things, and after a while a sequence of smart sayings will prove fatiguing. The subject must be embroidered with pathos as well as with wit, and it must be penetrated to its roots and explored in its affinities, as the British lecturer asserted. Good talk calls for the clash of opinions and for the shock of prejudices. Contradiction—the courteous contradiction of an equal who has self-respect so

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abundant that he respects also the views of his opponent—contradiction is of the essence of the contract. There never was a more foolish definition than that which declared an agreeable man to be "a man who agrees with you." So far as conversation is concerned an agreeable man is one who disagrees with you, courteously but insistently, who assaults your private opinions and who takes your pet prejudices by storm. For really good talk you need the man who can see both sides of a question and who can suddenly discover a third side, disconcerting to both parties. He may be a feeble arithmetician who tries to make two half-truths equal a whole truth; and yet even this may be risked in conversation, sprung upon the hearers unexpectedly, to force them to go back to first principles.

It seemed fairest to match Stevenson's quartet of British conversers with four Americans now departed and therefore to be named here without impropriety. But there are fortunately others of the same generation well worthy to be ranked with them. One was the venerable essayist who served his country gallantly in command of a black regiment and who deserved well of all Americans, young folks and old. Another is the imaginative artist who adorned the Persian poet with drawings inspired by a sympathetic understanding. A third is the dean of American novelists, whose talking is like his writing in that it is compact with knowledge of human nature and adorned with the most delicate felicity of phrasing.

And in my own generation I should be at no loss to single out at least half a dozen masters of the art of conversation, not unworthy of comparison with those whom I have already called to the witness-stand. Two or three of my colleagues at Columbia University could not be omitted from any catalogue of competent conversers; they are scholars who have not allowed their wide knowledge to weigh down their wit and who are free from the reproach that Vauvenargues brought against "the men of learning who resemble gross feeders with a bad digestion." Equally insistent upon admission to the list of the good talkers I happen to know are two artists, one a mural painter and the other an illustrator, whose conversation has the ring of the true metal. Both of them have what Stevenson credited to Henley, "a desire to hear—although not always to listen." It is true also that both of them may succumb on occasion to that temptation to monologue, which is fatal to general conversation; yet they can be tempted into team-play, serving an idea like a tennis-ball, with long rallies, during which the subject flies high and is returned sharply and seems about to fall to the ground only to be caught up dexterously and driven into an unexpected corner.

The reason why conversation of the highest type is infrequent is that its substance must be ideas rather than things or persons. Now, the immense majority of mankind seem to be interested, if not solely, at least chiefly, in persons. Nothing human is foreign to them and they take a keen relish in discussing their fellow human beings. Yet the bulk of this talk is about individuals, known to the talkers themselves. Very rarely does the conversation of the majority aspire to deal with humanity at large, with men and women in their ampler relations. For the most part this talk is mere gossip, the interchange of question and answer about friends and acquaintances. A comfortable minority may like to converse about things and to exchange information. It is this minority which exhibits that hunger for facts, which our British visitor noted. Comparatively few are those who can lift themselves up to the level of general ideas and who can tunnel down to the principles which govern human conduct. Yet conversation displays itself to best advantage only when the participants are willing to deal with ideas, rather than with persons and things—although without neglecting these. Not only must they be willing to do this, they must also be capable of it. They need a broad basis of knowledge as well as a shrewd understanding of human nature and of the interplay of the social forces.

When the requirements and conditions of genuine conversation are clearly apprehended, we need not be surprised that it is a rarity to-day and that it always has been a rarity. And we can appreciate the full meaning of Holmes's assertion (in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table") that "talking is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important, the most difficult—and its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note."

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OLD FAIRINGDOWN

By Olive Tilford Dargan

SOFT as a treader on mosses
I go through the village that sleeps;
The village too early abed,
For the night still shuffles, a gypsy,
In the woods of the east,
And the west remembers the sun.

Not all are asleep; there are faces
That lean from the walls of the gardens.
Look sharply, or you will not see them,
Or think them another stone in the wall.
I spoke to a stone, and it answered,
Like an aged rock that crumbles,
And each falling piece was a word.
"Five have I buried," it said,
"And seven are over the sea."

Here is a hut that I pass,
So lowly it has no brow,
And dwarfs sit within at a table.
A boy waits apart by the hearth;
On his face is the patience of firelight,
But his eyes seek the door and a far-world.
It is not the call to the table he waits,
But the call of the sea-rimmed forests,
And cities that stir in a dream.
I haste by the low-browed door,
Lest my arms go in and betray me,
A mother jealously passing.
He will go, the pale dwarf, and walk tall among giants;
The child with his eyes on the far-land,
And fame like a young, curled leaf in his heart.

The stream that darts from the hanging hill
Like a silver wing that must sing as it flies,
Is folded and still on the breast
Of the village that sleeps.
Each mute old house is more old than the other,
And each wears its vines like ragged hair
Round the half-blind windows.
If a child should laugh, if a girl should sing,
Would the houses rub the vines from their eyes,
And listen and live?

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A voice comes now from a cottage,
A voice that is young and must sing,
A honeyed stab on the air,
And the houses do not wake.

I look through the leaf-blowzed window,
And start as a gazer who, passing a death-vault,
Sees Life sitting hopeful within.
She is young, but a woman, round-breasted,
Waiting the peril of Eve;
And she makes the shadows about her sweet
As the glooms that play in a pine-wood.
She sits at a harpsichord (old as the walls are),
And longing flows in the trickling, fairy notes
Like a hidden brook in a forest
Seeking and seeking the sun.

I have watched a young tree on the edge of a wood
When the mist is weaving and drifting;
Slowly the boughs disappear, and the leaves reach out
Like the drowning hands of children,
Till a gray blur quivers cold
Where the green grace drank of the sun.
So now, as I gaze, the morrows
Creep weaving and winding their mist
Round the beauty of her who sings.
They hide the soft rings of her hair,
Dear as a child's curling fingers;
They shut out the trembling sun of eyes
That are deep as a bending mother's;
And her bridal body is scarfed with their chill.

For old, and old, is the story;
Over and over I hear it,
Over and over I listen to murmurs
That are always the same in these towns that sleep;
Where, gray and unwed, a woman passes,
Her cramped, drab gown the bounds of a world
She holds with grief and silence;
And a gossip whose tongue alone is unwithered
Mumbles the tale by her affable gate;
How the lad must go, and the girl must stay,
Singing alone to the years and a dream;
Then a letter, a rumor, a word,
From the land that reaches for lovers,
And gives them not back;
And the maiden looks up with a face that is old;
Her smile, as her body, is evermore barren;

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Her cheek like the bark of the beech-tree
Where climbs the gray winter.

Now have I seen her young,
The lone girl singing,
With the full, round breast and the berry lip,
And heart that runs to a dawn-rise
On new-world mountains.
The weeping ash in the dooryard
Gathers the song in its boughs,
And the gown of dawn she will never wear.

I can listen no more; good-by, little town, old Fairingdown.
I climb the long, dark hill-side,
But the ache I have found here I cannot outclimb.
O heart, if we had not heard, if we did not know
There is that in the village that never will sleep!

HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND.

UPLAND PASTURES

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE

THERE are alluring names in the corner of the world where I dwell, such as the Upper Meadow, Sky Farm, and High Pasture. Is there not something breeze-blown and spacious about the very words High Pasture? You do not need a picture to bring the image to your eye. Perhaps your image will not in the least resemble our High Pasture, to be sure, but what does that matter? You will see a greensward flung like a mantle over the tall shoulder of a hill, the blue dome of the sky dropping down behind it, and to the ear of memory will come the faint, lazy tinkle of a cow-bell. It is the magic of the words which matters, not the realism of the image.

Our High Pasture is on the southern shoulder of Rattlesnake Hill, and it is splendidly isolated from the lowlands by forest. The forest marches down from the summit upon it and stops abruptly with an edge like a tall green wall. The pasture itself goes over the shoulder on either side with a beautiful domelike billow, and meets the forest again climbing up from the valley. You see no road leading thither. It is a lonely clearing on the heights, and behind the sharp, doming line of its wave-crest the sky drops down to infinite depths of space. How far one could see if he climbed there and looked over the crest! How fresh the wind must blow out of those deep sky spaces, though here in the valley the summer day is breathless and sultry! How tiny the black-and-white specks of the Holsteins appear, as they seem barely to move, like lazy flies on a green tapestry!

One autumn not long ago the farmer ploughed High Pasture, turning it from green to brown, and when the first snow-spits of November came the furrows filled, and suddenly it was a beautiful zebra-skin laid over the shoulder of the hill. Then all winter it was a dome of glistening white amid the reddish-gray of the mountain forest. But as spring came up the

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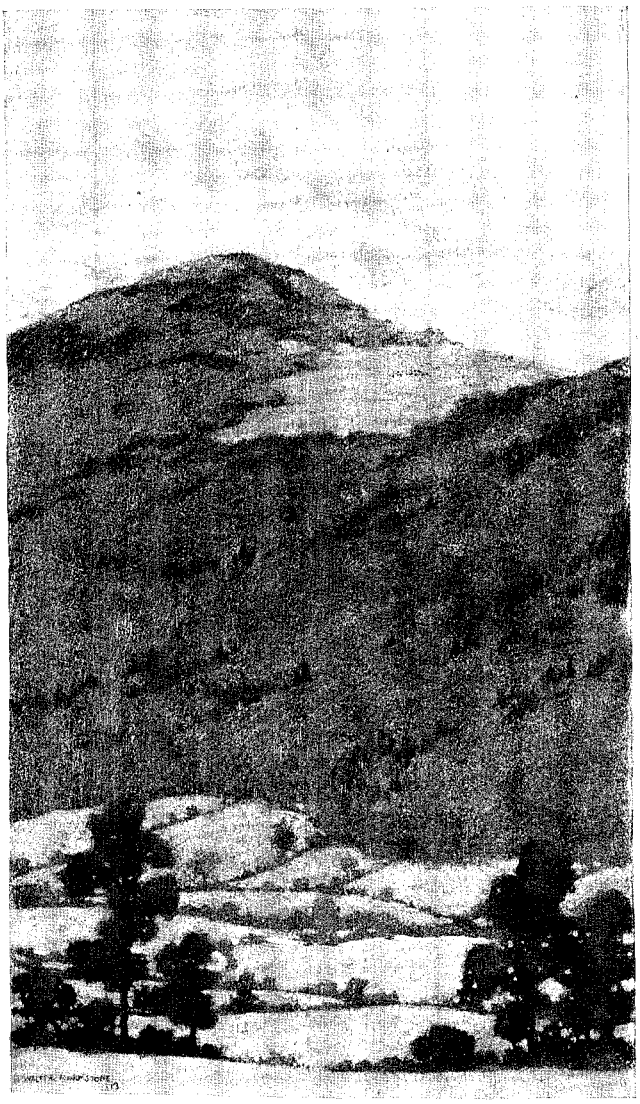
land it grew emerald with oats, and in lush midsummer we climbed through the woods to reach it, up the bed of a forest brook, and came out upon the lower edge point, while a woodchuck rushed off into the oats, stirring their tops like a fish swimming just under the surface of the water, swallows skimmed the field like



A greensward flung like a mantle over the tall shoulder of a hill, the blue dome of the sky dropping down behind it.—Page 726.

as upon a beach. The waves were breaking at our feet. Over the dome-line above us, out of those deep sky spaces behind, came the wind, and swept the billows down upon us with a rustling murmur as of some magic, brittle sea.

We skirted the pasture to the highest gulls, and even the pines to our left spoke with the voice of the ocean. At the crest of the ridge we set our backs to the forest wall and looked out over the pasture below us. Ever the wind went by across the oats, wave after wave of emerald, and we saw, on the plain beneath, our tidy vil-

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lage and the winding thread of the river, and beyond that another hill going up with the green pastures of Sky Farm perched on its fifteen-hundred-foot shoulder, and farther still the mountain walls like smoky blue billows on the horizon. Behind us, in the dim, cool, evergreens, a wood-thrush sang. A cheewink hopped in a near-by tree, and a field-sparrow was

The mountain wall goes up beyond us, bearing its dark, snow-flecked pines prominently against the gray-and-white of bare birch and chestnut trunks, etched with a myriad vertical strokes upon the groundwork of snow.—Page 732.

busy in the oats. How fresh was the breeze, how peaceful this airy spaciousness! The world was being bathed in sunshine and dried by the wind. We lay down at the pasture edge, and the waving oats shut out everything but the sky. We could look a long way into the green aisles between the stalks, and once we saw a field-mouse pass across the end of a vista, a prowler in this pygmy forest. He made no sound. There was no sound anywhere save the brittle wave-swish of the grain, the deep murmur of the evergreens behind us, and the music of the birds.

To me there is less allurement in Sky Farm, because it is inhabited. The true upland pasture is isolated, alone. But yet Sky Farm has many attractions not often appreciated by the vacation visitors to our valley, who almost invariably exclaim: "It must be dreadfully cold there in winter!" The road to this farm winds up the mountain for two miles through a wood of tall chestnut-trees, noble old fellows hung with bitter-sweet and shading wild garden borders of fern and brake. It is a road the motors never essay, and last year's leaves lie in the wheel-ruts in the spring, while in the autumn the squirrels scold at your intrusion. Presently you hear a brook falling down a ravine to the left, and the road grows steeper, the thank-you-marms more frequent. Light breaks ahead, and you stand suddenly in the Sky Farm plum orchard. If it is blossom-time, you stand suddenly in Japan, after two miles of climbing through a New England forest. But beyond the plum orchard is the unmistakable gray barn and the unmistakable small, bare house of the New England hill farm. A few steps bring you to the dooryard. The road ends at the barn runway—the road ends and the view opens. You look back over the forest, mile on mile to the horizon hills, and through the barn itself and the smaller rear door at the vacant sky, for on that side the hill drops sheer away. Behind the house the clearing extends a quarter of a mile up a steep slope to meet the woods coming down from the summit of the mountain. Here the cattle browse which give the farm excuse for being. Their steep pasturage is sown with granite bowlders, amid which they move, or lie quietly on gray days when sky and rocks are of a color. Sometimes they wander still higher into the summit woods, and as you make your way up toward the peak of the mountain you will hear their bells tinkling unseen. From the doorstep of

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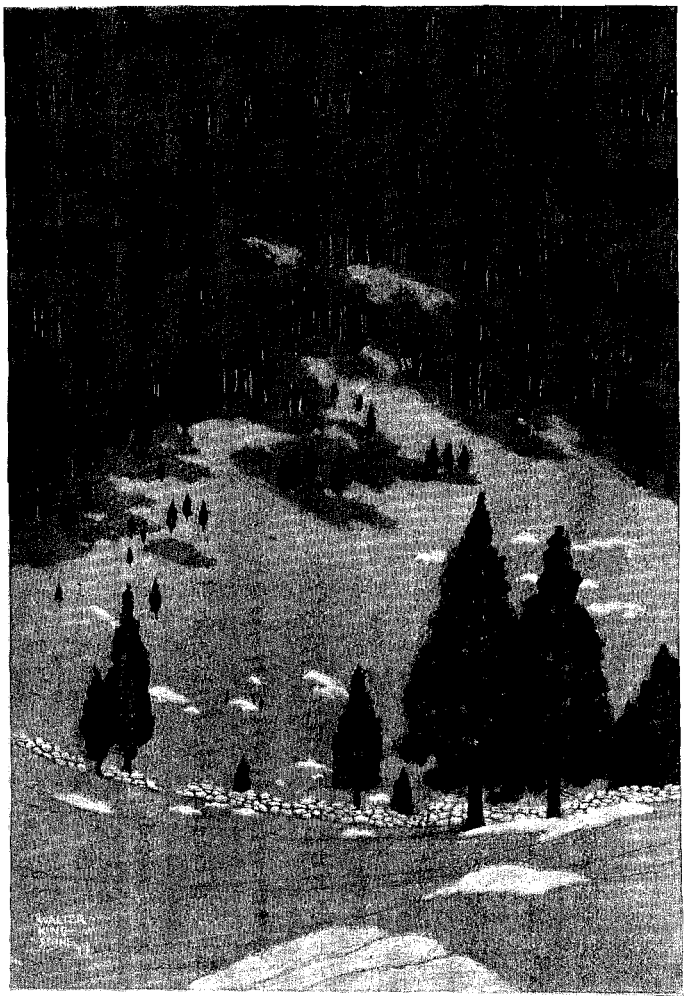
his house the farmer can look down upon our village. On still Sabbath mornings he can hear the call from the church



The clearing extends . . . up a steep slope to meet the woods coming down from the summit of the mountain.—Page 728.

steeples, and at night, perhaps, the boom of the hours. Yet he dwells strangely in a world apart, like one on a watch-tower. His son, to be sure, in fine weather can reach school on a bicycle (at no little personal risk) in an incredibly short time. But it is slow work getting home again. Once home for the evening, it must be a strong temptation indeed to draw the inhabitants of this house down to those twinkling lights of the town. They look out upon our habitations, but they hear only the rushing of the night wind over the mountain or the muffled tinkle of a cow-bell as the herd moves to a new pasturage under the stars. To such a farm might Teufelsdröckh have retired.

I have never been able to decide in what season of the year the Upper Meadow is at its best, for in each it has a shy, elusive charm peculiarly its own. The Lower Meadow, through which it is reached, is a link between one of our largest farms and the extensive swamp which lies at the steep side of a mountain. This meadow, or hay-field, is many acres in extent, threaded by a slow-moving, alder-fringed

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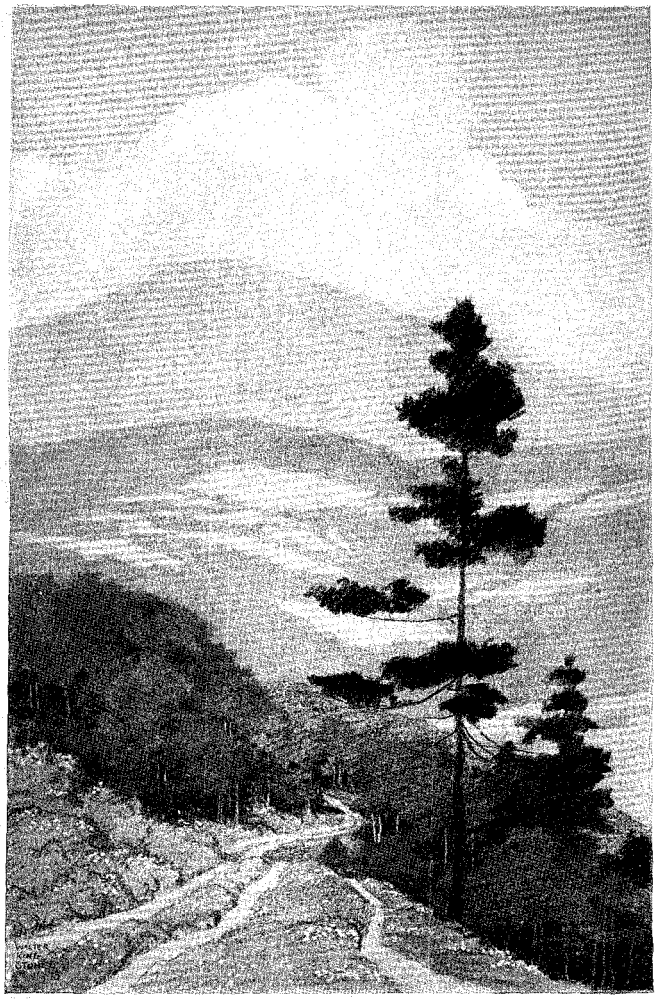
brook. On the farther side, through a barred gate, a wood-road strikes upward. It ascends rapidly for perhaps a quarter springing beside it. It is shut into the woods. Yet the steep climb thither, the silence, the washed air, all conspire to the



The cattle tracks, eroded deep into the soil like dry irrigation ditches, sometimes plunge through tangles of hemlock, crossing and criss-crossing.—Page 732.

of a mile, and comes out into an unexpected clearing, a genuine little meadow two or three acres in extent, pocketed on a shelf of the precipitous mountain wall, which was not visible from the valley. Doubtless you have seen a tiny lake with a wooded mountainside leaping up from it. The Upper Meadow is exactly like such a lake, with lush green grass for water, grass so rich, indeed, that you almost look for it to hold reflections. No prospect is possible from the Upper Meadow, save the view of the mountain wall sense of height. It is a man-made clearing, but only in haying-time does man intrude. It has all the artlessness of a forest glade.

In spring the charm of the Upper Meadow is virginal, not because of the trilliums and dog-tooth violets along its borders, but because of the birches bursting into leaf. It is surrounded by woods in which birches predominate, and there are many birches all up the mountain wall. In the early season, while yet the other hardwoods are naked, the win-

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ter-washed trunks of the birches stand out with startling distinctness, one great forked patriarch in particular looking like a lightning stab against the background of a pine. Then, as the warmth steals into the soil, the birches begin to put on their brilliant foliage, almost a Nile green, perhaps the most lively in our northern latitudes. As the sun strikes in upon them, and upon the moist, rich young grass of the meadow, they make a vivid screen about this lonely glade, a screen of sharp white and translucent foliage, and all up the mountain, amid the bare lilac trunks of the second-growth timber, you can see the birch green shimmering in the golden light. The birches are never so virginal as in their bright, diaphanous robes of spring, and no scene for me has quite the delicate beauty of the Upper Meadow at that hour.

A rocky shoulder of the hill guarded by cedars, where you will suddenly view the true pasture a mile away, over a ravine of forest.—Page 732.

But when the forest foliage has melted into the lush monotony of midsummer, the meadow grass is high and ripe, the thrushes have almost ceased their woodland songs, and the laurel-bushes on the borders of the clearing have dropped their clustered petals of pink-and-white, a sound comes to you as you climb through the woods which contrasts oddly with the sylvan stillness—the hot click-click-click of a mower. As you emerge into the Upper Meadow you see half the grass lying low, and against the upstanding edge, eating it down, advances the machine, behind the strong, willing breasts of the brown horses glistening with sweat. Man has made his annual invasion. Under the shade of a bush stands a brown jug of barley-water. Out in the sun stands the rake, awaiting its turn. In a day or two the great wagon will come and carry down the hay, leaving the meadow once more to the birds and mountain silence for another twelvemonth. But meanwhile the willing horses in their strength, the measured, mathematical fall of the grass, the cicada click of the mower, the occasional shout of the driver, are sights and sounds not unpleasant, and you lie beneath the shadows which creep out across the stubble, to look and listen all the drowsy afternoon.

To emerge through the woods in autumn into the Upper Meadow is like putting your head and shoulders through a great, gorgeous tapestry, from the dark under side. The bordering trees, above the glossy green of the laurel-bushes, are in bright array, and above you all the mountainside is triumphant with color. Even the meadow floor has reclothed itself in green after the reaping, as if to be dressed for this pageantry.

But in winter, perhaps, our meadow can be at its best, when the world wears white and not a creature that wanders unseen in the woods but leaves its track. In winter our Berkshire world becomes everywhere more simplified. The myriad motors desert our highways, and the horse comes into his own once more, with

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a jingle of sleigh-bells. The deserted summer estates, their rose-bushes clad in straw, their garden beds buried under pine boughs, no longer impose upon us an alien and more sophisticated order. We may cut cross-lots on our snow-shoes without fear of trespass. And then it is that the Upper Meadow becomes the hermit of the pastures. No human tracks have preceded ours up the trail. We come out into the mountain clearing, dazzling under the sun, amid the hush of the winter woods. The mountain wall goes up beyond us, bearing its dark, snow-flecked pines prominently against the gray-and-white of bare birch and chestnut trunks, etched with a myriad vertical strokes upon the groundwork of snow. There is only the soft, padded swish of our snow-shoes to be heard as we advance to the centre of the meadow. Yet life has been here. A deer has crossed—two deer, three deer—plunging almost knee-deep into the snow. Over the white carpet a pheasant has walked, one foot mathematically behind the other, and at this point something startled him, for the tracks cease abruptly. Here are the marks on the snow where his long tail feathers brushed as he took the air. Nearer the edge of the meadow, where the glossy laurel fringe is still green, a rabbit emerged, hopped out a way, and turned back. And it will be strange if we do not find the track of a fox, sneaking down in the night from his hole up in the mountain rocks to the valley farms. There is not even the sign of mown grass to speak of man in the clearing now. It is lonely as a frozen mountain lake, wrapped secure in the heart of its upland wilderness.

In these softer modern days, when we all desire the valley warmth, the nervous companionship of our kind, the handy motion-picture theatre, many an upland pasture is going back to wildness, invaded by birch and pine upon the borders, overrun with the hosts of the shrubby cinquefoil, most provocative of plants because it refuses to blossom unanimously, putting forth its yellow flowers a few at a time here and there on the sturdy bush. Such a pasture I know upon a hilltop eighteen hundred feet above the sea, where now few cattle browse, and seldom enough save at blueberry season does a human foot pass through the rotted bars or straddle the tumbling, lichen-covered stone wall, where sentinel mulleins guard the gaps. It is not easy now even to reach this pasture, for the old logging roads are choked and the cattle tracks, eroded deep into the soil like dry irrigation ditches, sometimes plunge through tangles of hemlock, crossing and criss-crossing to reach little green lawns where long ago the huts of charcoal-burners stood, and only at the very summit converging into parallels that are plain to follow. Some of them, too, will lead you far astray, to a rocky shoulder of the hill guarded by cedars, where you will suddenly view the true pasture a mile away, over a ravine of forest. Yet once you have reached the true summit pasture, there bursts upon you a prospect the Lake country of England cannot excel; here the northbound Peabodies rest in May to tune their voices for their mating-song, here the everlasting flower sheds its subtle perfume on the upland air, the sweet fern contends in fragrance, and here the world is all below you with naught above but Omar's inverted bowl and a drifting cloud.

It is good now and then to hobnob with the clouds, to be intimate with the sky. "The world is too much with us" down below; every house and tree is taller than we are, and discourages the upward glance. But here in the hilltop pasture nothing is higher than the vision save the blue zenith and the white flotilla of the clouds. Climbing over the tumbled wall, to be sure, the grass-line is above your eye; and over it, but not resting upon it, is a great Denali of a cumulus. It is not resting upon the pasture-ridge, because the imagination senses with the acuteness of a stereoscope the great drop of space between, and feels the thrill of aërial perspective. Your feet hasten to the summit, and once upon it your hat comes off, while the mountain wind lifts through your hair, and you feel yourself in the apex and zenith of the universe. Far below lie the blue eyes of Twin Lakes, and beyond them rises the beautiful dome of the Taconics, ethereal blue in color, yet solid and eternal. Lift your face ever so little, and the green world begins to fall from sight, the great cloud-ships, sailing in the summer sky, begin to be the one thing prominent. How soft they billow

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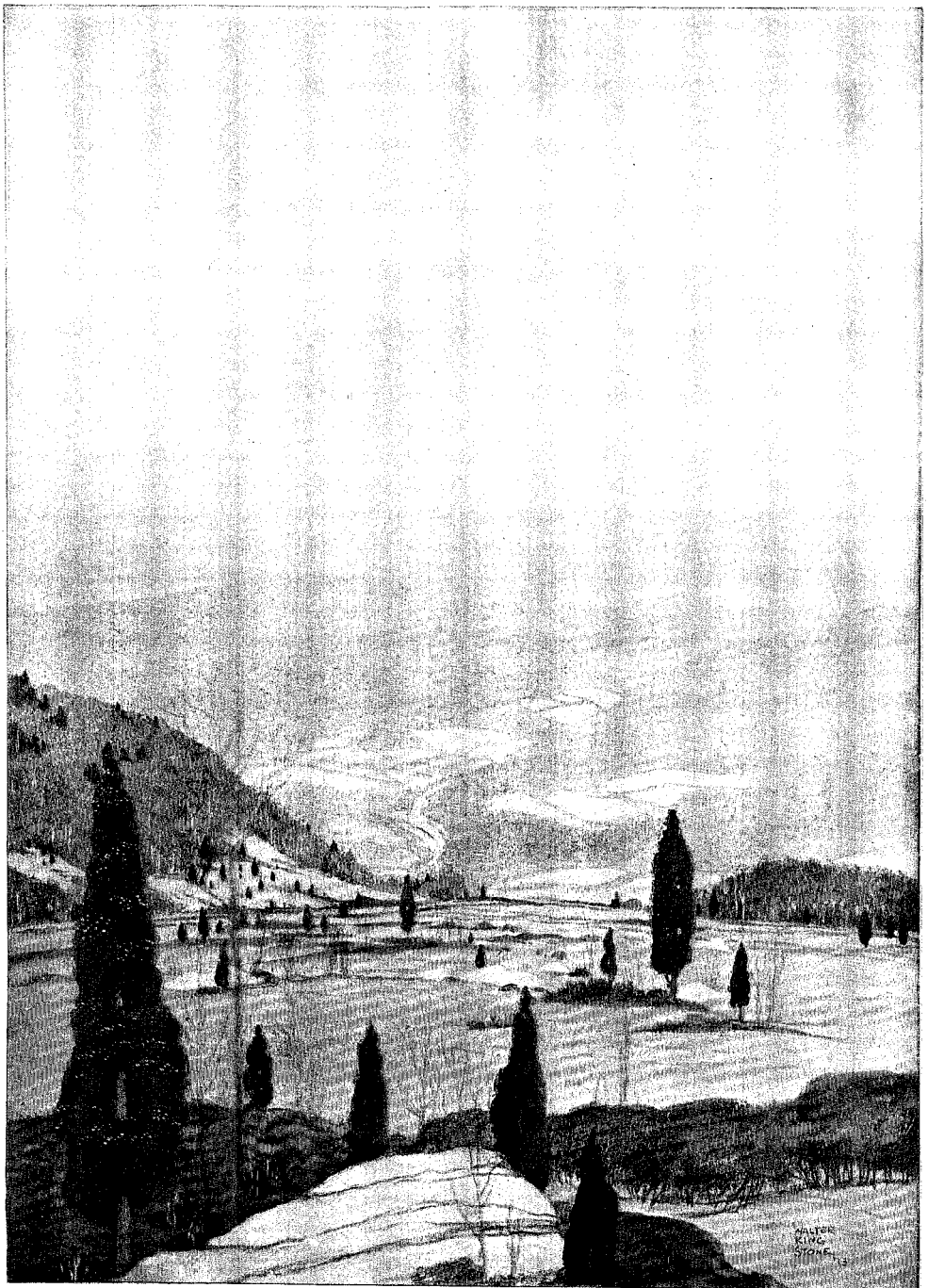

Drawn by Walter King Stone.

Here the everlasting flower sheds its subtle perfume on the upland air, the sweet fern contends in fragrance, and here the world is all below you with naught above but Omar's inverted bowl and a drifting cloud.
—Page 732.

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It is good now and then to hobnob with the clouds, to be intimate with the sky.—Page 732.

as they ride! How exquisite they are with curve and shadow and puffs of silver light! Even as you watch, one sweeps across the sun, and trails a shadow anchor over the pasture, over your feet. You almost hold your breath as it passes, for it seems in some subtle way as if the cloud had touched you, had spoken you on its passage.

From this upland pasture you may watch "the golden light of afternoon" withdraw from the valleys, like the receding waters of a flood, and the amethyst shadows creep up the eastern hills. You may watch the cloud-ships come to anchor over the Catskills in the west, and transform themselves into Himalayas, snow-capped, rose-crowned. And, as you descend at last through the cow-paths and logging-roads to the valley, it will be breathless twilight in the hemlocks, and a wood-thrush will sing of the evening mysteries.

But the upland pasture that I love best of all is in Franconia, high above the little Ham Branch intervale, on the forest-clad slopes of Kinsman. A single road runs up the intervale, into a region of abandoned clearings. The great west wall of Kinsman, rearing to its saddle-back twin summits more than four thousand feet aloft, is uncompromising and discourages human conceit. There is a rugged wildness here our Berkshire land knows nothing of, and a tax on the breath in climbing for which we have no adequate preparation. No railroad whistle can here reach the ears. Creatures wilder than deer may cross this clearing. And the air of it is filled with the pungent fragrance of the northern balsams.

The way to this pasture lies through a lower pasture behind the tiny farmhouse by the road. It is a steep way, past a running brook and through a sugar-grove where the sugar-house of rough boards stands surrounded by huge woodpiles against next year's "b'ilin' down." At the head of the grove, after an acre or two more of clearing, the path suddenly starts upward at a sharp angle, and for a quarter of a mile goes through a dense forest of young spruces and balsams, so dense that scarce a leaf of undergrowth is visible on the brown needles. It emerges from the evergreens as suddenly as it entered them, and you find yourself on a plateau pasture five or six acres in extent, once regular in shape but now broken into tiny bays and inlets all along the edges by the invasion of the forest, by jetties and capes of Christmas trees. And out beyond each cape and peninsula are reefs and islands of young balsams, anywhere from six inches to twenty feet high, rich in color, perfect in shape, incomparable in fragrance. The pasture, in a few years, would be quite overrun, obliterated, were it not for the cattle. They cannot quite fight back the invasion, but they can hold it in check. None of them is visible, perhaps, as you enter this mountain glade, but you hear the sweet tinkle of a bell, and presently, around a cape of Christmas trees, comes a Jersey, head down, bell jingling, to lift her soft eyes and look at you.

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The pasture is almost level, but at the farther side the steep ascent is renewed again, the path marked by a giant oak. Here the hardwood begins, witness of some bygone lumbering. Behind the oak looms the great north peak of Kinsman, which can now be climbed, thanks to a trail recently cut by the son of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, whose collected poems, published in 1860, have been quite unjustly forgotten. The Tuckerman trail is a steep and rough one, part way through absolutely virgin timber, where the trunks of the great canoe birches are green with age and moss, and it leads to the finest view in the White Mountains, finer than that from Washington or Lafayette. But we shall not leave our pasture now for the peak. The peak is for special occasions, the pasture for our daily solace.

You see the pointed firs cutting sharp against the sky, the sentinels of the pasture.

All day long in this pasture the Peabodies, or white-throated sparrows, sing their flutelike call; out in the sunlight or in the cool woods above, the cow-bells tinkle drowsily. All day long the great north peak looks down upon you from the east, and you look down, in turn, upon the world to the west—or so much of it as you can glimpse through the vista of the steep trail in the evergreens. Looking westward, if you raise your eyes, you see the pointed firs cutting sharp against the sky, the sentinels of the pasture. It is at the sunset hour in June that we love the pasture best, for it was at such an hour that we discovered it many years ago, we two together. The sun may have dropped behind Flagstaff Hill when we leave the valley, and the cows have descended to stand lowing behind the barn, but our ascent is as rapid as the sun's declension, and we reach the upland in time to find the west taking fire, flaming into gold.

Now there comes a hush in the bird songs, a hush in all nature, while the peak behind us grows amethyst, the high zenith clouds are salmon streamers, and the golden west blushes into rose. The woods grow dim. The rose dusks to a deeper hue, and suddenly against it all the pointed firs stand darkly up like a spired city in fairy-land. At that moment the birds break their hush, the Peabodies flute from spire to spire like little Moslems in Christian belfries, and from the dusk of the forest wall behind us comes ringing the full-throated song of a hermit-thrush. Even the sparrows respect that master minstrel, and pause. An expectant silence succeeds. Then, from farther off, from the very depths of the woods, the coolness of their brooks, the greenness of their leaves, the mystery of their silences made vocal, the answer comes, in liquid triplets dripping twilight. George Moore has called the songs of Schubert and Schumann "the moonlit lakes and nightingales of music." But what man-made music is twilight and the hermit-thrush?

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A few of Mozart's andantes? Almost, perhaps, yet they lack the forest timbre, and the dusk; they are liquid and pensive, but they were composed at sunrise, or while the sun yet lingered on the lowland meadows. Incomparable of birds, uncelebrated in classic story like the nightingale, uttering no homesick note in a warm and sentimental southland like the mocking-bird, your habitat in your musical mating-time is the forests of our bleak New Hampshire hills, and on the border of an upland pasture at twilight you sing an unheard song that could ravish the world!

And we, listening breathless beneath the dimming spires of the pointed firs, amid the warm fragrance of the balsams, are secretly glad that this is so!

It is from an upland pasture that you may view the cloud-drive best. The Franconia cloud-drives come from the southeast, and usually the vanguard of the procession sucks in through the funnel of the Notch, on the other side of Kinsman, wrapping the Old Man of the Mountain in vapor while yet the sun is shining for us. But soon the vapors find their way upward. We lift our eyes and see their artillery smoke coming over the north peak, trailing, wind-blown and shredded, from its trees, and then rushing out over our valley to obliterate the sun. Once over the rampart, the whole storm follows in their wake. A great, dark mass of vapor drops down with clammy affection about the mountain, rushes through the tree-tops, and seems about to descend to our very house, when it is suddenly whisked off. Above this, on a level with the summit, the main storm-clouds rush, pouring rain, and finally, through rift after closing rift in this layer, we can see far aloft, moving more leisurely, great masses of cumuli.

The point where the lowest cloud leaves the mountain is the top of an upland pasture. In spite of the drenching rain, we climb past the huddled, despondent cattle into the very vapors. The last heave of the pasture into the woods is shrouded one moment in gray mist, and cleared the next by a freak of the wind, revealing the tall trees beyond and a glimpse into the high defile of Cannon Mountain. The cloud whips cold and numbing about us. Looking back down the pasture we can see the rain-drenched farms, and the western hill wall going up again into cloud. Just over us the dark wrack moves with incredible speed, propelled by a wind we cannot feel. We are on the very under edge of the cloud-drive, in curious kinship with the storm.

But no words on upland pastures would be complete without mention of the stars. The charm of upland pastures is their isolation, their fellowship with cloud and wind, their silence and their spaciousness, lifted far above the valley, adventurous of the heights; and the boon companions of isolation are the stars.

The sunset glow has long faded in the west, the elfin spires are but black shadows on purple depth, the Peabodies and thrushes have ceased their song, and only an owl or a night-hawk sneaks on silent wing from the woods behind—yet still we remain amid the warm fragrance of the balsams, loath to leave, or perhaps wrapped in our blankets not intending to leave till we have boiled our morning coffee against a bowlder, while the sun flatters "the mountain tops with sovereign eye." No valley lamps are visible from this high, sheltered chamber. But a planet hangs like a beacon in a fir-tree top, and all the zenith blazes. How patient they are, the stars! How slow-moving, how unalterable! You are very small, beneath this coverlet of the Milky Way, and to your mind come back the words from Tuckerman's sonnet—he whose son built the path to the peak beyond:

> And what canst thou, to whom no hands belong,
> To hasten by one hour the morning's birth?
> Or stay one planet at his circle hung,
> In the great flight of stars across the earth?

It is good to feel such humbleness, amid the solemnity of the heights. But it is good, as well, to feel still the fragrant warmth of the balsams keeping off the wind, to listen quietly while a little bird close by wakes with a sweet cheep and rustles to another perch, and to hear, for good-night lullaby, the distant, drowsy tinkle of a cow-bell, as the herd, turned loose again after milking, make their way slowly back to their upland pasture.

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THE QUALITY OF MERCY

By Simeon Strunsky

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

THE story of how Old Man Tillotson, of the department of classical philology, saved the track-and-field championship for Silver Lake University constitutes a memorable but not very familiar chapter in the comparatively short and simple annals of that hustling seat of learning. Cooper—the physical sciences and biology—is the only man who knows all the facts, and he will sometimes rehearse them in Tillotson's presence. On such occasions Tillotson will listen with perfectly detached interest up to a certain point, when he rises from his chair and goes to look out of the window. This happens when Cooper comes to that part of the story which describes how the assembled undergraduate body of Silver Lake, on the night of the famous victory, cheered Professor Tillotson until he was compelled to come out on his porch and address them on the meaning of life, whereupon they marched off in a solid phalanx and attempted to set fire to the local hotel and opera-house. Silver Lake's third consecutive championship could obviously be commemorated in no other way.

President Brinkley's visit to Tillotson fell on the Saturday before the games. It was a raw April, but the windows of Tillotson's library, opening on the porch, were ajar. Looking up from his work the old man discovered Brinkley unmistakably in the act of calling upon him. Tillotson wondered. Brinkley was the president of Silver Lake and he, Tillotson, was professor of ancient languages and literature and history in that institution. What could there possibly be for them to talk about?

Yet the two men had a very definite regard for each other. Tillotson, it will be recalled, never concealed his admiration for the youthful college president whose financial genius had made Silver Lake the pride and nightmare of every wealthy citizen in the State. And Brinkley was aware that Tillotson had his capitalized value as a representative of the useless but higher things of life which it is the mission of our universities to conserve. At bottom they had little against each other and nothing in common, and so got on very well by rarely coming in contact.

It appeared that Brinkley had been strolling by. Recalling that Saturday was not a busy day for Professor Tillotson, he had dropped in for a chat. He began by picking up a mouldy, eighteenth-century Tacitus from the table and by means of a single intelligent remark on the beautiful paper and typography he brought a glow to the old man's face. Then Brinkley looked out of the window, observed that it would probably rain, and quoted something from Lucretius so exquisitely appropriate that it made his host gasp. Tillotson felt, with a vivid sense of alarm, that he was getting to like his visitor. This could not possibly be the practical young man whose record at Silver Lake had brought him repeated offers as general manager of commercial concerns at a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year and up. Brinkley's salary at Silver Lake was $6,500. Then he must have his ideals, thought Tillotson; no vulgar soul could quote Lucretius so beautifully.

If Brinkley had gone on quoting from Tacitus and Lucretius his host would probably have grown suspicious. But the president easily passed from the classics and threw Tillotson into deeper amazement by speaking to him about things which Brinkley had every reason to suppose Tillotson was not interested in or actually despised. He spoke about what he had done for the university and what he hoped to do. He dilated on buildings, laboratories, the new athletic field, courses,

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schedules, salaries—money. He told Tillotson what the annual income of the university was, and how rapidly the deficit was growing, and how difficult it was to raise funds in view of the prevailing trade reaction. He actually talked money to Tillotson, a subject which is always fascinating to those who haven't the least idea of how to make any.

When Brinkley rose to say good-by Tillotson was saying to himself that he had been fearfully unjust to this capable and earnest young man.

"By the way," said Brinkley, turning back at the door; "just as an illustration of the ridiculous problems I am always being called upon to face. Next Saturday the track championship will be run off on Sherman Field."

"The track championship?" said Tillotson.

"We have won two years in succession, beating out Kiowa State by a good margin. We have always made a clean sweep of the distance runs and the jumps."

"To be sure," said Tillotson. "Now that you mention it, I recall that about this time of the year the student body is accustomed to assemble in scanty garments on Sherman Field, where they run, leap, and hurl weights through the air with a thoroughness of purpose which they quite fail to display in their studies."

"Have you ever seen the games?" said Brinkley.

"Never," said Tillotson. "Inasmuch as the termination of such exercises is regularly followed by a riot and the intervention of the fire department, I have made it a point to spend the day with a relative who lives at some distance. He has an excellent library and his wife is quite deaf."

"We were all young once, Dr. Tillotson," said Brinkley.

"But not to the point of felony."

"Oh, felony!" protested Brinkley in great good humor. "Think back on your own past."

Tillotson's head sank on his breast.

"*Peccavi.* When I was thirteen I tied a lantern to the calf's tail and the barn burned down."

Brinkley laughed.

"Now, you see. Only this year we are in a fix. We may lose Gillespie. He is sure of at least three firsts—the half-mile, the hurdles, and the broad jump. That means Kiowa will probably carry off the championship. The boys have been sending delegations to me."

"Without being able to share the feelings of the young men on the subject," said Tillotson, "I can still see how the loss of Gillespie would be a natural subject of regret. I trust the accident is not serious."

Brinkley looked out of the window.

"Gillespie is queer—not stupid, but indifferent. At the last moment we find that he is disqualified from competing in the games because of his poor marks in class."

"That will doubtless be a salutary lesson to him," said Tillotson. "The pain of seeing Kiowa win the championship will supply the necessary moral corrective."

"Quite so," said Brinkley. "Gillespie has three conditions against him. Two of the departmental heads concerned have agreed to give him a special examination, some time after the games. I believe he is in your class in ancient history."

"And one of the conditions imposed comes from me?"

"Yes," said Brinkley. "I am bound to confess his standing is very low indeed. F you marked him."

"Unfortunately that is not a sure means of identification in my classes," said Tillotson. "The letter F is a symbol which I am frequently compelled to employ at the height of the athletic season. Gillespie? I fear I cannot place him."

He walked over to his shelves and searched out a thin, flat roll-book. He opened the book and ran his finger over the pages.

"Ah, yes, Gillespie. In the last six weeks he has been absent from roll-call fourteen times. That would explain why his name sounds so familiar, whereas his physical appearance has left no impression on my memory."

"I am inclined to think the boy means well," said Brinkley. "He has character."

"Undoubtedly," said Tillotson. "Gillespie's record of attendance would argue remarkable qualities of persistence." His tone was now bitter. "And if I fail to lift his suspension Kiowa is sure to win the State championship?"

Brinkley was aware that he had gone too far.

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"I shouldn't let that worry me, Dr. Tillotson. The subject just popped into my mind. It seemed to me that if he were given another chance Gillespie would redeem himself. However, it doesn't matter."

He shook hands once more and went out. Tillotson picked up the copy of Tacitus to which the president had so feelingly alluded, dusted it reverently so as to remove all traces of the profane touch, and then, in an access of wrath, slammed the book furiously back upon the table.

II

THAT was on Saturday, just a week before the games. In the late afternoon of the following Tuesday Tillotson and Cooper were strolling across the campus in the direction of Sherman Field. It was Professor Cooper who had proposed the walk and it was unquestionably by accident that they happened to be moving in that particular direction. The entire Silver Lake squad was at practice under the dolorous eye of a head coach on whose life's happiness some early disappointment had cast its blight, to judge from the unhappy way in which he chewed tobacco and yelled. The two men stopped to watch. Cooper's was the eager, expert, wistful eye of the old athlete for whom such things were only memories. Tillotson looked on without seeing, hardly aware, in fact, of where he was.

It had been a painful three days for him. He clung to Cooper pathetically. Seldom had he experienced such need for human companionship. He knew himself a marked man. During these days the campus hummed with Gillespie's suspension and Tillotson's awful responsibility. Freshmen who had never given the old man a passing thought would now turn to stare in round-eyed, innocent horror at the man who was going to let Kiowa carry off the track championship. Tillotson could have endured their resentment, but this petrified horror in their young eyes was unendurable. Tillotson told Cooper that sometimes he felt very much as Dante must have felt when people in Florence were pointing him out as the man who had been in hell. And sometimes, he said, he felt like Hester Prynne with a great, flaming, scarlet letter on his chest, K, for Kiowa. The members of the faculty were just as bad as the freshmen, he thought.

His mind was brooding on the subject at this very moment.

"They think me a mule," said Tillotson, referring to the faculty.

"Oh, nonsense," said Cooper, his eyes fixed on a little group of runners directly across the field. "You take this business more seriously than any of us."

Tillotson shook his head.

"I am convinced beyond reasonable doubt that I am being generally regarded as a mule. I am not so sure but that you——"

"See that man come up from behind!" shouted Cooper. His hand fell heavily on Tillotson's arm and gripped it.

Tillotson looked, and his face lit up.

The little band of runners had turned into the stretch for the desperate rush to the tape. Mouths half-open like the sob of a naughty child, eyes glazed, arms thrown up as if in appeal, they hurled themselves forward toward the finish line, where the head coach stood, masticating at the rate of several hundred revolutions a minute, yelling to them to come on.

Then it seemed to Tillotson that all the runners but one had lost the power of locomotion and were madly galloping on the same spot, like a stage-chariot in "Ben Hur."

"Watch him cut them down!" cried Cooper.

Now they seemed to be actually slipping backward. From the rear of the bare-armed, bare-legged group a compact, deep-chested form shot out. Tillotson found himself comparing the swift play of those flashing legs to the sweep of a remorseless scythe. He was cutting them down indeed. One after another they dropped behind, beating the ground with leaden feet, whereas for this flying youth, it was not solid earth at all he was touching, but a soft, flexible surface which came up to meet his feet and toss him forward like the circus net to the acrobat. Tillotson watched the rhythm of those marvellous legs, and caught himself quoting from his beloved classics. As the boy flew by, Tillotson had a glimpse of slightly opened lips, like a baby's in wonder, and on them the pathetic smile of a

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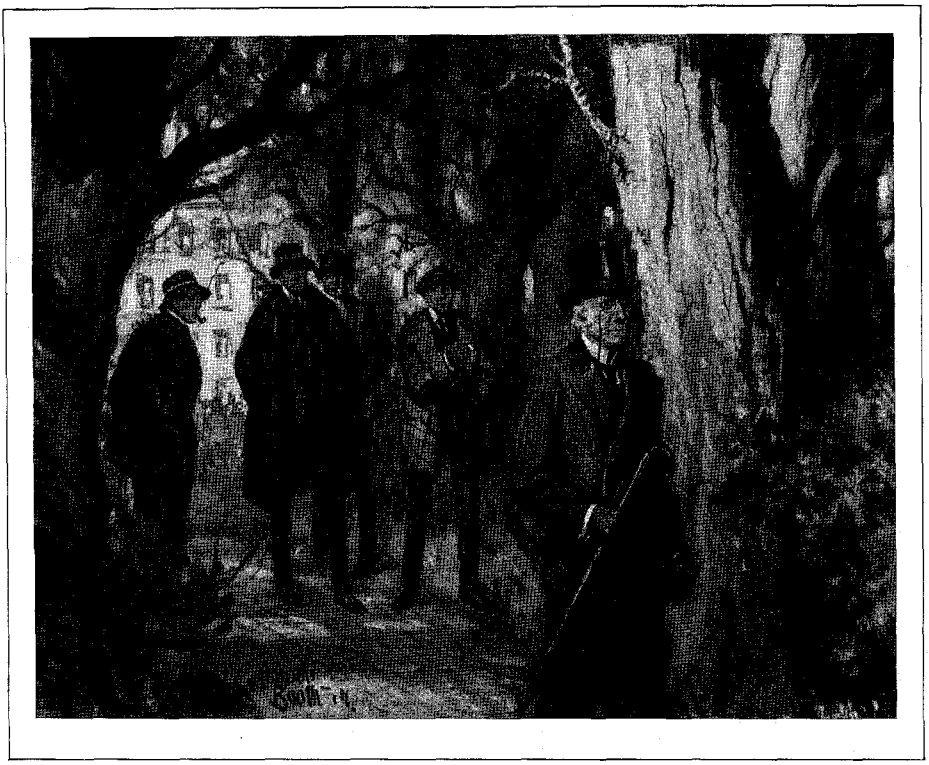
child; only it was a smile of supreme effort and pain.

"Et ventis et fulminis ocior alis," muttered Tillotson, and his eyes followed the radiant figure to the finish line, first by any number of yards.



Freshmen who had never given the old man a passing thought would now turn to stare.—Page 740.

Cooper turned to him bright-eyed. "Well, Tillotson?"

"It was stirring," said Tillotson. "At such moments wisdom and holiness can only bow the head before the divine gift of youth."

"That was Gillespie," said Cooper, and looked away.

Tillotson repeated the name twice and shook his head.

"A godlike youth. I recall him now. It is a pity that in class he should be under the impression that the battle of Marathon was won by Julius Cæsar in the fifth century of the present era."

The half-mile was the last of the trials. Athletes, trainers, and plain citizens were now scurrying toward the new gymnasium, which was the fruit of a six months' ardent courtship between President Brinkley and a breakfast-food millionaire of a neighboring State. Before the gymnasium was dedicated the price of that particular breakfast food had gone up two cents on the package.

"Do you mind stepping into the gymnasium?" said Cooper. "I dare say you haven't been inside one for an age."

"Two years ago I was in the old gymnasium," said Tillotson. "I addressed there a convention of secondary-school teachers on the place of Greek in the modern curriculum. Let us enter."

They climbed the stairs and peeped into the dressing-room, standing concealed in a corner of the hallway. They peered down the long gallery, gridironed with narrow alcoves of iron lockers in double tiers. Tillotson blinked in the glare of the electric lights and when he spoke he raised his voice to make himself heard above the tumult. It was

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a babel of calls, cries, howls, laughter, whistling, and now and then a yelp of simulated pain, or a piteous appeal for towels and a shoe-horn—the ordinary conversational tone of the "gym" dressing-room.

"This is Athens," said Tillotson.

Cooper caught his meaning and nodded. The glare of carbon globes fell on the white-and-pink of strong, young, naked bodies. It was a gallery in the Louvre come to life, a riot of attitudes. Nudes were sprawling on the low seats at the foot of the lockers; stood on tiptoe with arms upflung to reach the topmost hooks in the upper row of lockers; writhed on the floor in impromptu wrestling contests; or scampered up and down on pretended felonious assaults. A naked figure, closely beset, flashed by the doorway where the two men stood, to seek refuge in the shower-room. Just in front of Tillotson the fatal blow fell. The pursuer hurled his weapon and the splash of a wet towel on naked shoulders sent a rain of drops into Tillotson's face. Victor and vanquished, with loud outcries, vanished into the shower-room.

"One of the most widely disseminated superstitions, affecting our entire scheme of modern art," said Tillotson, wiping the water from his eyes, "is that which deals with the supposed beauty of the nude female form. The ancients knew better. There is no such beauty. It is a conception based largely upon a debauched use of the curved line. Beauty consists not in circles and semicircles, but in gently flowing lines like the almost invisible outward swell of the Greek column, or the torso of the young man just in front who is engaged in putting on his shirt. Look closely at him, Cooper."

"I am looking," said Cooper, but his eyes were turned toward the further end of the room.

"The shoulders of that young man," said Tillotson, "form the base of a magnificent, inverted, isosceles triangle. Observe how the lines from the base to the apex run firmly, relieved, but not broken, by the local curvatures of the muscles, down the side walls of the thorax, hesitating a moment at the hips, and in a straight plunge along femur and tibia to the feet. Remove from the female form the obsession of sex and what is there in French art that can compare with the rhythm and the superb economy of mechanism displayed in the uplifted arm that just now hurled the wet towel with such splendid abandon, if with somewhat regrettable disregard for the rights of bystanders."

"There's Gillespie at the other end of the room," said Cooper. "He's coming this way."

Gillespie came down the narrow pathway between the alcoves, a towel around his hips, whistling. The tragedy of his disqualification evidently did not weigh him down. The games were still five days off and that is a long time for youth to anticipate fate. He walked slowly, bowing to right and left in mock acknowledgment of the shouts of laudatory comment on his performance in the half-mile. He was of stocky build for a runner—his chest and arms would have indicated the oarsman or even the hammer and shot, but he carried his weight with that same soaring lightness which had eaten up his competitors on the track.

"A splendid youth," said Tillotson. "It makes his unparalleled ignorance of the elementary facts of ancient history all the more pitiful."

Later Tillotson wondered whether his friend Cooper had been subtly at work that entire afternoon leading up to this very situation. At any rate, the professor of biology and the physical sciences turned upon Tillotson with extraordinary vehemence.

"Ancient history! Good God, Tillotson, look at the boy. You have said it yourself. He *is* ancient history. He is Athens. Look at him!"

"Your plea is undeniably sound," said Tillotson. His eyes were fixed on the naked boy, who had stopped to exchange the compliments of a wet towel and the flat of a hair-brush with an intimate acquaintance. "Phidias would have been delighted to cut that body in marble and Pindar might have been inspired to an outburst of glorious dactyls. It is not at all unlikely that young Gillespie in his bath-towel would have been chosen senator or possibly high priest by the Athenians, whereas you and I, Cooper, might have been delegated to the task of

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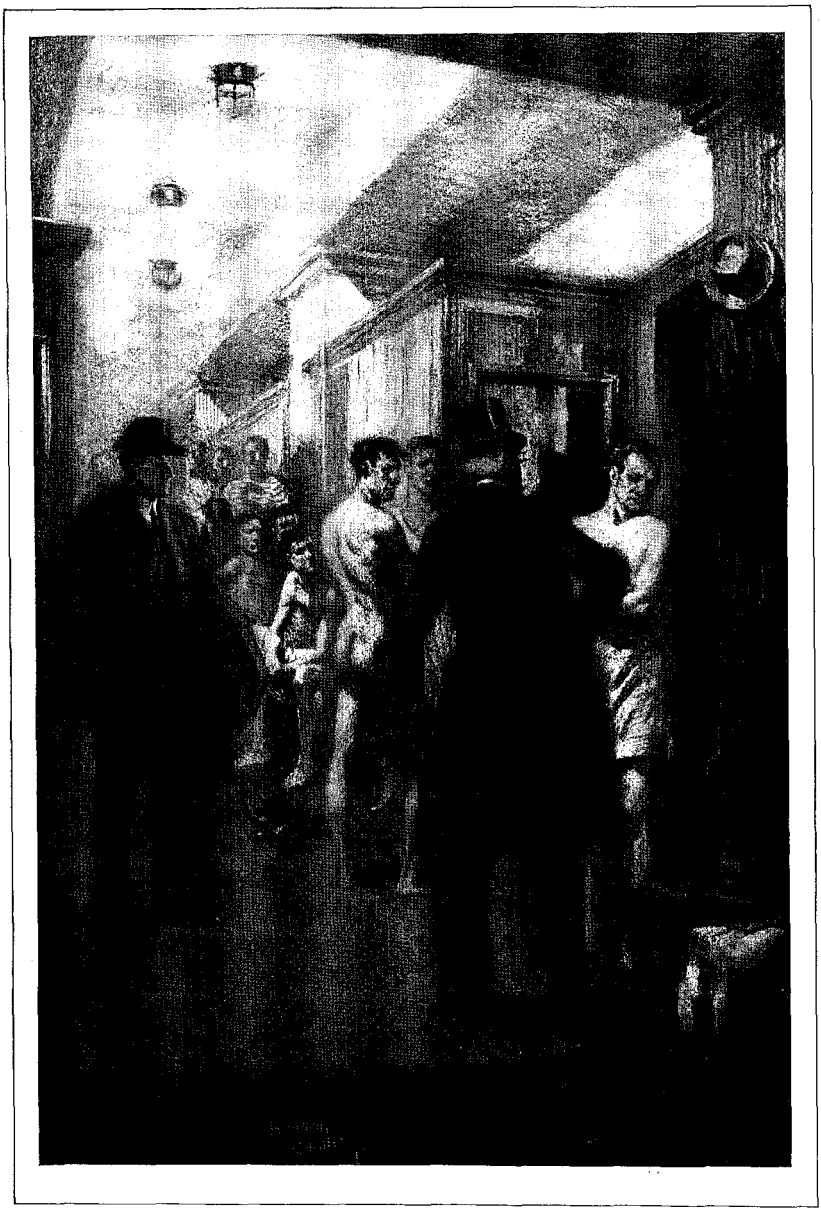

"It is a matter of regret," said Tillotson, "that my roll-book, recording no less than fourteen absences should have debarred you."—Page 744.

sweeping off the temple steps after the sacrifice."

Gillespie was passing the doorway on his way to the shower-room when Tillotson stepped out from his corner and confronted him. The boy stood still. Behind him the long room grew silent, and the naked figures, rigid in varying attitudes of astonishment, made the place more than ever like a gallery in the Louvre.

"Mr. Gillespie, I believe," said Tillotson.

"Yes, sir," said Gillespie, neither timid nor insolent. With his towel knitted about his waist he looked like a frank,

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fearless, well-brought-up young caveman.

"I gather from my roll-book that you are a member of my class in Greek and Roman history," said Tillotson. "And, in fact, as I look at you, I do detect a certain familiarity of facial expression. I have just seen you run the half-mile. It was handsomely done."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy; "I tried to do my best."

"It is a matter of regret," said Tillotson, "that my roll-book, recording no less than fourteen absences in the space of six weeks, should have automatically debarred you from participating in next Saturday's trial of strength and skill against Kiowa State."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"This draught from the doorway is not too strong, I hope, for your somewhat exposed attire?" said Tillotson.

"No, sir."

"In that case will you tell me the name of the Athenian youth who brought news of the victory at Marathon to the city?"

Gillespie thought a moment and flushed.

"I'm afraid I don't know, sir."

"Very well, then. Will you kindly tell me with what event in Greek history you connect Mr. Browning's poem of Pheidippides?"

"I am afraid I can't, sir," said Gillespie.

"I distinctly feel the draught in this open doorway," said Tillotson. "If I am not careful I shall sneeze very shortly. Kindly enter the shower-room, Mr. Gillespie, and I will follow you."

Gillespie walked into the vaporous, humid chamber and Tillotson balanced himself on the threshold. The granite floor was awash.

"No doubt," he said, "you can recall the date of the battle of Thermopylæ?"

"I was always poor on dates, sir," said the boy.

"Then one more question, Mr. Gillespie. In running the half-mile against the representative of Kiowa State would you claim a handicap of fifty yards?"

"Why, no, sir."

"And when you, having abandoned your studies for the track, enter the field against a Kiowa runner who has devoted sufficient time to his studies to attain satisfactory scholastic standing, are you not in fact demanding a very handsome handicap?"

"I could give Jones on the Kiowa team thirty yards and beat him, sir."

"That does not alter the moral aspect of the situation," said Tillotson. "I will detain you no longer. Chills are easily caught in the early spring even by robust organisms like yours. If any reasons occur to you why I should lift my inhibition against your taking part in the games, I shall be pleased to give them thought."

Gillespie hesitated.

"There is one thing, sir. But I cannot speak about it here."

"Very well," said Tillotson, "if you will accompany me to my house—naturally after you have bathed and resumed your clothes—I shall be happy to continue our discussion."

He turned and walked down-stairs, his head held high. Cooper followed him, silent and disheartened. In the locker-room, pandemonium, to use the language of the New York *Times*, broke loose. Jenkins, the football captain, stood up naked and unashamed on a chair and offered to bet ten to six that Old Man Tillotson had gone bug-house.

III

"It isn't really an excuse, sir," said Gillespie. "I know I have loafed on the job. I don't know why. I guess I never should have been sent to college. This is my senior year and I suppose it will serve me right if I lost my last chance for the games. I shouldn't mind it for myself."

Tillotson looked up from beside the fire. It was a raw April.

"Then there are others who would feel the disappointment more heavily than yourself?"

"There is some one else, sir."

"And she is coming down for the games?"

Gillespie looked unhappy.

"She is, sir."

"That makes the situation more difficult than ever," said Tillotson.

"It does."

"Not in the way you possibly imagine," said Tillotson. "If it were a mere ques-

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tion of providing adequate punishment for you, I should remain convinced, as I am at present, that the inglorious close of your athletic career at Silver Lake—it would be idle to call it an academic career—was just and proper. But punishment now would only be a mistaken kindness."

"Kindness, Professor Tillotson?"

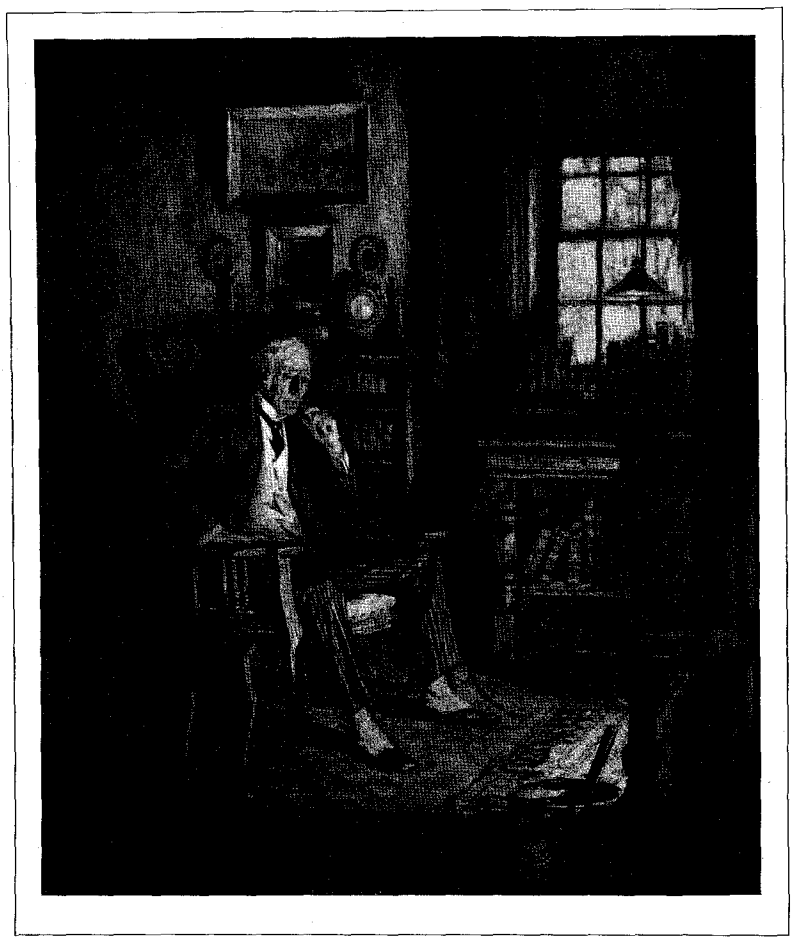
"Naturally, kindness. It would render you a martyr in prejudiced eyes. The young lady in question——"

"What, sir?" said Gillespie, looking up quickly.

"I repeat, the young lady in question, instead of making you feel the shame of the thing, would only pity you and justify you. So where would your punishment be?"

"She *is* proud, sir," said Gillespie. "I know she would feel the disgrace of it."

"And might even have recourse to extreme measures?"



But when Gillespie was gone Tillotson sat before the fire and wrestled with the devil.—Page 746.

"I don't know what you mean by extreme measures, sir."

"I mean," said Tillotson, "that the young lady, after the first generous impulse in your behalf, might be impelled to consider that a man so flagrantly derelict in his consideration for others is not the man to whom she should trust herself for life. That would be punishment indeed."

Gillespie's face worked and he shaded his eyes with his hands. Tillotson was sorry for him.

"My dear Mr. Gillespie," he said, "I hope you will not consider me imperti-

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nent in thus intruding on your private concerns. Only you see that I approach my duty in a state of mind heavily tinged with regret."

"I quite understand, sir," said the boy. "I guess I can take my medicine."

"I will not as yet commit myself on the case," said Tillotson; "as I have endeavored to explain, the moral issues involved are exceedingly complicated. Until I arrive at my decision, a persistent application to the first three hundred pages of Martin's 'Outlines of Greek History' might not be misspent."

"I will try, sir," said Gillespie, "but I haven't much hope."

"Neither, to be frank, have I," said Tillotson. "But even if I decide not to offer you the privilege of a special examination you will at least have acquired merit."

But when Gillespie was gone Tillotson sat before the fire and wrestled with the devil. He felt his standards being undermined by a tidal wave of sentiment. Soft, warming memories of his youth inundated him and shook him so badly that for shame he took refuge in the appeal to reason. To punish the boy would be not merely harsh, it would be absurdly futile. Gillespie was above academic rewards and penalties. Tillotson had seen him on the track and in the "gym," and knew that the boy had the glory of conquering strength and youth and beauty. Now he knew that Gillespie had also the crowning gift of life—love. What could a university give him or take away from him? What more, indeed, could a university ask of its candidates for a diploma?

Still he did not yield. In the end he knew that he must, but others did not know. The days went by and the campus writhed with suspense. Gillespie was out on the track, keeping himself in condition against what seemed an impossible chance. He had made a dab at his books and given them up. He did not try to see Tillotson again. Nor was the latter accessible during that critical period in Silver Lake's history. He kept himself in seclusion against Brinkley and the horrified gaze of the freshmen. Cooper, presuming on a closer intimacy with Tillotson than any other man in the faculty could boast, made a feeble attempt at intercession and was snubbed.

It is written in the annals of Silver Lake that Tillotson's ban on the university's champion point-winner was not lifted till the very last moment. Saturday came and the crowds poured into the stands on Sherman Field. Kiowa's delegation, aware of how matters stood, was jubilant, and four of Kiowa's cheer-leaders were voiceless for three weeks after the games. Silver Lake ate its heart in silence. The head coach chewed tobacco with tears in his eyes and murder in his heart. Tillotson was not in the stands.

The story goes that President Brinkley was on the point of starting for Sherman Field when Tillotson rang him up.

"I have come to the conclusion," said a strained voice at the other end of the line, "that it might be advisable to set young Gillespie another examination in Greek history some time next week. This, I presume, renders him eligible. I will confirm my verbal decision in a written statement to the same effect."

Brinkley's dash for Sherman Field was not a bad sprint in itself. Kiowa State was beaten that afternoon by fifty-three points to thirty-six, Gillespie carrying off firsts in the half-mile, the mile, the hurdles, and the broad jump. That night the plate-glass and mirror insurance in the down-town section was a total loss.

IV

Professor Tillotson was thinking of Gillespie over his coffee and cigar when riot went loose in his front yard. He heard a mob and a brass band. He heard cheering. Giant torpedoes exploded against his windows. His door-bell kept up a hellish clamor, under the stimulus of three sophomores specially detailed for that service. Tillotson stepped out on the porch and was received with a roar of friendly cheers. They called him Good Old Tilly and demanded a speech. He held up his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I appreciate your extraordinary enthusiasm in a cause which does more credit to your hearts and your vocal organs than to your sense of right and wrong. Is it necessary, do you think, to persist in applying pressure to my door-bell? Thank you, that is much better. I need not tell you, of course, after an academic career of fifty

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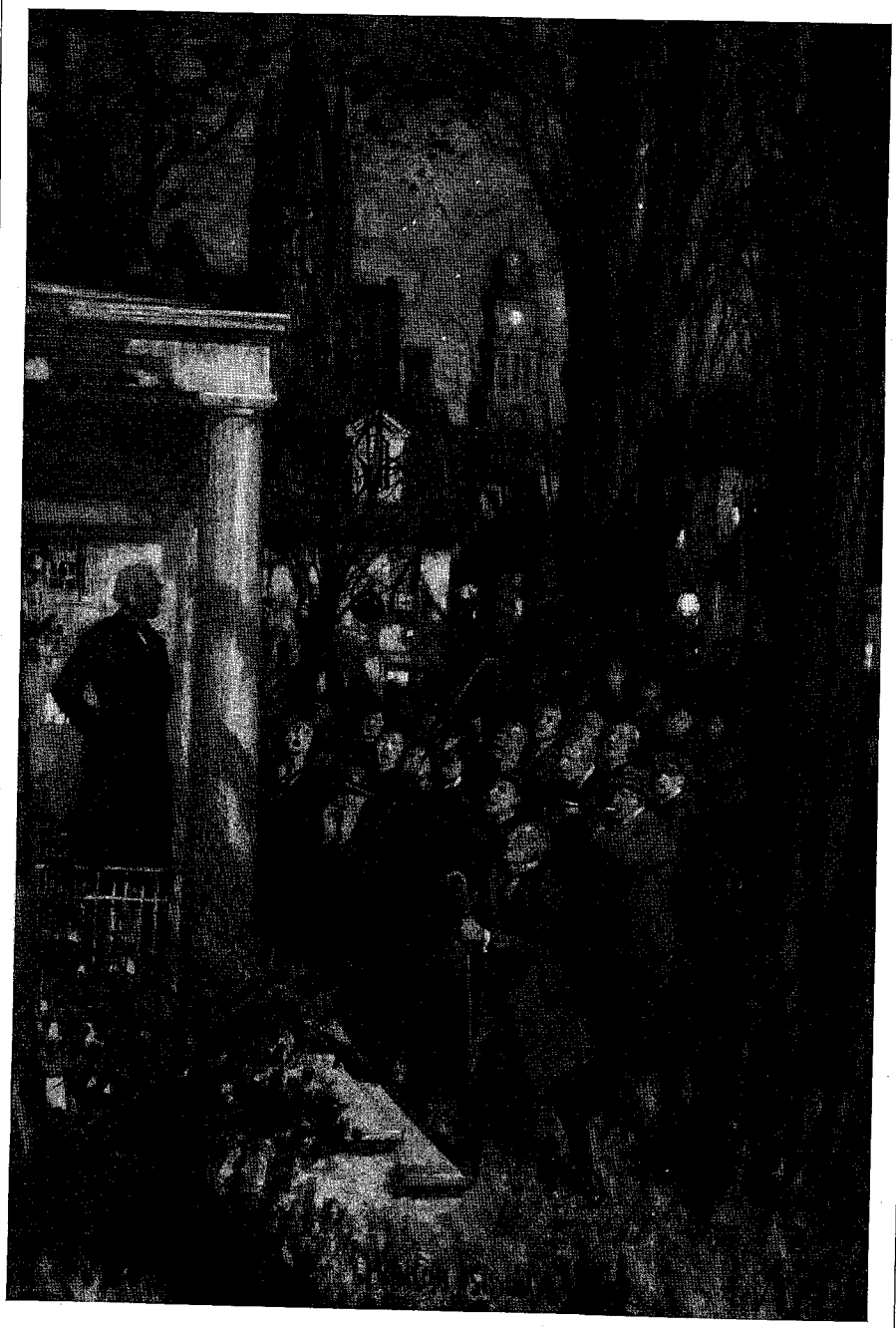

Drawn by Hanson Booth.

Tillotson stepped out on the porch and was received with a roar of friendly cheers.—Page 746.

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years but faintly punctuated with popularity, how stimulating it is to have earned this remarkable demonstration of public favor by saving our university from the inconceivable disgrace of being beaten by Kiowa State. With your permission I will now return to my library in order to ascertain whether I am more gratified than ashamed. The door-bell, I presume, can be repaired at moderate cost. I thank you."

They gave him the locomotive cheer and departed. But Tillotson had spoken disingenuously. He was not ashamed. He was elated by the victory over Kiowa, and altogether he was in a state of mind where reading or going to bed was out of the question. It was an interesting psychological condition which he thought it would be worth while talking over with Cooper.

In front of the library he met Gillespie walking arm in arm with a white-haired woman in black. The boy stopped.

"My mother, sir," he said.

Tillotson bowed.

"And the young lady?" he asked.

"My mother, sir."

"The young lady?" said Gillespie, and looked away.

"I see my error," said Tillotson. "It was your mother who really formed the subject of our conversation."

"It was, sir," said Gillespie.

Tillotson raised his hat and walked on; but instead of looking up Cooper he went home. There he wrote the following letter to President Brinkley:

"My dear Mr. Brinkley:

"In confirmation of my verbal message of this afternoon, I hereby give formal

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notice of the annulment of Mr. Gillespie's disability as to participation in the games concluded several hours ago. Moreover, I do not think it necessary to subject Mr. Gillespie to any further test in his work in Greek history. If the object of that course is to imbue the student with the standards and outlook of the classic world I consider that I have admirably succeeded in the case of Mr. Gillespie. I testify that he is thoroughly steeped in the spirit of the pagan civilization. Not only can he run faster and leap farther than any normally constituted Christian youth should, but his ethical outlook convinces me that for him the Christian system of morals has never existed. Years of post-graduate study in the literature of the ancients could hardly produce a more acceptable heathen. I have the honor of recommending him unqualifiedly for his diploma.

"Sincerely,

"JOHN FRÉMONT TILLOTSON."

THE LIFTING OF THE BURDEN

By Edith Rickert

I

THERE come moments in the lives of all of us when the door of the present swings sharply shut and leaves us dizzy before an untried future. Sometimes this ends an imperceptible narrowing of the way by which we have come through the long gallery of the past; sometimes it crashes like a portcullis and cuts our loves in two. But, be it slow or swift, there is always a moment, and then a moment, and all the world between.

For Ruth Payne it came with the reading of a letter in the twilight of a snowy afternoon. As she sat very still, looking across the red-and-gray city below, her sparrow came and chirped expectantly on her window ledge. She had taught him to look for crumbs, and this night he could not make her hear.

The letter was incomprehensible. It came on a Wednesday from Alice Underwood, when to-morrow there should be one from Ben himself; and this which came out of its proper time told the incredible news that he was dead. Suddenly dead. Dead? It was less than a week since they had parted.

"I don't believe it," she said. "If it were true, I couldn't bear it. God, don't let it be true!"

The sparrow chirped piteously; he had his own troubles.

She covered her face with her hands. "If I am very quiet, I shall wake up presently. Things don't happen this way."

She was still so long that her thought took wings and fled back to the week before. She seemed to see again the low box hedges that bordered the path to his door, the white-flecked barberry bushes, the purple shadow of the porch on the snow. So it had looked when she had come back from the post-office that last day but one of her stay.

Indoors the sun was streaming red through the big west window of the hall. Ben's door was shut, but she could see Mrs. Underwood with her lace pillow and Alice with the cat on the rug by the fire.

"That you, Ruth?" Alice had called in her babyish voice. "Would you mind calling Ben? Tea's ready."

He was clearly at home; smoke betrayed him even through the closed door. But she had to knock two or three times.

He was almost hidden by books, of course, and he did not look up until she could have touched his shoulder. Then she had laughed a little and he had sprung to his feet with the light in his blue eyes that seemed always a miracle.

"Oh, is it you? I was miles away. I've found the most interesting thing; just sit down here a moment and look at this."

Then she had been in the arm-chair and

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Ben had knelt to explain, and they had both disgracefully forgotten all about tea. Was that Wednesday? Only a week ago? And now, what was the impossible thing that somebody said had happened?

It was on Thursday night that she had taken the midnight train to New York.

She had only a dim remembrance of the dingy, crowded waiting-room, but a vivid image of Ben, in his rough coat, with the visored cap that threw strange, distorting shadows on his face.

"You work too hard," he said. "Be good! If you are good, you can do anything!"

"But I don't want to do *anything!*" she retorted. "What does it matter, doing things?"

"What does matter?" he had caught her up.

It was clearly impossible to answer "You, Ben!" She evaded him with a plea that the icy platform was better than a stuffy room, and they went outside.

But he did not drop his point. "Tell me what does matter."

She was glad of her broad hat-brim as she answered, "I don't know unless it's living while you live. Work isn't the whole end of life."

"Perhaps not," he had answered, "but some people aren't allowed to choose."

O Ben, Ben, who knew better than she what his hard work had done for Alice and his mother?

"So I have found," she had answered, and then, ashamed, had turned away to the glittering rails, dreading to see the approaching headlight of the engine.

But stronger than this dread was the force that drew her to turn again and look at him. Their eyes met and could not part until the flash and roar of the train shot into consciousness with a sensation of physical pain.

And now they were saying that he was dead! Ben!

Her room faded away into cloud.

Outside, the sparrow ruffled his feathers and humped his shoulders against a pitiless world.

II

She leaned forward with a start at the sound of a voice in the darkness. "What is it, Alma?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Ruth, but the grocer forgot to send the salted almonds."

Ruth fell back with a sigh of relief; then she laughed to find that she was awake at last, and that her loss was not more serious than salted almonds.

"It doesn't matter, Alma, I must have been asleep. What time is it? Is anybody coming to dinner?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield, Miss Ruth," answered the girl reproachfully. "It's past six!"

"Oh, well, will you turn on the light, please? Thanks."

After that she did not remember much what happened until she found herself in her own room, sitting on the edge of the bed. She felt too weak and ill to see the Sheffields. But her watch told her that it was now too late to telephone. She would have barely time to dress. Well, what of it? To-morrow would come and next week, each day with its own burden of living; there was no escaping the days.

She went hurriedly to her wardrobe and took out the first dress that touched her hands, a soft black thing with little frills of red at the neck and sleeves. The memory stung that she had worn it at the Underwoods', the night before she came away, and Ben had greeted her with, "Well, Lady-bird!" She had supposed he liked it as he seldom noticed such things.

She pushed it away, then drew it back with swift defiance. Certainly she would wear it; it would help to keep away bad dreams. She dressed without looking in the glass, afraid to meet her own eyes; and so hurriedly that she found time to arrange the flowers on the table and to light the wood fire in the library before her guests arrived.

The flame of it was scorching her cheeks when she heard the click of the elevator and voices on the landing.

"Ruthie, dear, you're prettier than ever! What a color!" said Belle Sheffield, fluttering up to be kissed. "It's an age since I've seen you! That's what comes of being too happy! We're atrociously selfish, Harry and I!"

It was no difficult matter to keep the little bride chattering until dinner was announced. And when they sat at table, she had only to give her guests food and play chorus; they were sufficiently occupied with each other and with a house that they were

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going to build in the spring. She had not dreamed that it would be so easy to play the game.

When they returned to the library, there was always the fire to play with, and, presently, coffee.

Turning suddenly, she once surprised the two holding hands. They had the grace to blush, but not to move, and Belle said: "When are you going to marry, Ruthie?"

Ruth went away out of the circle of light, not finding any answer.

"You'll never know anything about life until you do," continued Belle placidly. "So how can you write? What are you doing over there in the dark?"

"Finding cigarettes for Harry."

When she had poured the coffee, remembering that Belle took sugar but no cream and Harry cream without sugar, there was nothing more to do. She leaned back in her chair and let them go on telling her how happy they were together.

It was near midnight when Belle said, "Mercy, mercy, child! What's the matter?"

"Why?" asked Ruth.

"Your cheeks are all spotty!"

"I suppose I've been pinching them," she answered truthfully.

"Trying to keep awake! We've talked her to death! Harry, let's run; she won't be able to write a word to-morrow."

"The world will go on just the same—don't worry," laughed Ruth.

When she was alone again she moved about the room, setting it to rights; but when all was in order as she liked to have it, there was no longer any excuse for not going to bed. She tried to fix her mind on the process of undressing, put things away without seeing them, and at last lay still in the darkness with her hands pressed over her eyes to keep away everything that threatened to impinge upon consciousness. So she might hypnotize herself to sleep—a moment at a time, the night would pass. Soon she would be tired enough.

She did not hear the striking of the clock. She was too intent upon holding the door against the beast that clawed for entrance to her mind and tore so that she seemed to be all one pain, even though she would not let him in; but the night would pass if one held out long enough, and in the morning—things were always better in the morning.

There came a moment when the tide of consciousness ebbed a little, but it surged back with a sudden cry. "O Ben, I dreamed you were——"

She found herself sitting up in bed, with her arms stretched out into the darkness. She laid her head on her knees, sobbing in utter misery. "O God, if it were yesterday!"

And presently sleep came and found her so.

III

SHE rose with the gray dawn to shut out a wintry fog that drifted in through the open window. But after a moment she realized that this was only an excuse; her growing trouble was beginning to cry out for proof. If it were all a dream that she had had a letter from Alice! God, if it were all a dream!

But the white envelope lay on her bureau, inexorable, never to be escaped again.

Hours later Alma brought her breakfast. "You looked so tired last night, Miss Ruth," she said, her eyes moist with expectation of praise. She must eat something, not to defeat kindly forethought.

Letters were brought in. With eyes that could scarcely see Ruth turned them over and then let them all slip to the floor. The one was missing.

Then the morning began its claims, an urgent telephone message, the weekly bills, household orders.

Oh, that sparrow, that sparrow!

She could not interpret his shrill piping: "You gave me nothing yesterday. Am I to go hungry to-day?" But when she could stand his clamorous persistence no longer, she slipped into her dressing-gown and found crumbs for him. At the window her lace sleeve caught in one of the ferns, and in saving it she felt the soil dry and powdery. Clearly, if one incurred the responsibility even of ferns, one had to live up to them. What was the use of going back to bed? One could not stop things any more than one could hold one's breath; one had to go on and on.

After all, had anything really happened? There was her pretty flat, unchanged as yesterday; every book in its place; the piano open; the morning paper on the table; Alma singing in the kitchen. Duties,

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the old duties, pressed upon her; pleasures, new pleasures, had been arranged for: there was no outward change in her environment. Was not everything quite the same as yesterday? Call it so.

When she sat at her desk, a little later, looking at her unfinished manuscript, she remembered that there was first a letter to be written. What could she say to Alice? She could not tell the secret that clung to her heart; yet she must write—what people usually wrote when such things were true; what other people expected to hear.

Somehow the letter was finished in the course of the afternoon. She posted it herself, afterward walking on, without knowledge of her footsteps, until darkness overtook her, chilled and damp with fallen snow, far from home.

She was almost glad that an oppression as of the onset of illness gave her an excuse for not dining with the Gorhams. She would go to bed, and in the relief of sheer physical pain would forget.

IV

THE morning brought Mrs. Gorham, full of nervous concern. "*Had* she been working too hard? *Would* she go South or somewhere? What she needed was a *change.*"

"Change!" There was a sudden bitterness in Ruth's heart.

"By the way—" began Mrs. Gorham, and stopped short.

Ruth felt what was coming and steadied herself.

"Do you know? But it's all in the papers, of course. Wasn't it horribly sudden?"

Ruth looked at her without speaking; it did not seem worth while to contradict the story.

"It must be a terrible shock to his mother and sister! How will they get on? I didn't realize, I'm such a little stupid, that he was a great man. You did, of course, knowing them all so well?"

"Yes," said Ruth. She was thinking that the sound of Minnie's voice was better if one disassociated it from all meaning.

When she had gone and there was no more need for watchfulness, the saving physical pain came back fourfold. So the day passed, with the ticking clock, the drip of melting snow, the noisy sparrow.

Alma was tearful with pleas that she might send for the doctor, and urgent with delicacies of her own making, so futile is complete devotion, and at length Ruth sat up in bed and spoke severely. "If I'm not better to-morrow, Alma, you shall have your own way. But I shall be better, you will see."

Meanwhile the blessed screen of illness gave her a little time to fight off the things that could not be borne.

In the morning the pain was gone, and in its place was come a strange sort of stoicism that helped her to take her letters steadily, and without expectation. But her lips drew tight when she saw the black border of a note from Alice.

Funeral? Alice was writing of a funeral? Of flowers, people, ceremonies? It was a wonder, thought Ruth bitterly, that she did not describe her own mourning.

But what had all this to do with Ben? He had always been so alive, so intensely practical, so scornful of the sentiment that vainly tries to cloak the brutal facts of life. He would have been the first to laugh at all this show; Ruth covered her face against a sudden stabbing thought. Clearly the best proof that he was dead was that he had not protested against his own funeral.

Suppose it true, then—was she bound to keep on living? Why? There was none to make special claim upon her: her parents were long since dead; her brothers and sister married and absorbed in their own families; her friends, for the most part, had homes and careers of their own. Here was a way, a reasonable way, out of an impossible situation.

Of course, one must be careful not to make a mess of it. One must put one's affairs in order and then so arrange that there could be no doubt of success.

She had seen it done once. An unknown man had pointed his hands above his head and leaped from a steamer crossing the Channel. A bell had clanged from the bridge, the engines had thudded backward; with a swift running of feet and slewing of ropes a boat had been lowered; for half an hour a silent crowd had watched the little craft at her searching while the big steamer heaved and sank in the slow wash of the waves. Then the little boat came back as she went away, and the engine-bell clanged full speed ahead. When those who had seen the jump had described the manner of

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it to those who had not, the incident was closed. There might have been a brief paragraph in various newspapers, and perhaps some people were still waiting for that nameless man to come home; but for him how indescribably quick and easy had been the transition from the known world to the unknown. To be sure, he might have been saved—ignominious! One would have to guard against that.

It may have been late that same afternoon, or perhaps the next, when Alma brought in a small box that had come by express.

She was expecting it; Alice's letter had explained. They had been going over some of his things already, sorting them, arranging them, putting them away, giving them away. So soon!

They meant to be kind, according to their image of her friendship for him. They were sharing with her things that she might cherish for the sake of old, dear associations.

There were books—she did not read their titles—and in one of them a letter from Alice, enclosing a single sheet in his writing. She laid it gently aside; it was more possible first to read what Alice had to say. She skimmed the lines, but the essential matters stood out sharply in the maze of words.

"We found the few lines on his desk, dear, the morning after; but in our first trouble we did not realize for whom they were meant. . . .

"You will wonder why I sent you the old cap, I know, yet it is hard to explain, and perhaps after all you won't want it. But I couldn't bear to see it hanging in the hall, and I couldn't put it away; it seemed somehow as if he might come back and look for it. Then I remembered you, and I thought perhaps you would keep it and love it for my sake as well as for your own."

Did Alice guess? But what did it matter now?

She found courage presently to read that other message; it was so pitiably short.

"Well, little gleaner—" but there she had to stop. It was the name he used to give her when he was especially pleased with her.

When she could read on, she was soon at the end. "I haven't time for a letter tonight; but there's one thing I must tell you for fear that it might never get said at all. I don't want you to be in doubt even for a day. Bother! Telephone for me; I'll be back in a moment."

That was all; the telephone had cheated her of the one comfort that might have brought a measure of peace—certain knowledge of his love. Had he had some foreshadowing that the end was so near? But the words had not been said or written, and now they would never be said—never, never.

In the morning they had found him at his desk asleep, with his head on his arms. And all that she had to live upon was memory, and these few things.

It was when she came upon the gray-green tweed cap that he had worn the last night they were together that the barriers of her unbelief gave way before the tide of realization. That it should be hers at all, meant that its owner would never come back to miss it.

V

THE night passed for her, as it has done for millions of women, in sleeplessness and tears.

As she lay still at last, with the rough tweed against her sore cheek, she was suddenly beset by a ridiculous memory of Dutch peasants in church, the men praying in their caps as she had often seen them do. The memory stirred the thought: If she were to pray now? Was not prayer for such a time as this? But what could prayer do, now that everything was lost? She should have prayed sooner!

Yet the idea clung to her in the morning. She had gone to church perhaps as much as most people; but religion had nothing to say to her now. She had heard a thousand sermons; but she could not remember any of them. She had uttered thousands of prayers; but they were all paralyzed now.

For all that, she presently brought out her Testament, in despair of finding other help. Half-blinded with tears, she read here and there at random, trying to glean some sense that would bring relief. . . . But it seemed a hopeless turning over of pages. Where was there help? In Paul? He, too, had doubted and suffered, and he, more than the others, had talked of a resurrection. Old words, scarcely heeded in old, happy days, echoed dimly now in the recesses of her mind: "How say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?"

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She found the chapter and read breathlessly, and at the same time half rebelliously, until she came to the verse:

"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"

That was the cry of her sorrow.

She wanted Ben as he was, with all his faults—the Ben who smoked too much, who swore sometimes; the Ben whose slightest headache stabbed her with pain, whose smile was like no light other in the world.

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:

"And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:

"But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body."

She read on, a dozen verses, and as she read lost heart. Paul did not stop to reason out his own analogy; he went off into a vain reiteration of terms. And the analogy itself seemed to her cruelly false. If it meant anything, this figure of seed-bearing, it was that immortality is in the passing of life from father to son; the rest was imagination based on longing. What was this "spiritual body" of Christ that had appeared before the very eyes of such and such witnesses? The contradiction of terms was not to be explained away. Life went on in the race, but the individual perished, the human qualities that made one man dearer than all the rest of the world, these would never come together again as long as the world lasted. Ben!

"Behold I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

O Paul the dreamer! To him it was all mystery and credible, and by mere vain reiteration his faith grew into the great war-cry: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

But when one came to look for meaning, for proof, what then? If resurrection was a miracle, no less miracle was faith in it; and the very essence of a miracle was that it must happen in the soul. But if it did not happen? What did other people do? Could one shut one's eyes to law and reason, and walk blindly the way the heart led? What matter then if heaven lay at the end of the chain of years? One was safe. But to have known heaven and lost it; how find it again?

That way lay madness. She walked the floor until the walls of her room seemed to close in and suffocate her, and then she fled from herself to the streets.

She was still weak from her illness, and yet instinct drove her an endless, weary trail, seeking help in the eyes of all that she met.

It seemed to her then that she found the scars of trouble, no less than her own, on most of the faces that passed by. Rich and poor, they seemed to her alike sorrowful beyond understanding, except some against whom she shut her eyes, shuddering. For the first time in her life, it seemed that she had the power to look through the veil of sense and read souls.

VI

Near dusk she found herself in front of Gertrude Lingen's doorway in the neighborhood of Washington Square. In a sudden overpowering need to speak, to be spoken to, she went up-stairs.

Yet at first she found little to say. The silence of two was comforting.

But Mrs. Lingen understood, and it was not long before she ventured: "Can you tell me, dear?"

Then words seemed impossible.

After a while: "Nothing is unbearable, dear."

"What is worst of all?" asked Ruth.

There was again a pause before the answer came: "Slow decay of the soul, I think; if you see what I mean. It's like standing on the shore and watching a man drown; no, it's worse! That would be merciful, by comparison! If some one you love goes away, you can stand it; but to watch him changing under your eyes, and be helpless, that's like being tied while murder is done before you, inch by inch."

She added with a little catch of the breath: "But that's my trouble. What's yours?"

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"Oh!" said Ruth softly. "Yes, I knew; but—" She added after a pause: "If one could only make sense of the world!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lingen, "a good many people wish that at one time or another in their lives. I suppose we must be rather a stupid race. Shall we have the lights on?"

"Not yet. All the people I met to-day are breaking down under burdens too heavy to bear."

"No," said Mrs. Lingen; "they bear them mostly."

"How?"

Gertrude laughed gently. "As if I know! Each finds his own way."

"How do you?"

"I? Oh, I try not to make a fuss. And I have my housekeeping, and the children, thank God!"

One does not always know when one touches the quick of a friend's pain, even with the gentlest finger in the world.

"That's it," said Ruth. "You have them, and in them something of his old self that you used to love. Even if it came to an absolute break with him, you have that. If you had not so much, Gertrude?"

"Then it would be harder," confessed Mrs. Lingen, but she added: "Yet perhaps in them, for all that I can do now, I may have to see the same thing going on. Mothers never know."

"But you have them now; they keep you alive now."

"Yes, now."

"That's the whole thing. Tell me what to do *now*," pleaded Ruth. "Tell me what I have *now*."

The answer was slow to come and unexpected. "At least, you have your soul alive, or you wouldn't suffer so; and that is the main thing. You will keep it alive, and so doing give life to others."

"What does that matter when——?"

"When?"

The words came easily enough now. "When he is dead."

Mrs. Lingen asked no questions. Perhaps she was piecing out the story: certainly she knew that silence was the best sympathy.

"I don't think I'm unreasonable," said Ruth. "I ask only something to hang on to, something to live by, the next twenty, thirty, forty years."

"It grows with the need, dear," said Mrs. Lingen. "You are beginning to find it now, although you don't know. You'll just have to fight on; you'll win in the end."

"It isn't fighting to beat the air," said Ruth. "One takes weapons, makes plans."

"You have your weapons, and your plans. Why change your way of life? It all comes in."

"Copy, you mean?" laughed Ruth bitterly. "Oh, wait a month; it's only decent."

Mrs. Lingen disregarded her. "Your days will go just the same. It isn't as if you had been living with him for years, missed him in every room, almost every moment. That would be worse, darling."

"No," protested the girl. "At least I should have had much to remember. Now it is only dreams."

They were interrupted by the bell. Lights were turned on and Mrs. Sheffield came in, full of chatter about everything in the world. Her joy in life bubbled like champagne. Ruth, listening, wondered when it would begin to grow flat.

Mrs. Lingen, who had been at the telephone, came back with an entreaty. "Ruth, do something to please me—there, it's a promise. Stop at our doctor's and get something for that cold of yours. He's at home; I've just asked."

For a moment Ruth's cheeks flamed at the interference, then she crept into her friend's arms and half-sobbed: "All right. I'll be good."

VII

SHE was shown at once into the consulting-room. "Well, Ruth; well, my dear," said he. He was a man long past sixty and had been a college friend of her father's.

As he rose he knocked the green shade of his reading-lamp aside so that she was for a moment in the full glare of the light; then he let her drop into the shadow of an easy chair.

"Got a bad throat, Gertrude tells me. Put out your tongue. What—no? Let's have your wrist. A touch of influenza—hey? I shall carry you home and chuck you into bed presently. What do you mean by trailing round the streets in this state? Oh, I'm not saying that it will do you any great harm. You're made of gutta-percha."

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"Warranted for how long?" she asked, trying to adopt his light tone.

"Fifty, sixty years—what you like." His eyes twinkled and he chased an unuttered protest on her part with a quick, "Oh, yes, you will—when you know *how* a little."

"Do you know how?" she asked without irony, but in simple eagerness to learn the secret.

"I? Lord, no! Thank heaven, school keeps for most of us, all our lives. We've a chance to learn a thing or two from day to day."

"You, really, find it a good world to live in?" she asked in a kind of wonder.

"Good? A most infernal world! A howling wilderness of hyenas chewing up babes! But that's the very point: it gives a man a chance to put his shoulder to the wheel, with a heave-ho and all together, lads."

As she was silent, he challenged her with "Well?"

"How did you come to feel that way?"

"You remind me of the deacon who said he could stand anything but temptation. By trying it, my dear; laying hold of the ropes, so to speak. Well, of course, I understand by the look of you, to speak plainly, that you've been through an earthquake lately. I should judge it has shattered all the little glass windows of your faith into a million bits. Trying to piece 'em together, are you? Better get new ones."

"I know," she said. "Go on." Then she added hastily: "But I wanted them as they were. If I could only shut my eyes and make believe."

"Just like you women!" he jeered. "Always pining to be fooled, are you? Well, it can be patched—your faith, I mean. Go to church reg'lar, take up good works, live in a settlement, hey? Besides, you have your little story-book writing to keep you out of mischief; also you can go to Europe, you know, and bring home rags and plaster to trim up your house with. I'll give you a tonic for a beginning. It'll do you a lot of good, especially if you have faith when you take it. You'll be surprised to find how the tragedy melts away as you go on living. I'm not sure that that isn't the worst of it in many cases. Yes, I know I'm a brute," he concluded with placidity. "A man always is when he speaks the truth."

He lifted his eyebrows at her silence, but after a time she said: "I can face the facts. But that's mere endurance, not living. I want a new faith; tell me where to go to look for it."

"That's the very dickens of it," he conceded frankly. "I can't. Nobody can. There's no saying where it's to be had or what it will cost until the bill comes in. Then we whistle and reach in our pockets to see whether we've cash enough; and we usually haven't."

"No," she agreed. "What then?"

He rubbed his thin, straight, white hair. "Then we pay on the instalment plan. It works out in time."

"Does it?" she asked. "Should you like to have to live sixty years longer?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! I'm greedy; I'd take a hundred if I could get 'em!"

"And after?"

He shook a long finger at her. "After? See here, little girl, you let the sealed jampots alone. There's plenty of marmalade in this world for your little spoon. After? Fiddlesticks!"

"No," she answered quietly; "it isn't fiddlesticks when you have to face it, when you have lost all that makes life worth while."

He moved impatiently and took up the book that he had been reading when she came in.

She said at once: "Shall I go? Do you want to read?"

"It's an interesting book," he admitted, "but it doesn't attempt to answer all the questions that a young person can ask. No, you don't get off that way. Bring them on, one by one; I rather like to hear myself talk, you know."

"What's it all for—the misery in the world?"

He answered gravely and without pause: "To water the plants, my dear. Prosperity is a desert as far as growing your soul is concerned. Pretty dried-up plantations in my part of New York. It always pleases me to hear that my patients are in trouble; I should like to make a little for some of 'em occasionally.—Two?"

"That may do for Fifth Avenue. But what of the East Side?"

"Too much irrigation there, that's all. There's an amazing lack of proportion about the human race. We let Tommy stuff himself until he dies, body and soul, of

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sheer repletion, while Dick and Harry may gnaw gutter bones until they turn into them—provided they don't squeal. But all this seems rather general to have pinched your face into that expression. The only thing you can do about it, as far as I see, is to button-hole a young congressman now and then, unfledged preferably, and tell him you and the other women won't vote for him when you get the chance, unless he cleans everything up before the next session.—Three?"

"Meanwhile," she said, "they starve."

"So they do, and your worrying won't help them; besides, it's not half as bad as it looks. The body adjusts itself by degrees. Many diseases are more painful; no good getting sentimental about it unless you mean to act. Much better come out with your own little grievance if you want relief."

As she was silent, he whistled and at last murmured: "No symptoms, no treatment."

She could not yet speak and again he tried to help her. "What comet has come swishing into your little world and smashed it?"

"Death," she answered.

He twirled his watch as it lay on the table, and it was some seconds before he replied: "Death isn't a comet; it's a kind of—loadstar, I suppose, if we must keep the figure. I have seen death in almost every conceivable form, in hospitals and homes, on land and sea, battle and murder."

He snapped his watch shut and put it into his pocket. "Count it out."

He saw that she doubted her hearing, so he repeated with emphasis: "Count it out, I say. Life's the thing."

"And yet," she protested, "you have lost some, that you loved."

"Lost them? No. They are dead, as we say. But I have not lost them."

There was bitterness in her tone. "So you believe it all then—about resurrection, I mean?"

He rose and went to the cupboard in the wall behind her. "Oh, I don't know. You must define your terms. I believe in my own experience. It is hard to go beyond that."

He brought her a glass of cordial. "Drink this, steady! No, I shouldn't pass for orthodox even in these days of latitude. But I know what I know." He checked himself and laughed. "That is, if I know anything at all."

"It's the how," she said, struggling for control. "Oh, tell me how!"

"I can't," said he, "and you wouldn't believe me if I did. People never do until they find out for themselves. But you've got to get a creed of some sort to live by, in the meantime. Christianity answers very well for some millions; Buddhism for a good few; Mohammedanism for more. Some still pin their faith to totem poles. If you can't make any of those do, you will have to make your Bible as you go. It happens every now and again. No harm done as long as you don't try to thrust your new doctrine down the world's throat; then you pay the penalty with fire or rope, or some such thing. But the great thing is to build and build and go on building, and let the rest take care of itself. Later you may feel that you have a message to give to the world. Well, the world can take care of itself and needn't buy."

But she put all that aside. "Tell me," she said, "why things hurt so when we don't mean them to—when we try to be brave?"

He paused a moment before he answered. "I suppose it's because we're all selfish to the core—man and nation. That's the primal curse. It's like a hard shell growing round the pulpy inside that we commonly call the soul; it leaves no room for germination. It takes pretty brutal treatment, even with the best of us, to knock a hole through and let in light and air."

"Well, take your axe to me," she urged.

"Have I leave? It will hurt. Well," he laid his watch on the table again and began to twirl it slowly—a bedside mannerism, she knew; "here's your case. You've been thinking you'd found the greatest thing in the world, what you women call love, and Lord knows what you mean by it! The man has died, I take it, and so, of course, there's nothing left. What are you to do? Right so far? It seems a little odd that the greatest thing in the world should hang by so slender a thread as the life of a human being, and that, having once had it, you should lose it in the tick of a watch."

She covered her face from his eyes.

But they looked kindly upon her as he continued: "Right? That big emotion of yours that drowns everything else, millions of people on this planet—we'll omit the

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others—never know it at all. Think big, my dear! There's something outside you and your love."

Even while she wondered at his brutality, it came over her that Ben himself, under such circumstances, might have talked much that way. . . . Was it only the difference between men and women?

As she said nothing, he continued meditatively: "From a practical point of view, I might help you, I think; but you wouldn't listen to me and carry it out. Women never do. They only curse me in their hearts for an old meddler who doesn't know what he's talking about."

"Try me," she whispered.

"Well, if you are like other women, you will have kept certain things of his—letters, gifts, or whatever—to cry over. Go home now and burn them to-night, before you have time to think."

He was interrupted by her voice, half-choking. "No!"

"I thought not," he said dryly. "Well, at least, you will let me drive you home; I'm making a call your way. And you will go to bed and get some sleep, I'll see to that."

She needed all her will merely to keep a decent self-control, and nothing much was said until the carriage stopped at her door. He insisted upon going up-stairs with her, and she could tell by the way he wandered about her room that he had still something on his mind.

"You may trust me, you know," she ventured.

"Yes, you'll do," he answered absently; then added with more fire: "If I could only knock it into you, or knock it out of you, that life isn't shut up within the four miserable walls of self—stupid, ignorant, greedy, damnable Self! What is it, anyway? A bundle of little loves and hates and ambitions and messages to the world that the world doesn't want, and all the rest of the sickening rot. Plain speech, my dear, but you'll forgive an old man. Look you here now: do you know, or don't you, that all men are, literally, made of the same stuff? The identical cells, infinitely split up, infinitely built up, in all of us. My patients are not usually pleased when I talk to them about their greasy brothers; but the sooner you come to an understanding of the situation, the sooner you'll hammer out a working theory of life. You don't have to worry about the beginning of the first amœba before you work out a creed that will keep you going and make you of some use to the rest of the world, hey?"

As she did not answer, he continued musingly: "All one blood—if we could only see it."

He could not guess at her heart-cry: "But what of Ben?" Aloud she said: "You speak always in terms of the body."

"Most people live largely in terms of the body," he caught her up, and added: "I understood you to put your loss on that basis."

He saw that he had startled some new thought in her, and took up his hat to go—paused and drew from his vest a small packet. "It's against my conscience, but you women seem to require soothing powders when you are cutting your wisdom teeth. Follow directions and you'll get some sleep to-night. It's the first step back to sanity. I'll look in again to-morrow morning."

He had closed the door before her defiance reached him: "I'll do anything else, not, not that!"

VIII

SHE no longer felt ill and she would not go to bed as she knew he expected her to do. She would not turn over the little pile of letters on her table, knowing well that there could be nothing in them that mattered to her happiness.

She would not have her dinner, though she drank the hot milk that Alma brought her by the fireside. Then was the time to take the powder the doctor had left; but her soul was in rebellion and she would not. He had required too much—the one thing that was impossible.

She sent Alma away and turned out all the lights except the one on the library table where she sat with her few treasures gathered up in her arms.

"It would be like burning live things," she moaned, "and some day they might help me to dream again."

To dream again, to go through life dreaming, that was the only hope. Yet, now that she most needed this blessed grace, it had left her—the power to dream had gone. She could no longer see his face distinctly, much less call up the sound of his voice, his ways, his words. Try as she

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would, she could only remember brokenly, this feature, that phrase; the impression of the whole personality seemed to be gone.

Other things associated with him, often by mere chance, peripheral things that had never mattered a straw, lingered as sharply drawn in her mind as if they had been photographed there: the litter of papers on the study table; the design of the poker with which he had played with the fire; the dress of a casual visitor who had bored him more than usual at tea one day; the kitten that preferred his shoulder to any cushion in the house—trifles scarcely heeded at the time. He who had absorbed all her consciousness was gone, and all the other things that she had brushed aside now lingered in her memory.

"I will not burn them," she vowed, hugging the things that had been his.

"You need them, then, to jog your memory? You are afraid of forgetting?" It was almost like a voice in the room—the doctor's.

"He may come back; it is the only way; they may bring him back again, or I can't bear it," she sobbed.

To this there came no reply, although she listened long in vain.

She did not know how long she sat thus with her face hidden. She was startled by a slight thud on the hearth. She looked up to find that one of the logs had broken and fallen forward and threatened the rug.

She bent forward to push it back and, after some little trouble, succeeded. But as she sat watching it, she came to observe a smell of burning in the room, and looking down, saw that two of his letters had fallen on the tiles and were fast turning brown.

Even then she did not move. A strange despair ran through her veins; if it was possible for these infinitely precious things to burn, they must burn; it was not hers to save them.

She sat and watched stonily until it was too late to save those that had fallen; then she knew that by so doing she had given consent to the destruction of the others. She gathered them in her arms, held them close a moment, then without a quiver laid them together behind the back log, in the very heart of the fire.

When her lap was empty she covered her face. She heard the sudden leap and flare of the flame, and felt the fierce heat of it scorching her hands as she knelt on the hearth; but she would not look until the roar had died away into the slow dropping of ashes.

IX

In the morning she lay awake a long time with closed eyes, wondering what had happened, or was going to happen, that she should be so content. She had an odd sensation as of sunlight on her eyelids, and yet she could hear the sleet beating against the pane. Presently she gave up the effort to think, very sure, though she could not tell how she should be sure, that whatever was coming would be hers without struggle on her part.

When she knew by the tinkle of silver in the dining-room that it was time to get up, she sprang out of bed with a curious sense of lightness. She even lifted her hands to her head, with the sensation as if a great weight that had crushed her to the earth had been suddenly removed. She could not remember anything, could not think of anything except that she was in her own little home, that everything was going to be all right again, something was going to happen to make her live again, something too good to believe, only it was true.

She had a return of her old joy in cold water that morning, and with it came back something of her old vigor. She dressed with more than usual care. Somebody was coming. The doctor? She had forgotten his very existence. She could not imagine who it would be; no matter, she would know presently.

When she came out into the library, very trim in her embroidered white linen waist, she watered her ferns and fed her sparrow, half-smiling all the while in inexplicable content. She was expectant, too, and listened much; but not hurried or anxious. There was time, all the time, and one could be infinitely patient, now that one was sure. Sure of what?

That did not matter; she cut off the questioning voice but without impatience. To be sure, that was enough.

She was still too early for breakfast. She crossed the room to her piano, closed now for days, opened it, and, after a few doubtful chords, began to play. She was not conscious that she chose any particular theme; but the keys kindled beneath her

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fingers and Schumann's "Warum?" came forth like a living voice asking for ever and ever the question that none can answer. In her hands it spoke as perhaps it has never spoken before in this world and may never speak again, its despair swelling into a cry of triumph.

At the end she sat on, smiling at the keys. "Yes, dear, we know; don't we?"

What was it? Nobody had spoken. There was nobody in the room. It was nothing, nothing at all, and everything: the Guest had come.

If there was a voice in the room, it was perhaps a ghostly echo of the doctor's: "I have not lost them; but I understood you to put it on that basis." What basis?

Nothing had happened, nothing that could be perceived by any of the five senses of man, nothing that could be described in words. The past had gone, that was all—the old, tangible past; the future did not exist; only the present remained, the living present, reality at last. . . .

"Count it out. Life's the thing."

"Yes, dear, we know."

To know, not to dream; to live, not to work; to be, not to think! Was that the sense of it all?

To have lost everything and to be infinitely rich; to be robbed of all and to be repaid a thousandfold; to crawl out of the chrysalis of death and to spread wings in the open—did it mean that?

The Guest was with her. He was not dead; he could never die. They two were together now and for ever more, and there could be no parting. She had the greater burden, to live for both through long years and lonely, tired days; but there was gladness in the memory that she had spared him doing it for her; and all the while he was there, would be with her, and no one else would know.

It had come to her, the incommunicable experience, the one reality in a changing world, and it had brought with it a joy that could never be outworn. It told her that life is nothing other than the love that is sufficient in itself, the hope that is its own fulfilment, a faith in the Reality by which alone all things are held together, that is stronger than the foundations of the world.

THE SUMMONS

By William R. Benét

I

To-day the dreamy distances
Of grape-stained, purple hills
Spun out thin, hazy mists that ran
To greet far plains where streams began
World-faring from their rills.

And oh my heart was singing, dear!
The wood, the wind, the sun
With age-old scents my nostrils thrilled—
With fierce, young strength my being filled—
The hills and I were one!
For, follow—follow—follow!
The sweet wind calls to me.

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Hill-rim to misty hollow
'Tis follow—follow—follow!
And oh the far hill crest that hails
The first gust of the sea!

II

To-day a pagan wreath wear I
Of goldenrod and corn.
To-day the russet world is clad
In Bacchic mirth to make me glad—
The joy of souls reborn.

Oh, glad my heart is faring, dear,
Through wood and wind and sun!
The oils that flame yon western sky
Are not more brave—more brave than I.
The hills and I are one!
For, follow—follow—follow!
The leaf-crisp highway calls.
Hill-rim to misty hollow
'Tis follow—follow—follow!
The drunken wind's mad vagrant I
Beyond the city's walls!

III

To-day to cloud-blown sky above
My reckless gage is flung.
To-day a creaking highroad tree,
A bonfire's blaze shall frantic me
To ecstasies unsung.

For oh my heart is singing, dear,
With wood and sun and wind!
Ho, bark-brown dryads of the trees—
Ho, nereids of the cresting seas!
The world is left behind.
'Tis, follow—follow—follow
The sword-flame of the sky!
Hill-rim to misty hollow
The cry goes, Follow—follow!
And vagabond—thrice vagabond—
Oh vagabond am I!

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CHAMOIS-HUNTING IN SWITZERLAND

By P. Kühner

Illustrations by A. B. Frost

He who is a stranger to the Alpine world, or only knows it from the great visitors' centres, will generally have a rather vague idea about the big game of the Alps—the chamois, the total existing number, and the way to hunt them. He gathers his knowledge from old legends, and, since he never saw any of these animals on his flying visits, he concludes that they must be very nearly exterminated, as was their cousin, the ibex, which has disappeared except a few specimens kept in preserves. However, the chamois was the fitter, and so it survived. In its struggle for existence, the government in modern times has assisted it with a certain number of protective laws. During nineteen days only, in the month of September, hunting is allowed, and the severe observance of this law is guaranteed by a number of gamekeepers and, above all, by the hunters themselves, who of course do not allow the poacher to take an unlawful advantage. The offender is threatened with fines out of proportion to the possible gain, and in case of a repeated offence the fine is doubled and the transgressor disqualified for several years. Hunting itself is rendered more difficult by the prohibition of small calibres and of repeating guns. In order to prevent, in any case, too big a slaughter of the game even by the most intense hunting activity during those nineteen days, the government has given refuges to the persecuted animals. These are the "Freiberge," whole districts which are under the care of gamekeepers, where hunting is prohibited during years. If such an asylum is opened again, these gamekeepers take pains to scatter the undisturbed animals by firing with blank cartridges and making a great alarm, so that the hunter may not get his prey too easily. If in spite of this precaution the killing off is excessive, or the game is harassed in an inhuman way by too great a number of hunters, the government again closes the "Freiberge," sometimes after two or three days, and the gamekeepers and policemen warn off the sportsmen.

In the early game-lawless times traps, too, were set for the animals. Their efficiency was based on the eagerness of the chamois for salt, and their construction was so simple and ingenious that it may be worth while to describe one. The whole apparatus consists of three laths only, two of which are joined so as to form a rigid acute angle, whilst the third shorter one is fixed to the one side of the said angle with a peg around which it can swing freely. This apparatus is mounted in a suitable place, so that it is accessible from one side only, the plane of the angle standing vertically, and the lower side practically horizontal. In this position the third piece hangs vertically and is allowed to swing inward toward the vertex, whereas the opposite outward movement is stopped by a peg as soon as it has come back to its perpendicular position. The animal to be caught approaches the trap, puts its head through the angle where it is wide enough to admit it, and begins to lick the row of salt which runs parallel to the lower side. It follows the row of salt, gradually moving toward the vertex and lifting unconsciously the crosspiece with its neck. Finally, the neck reaches the end of the crosspiece, which then falls back to its perpendicular position against the peg. So the animal is caught loosely in the triangle formed by the two sides and the crosspiece. Of course such traps are forbidden nowadays, and their use is punished by a fine up to four hundred francs.

Whilst the chamois is thus protected by the government against human eagerness for prey and hunting, nature on its part has equipped it with effective means of defence—that is, fine instincts, keen senses, and astounding strength and endurance.

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The chamois is a species of the antelope and a close relative to the goat. It is easily distinguished, however, from the latter at a distance by the circular, glossy-black, hook-shaped little horns which we all know as ornaments of the nicely polished though useless Alpine sticks of our carpet tourists. On closer inspection a number of other distinctions become evident. Compared with the goat, the chamois has a deep, broad chest to which the muscles of the shoulders and fore legs are affixed in such masses that the animal might appear clumsy did not the ease and grace of its movements render such an impression altogether impossible. The hind legs being equally well developed, the whole body appears compact and massive. And to this appearance the animal's physical ability answers perfectly.

The present writer one day, on a mountain tour with two friends and a guide, surprised five chamois. The animals noticed the party first and ran clattering close past them, the hard, steel-like hoofs sounding on the rock like hammers. In a few minutes they had gone a distance which it would have taken quite an hour for any man to clear. Then they vanished in a saddle between two peaks, whilst the valley behind them rang with the shrill noise of the loosened stones they had kicked down, that leaped from rock to rock. Very soon these strange sounds, too, had died away, and the small troop of men left behind only then noticed how slow and laborious their own progress was.

In November, during the rut, harsh encounters take place between the bucks. The roe willingly follows the victorious one, and bears one, sometimes two, kids toward the end of April or the beginning of May. In spring the hair of the chamois has the color of the deer, in autumn it turns dark brown, and in winter almost black. Then the flocks move down from their very high pasture-grounds toward the woody regions, where they find both food and shelter under the broad branches of old pines, which keep the ground underneath free from snow. But no sooner has the snow melted far enough to allow them sufficient food above the timber-line than they are off to return to their favorite abode, the high, inaccessible Alpine pastures. There they live together, in flocks of five to twenty, most gayly, as appears from their playing, sham fighting, and merry jumps. Meantime they never fail to mount a guard, mostly an elderly roe. It seems that these are fitter for this duty than the bucks, probably because of their greater carefulness owing to their motherhood. Their scent is so acute that they detect a man at a distance of miles. As soon as the sentinel perceives something suspicious she gives a sharp, hoarse whistle. Then the whole company keeps suddenly quiet, as though petrified, and after a few seconds chase away like lightning toward some safe refuge, or for a distant point of observation, where they constantly and with great attention eye the disturber. No doubt this scent, too, is the reason why even a zealous tourist so rarely sees a chamois. He does not pay any attention to the wind, which reveals his presence to the chamois long before he is near enough to see it. Strange to say, as soon as the animal has got the scent it keeps on flying much farther, as though frightened by a report. On the flight all the incredible strength and swiftness of the chamois show up to their best advantage. It clears crevasses thirteen to eighteen feet wide and jumps onto rocks fourteen feet high.

It is plain that this kind of game will not be hunted successfully by the first comer. It is not enough to be a good shot when, besides the whole hunting outfit, an animal weighing about sixty pounds is to be carried down from a giddy height over deceptive glaciers and brittle rocky bowlders; nor is it sufficient to be a good mountain tourist who, under a safe guide, shows remarkable strength and courage. No, the hunter must combine in his person the qualities of a good shot, an excellent tourist, and a guide. A small number of select ones only fulfil these conditions, and their number does not increase. How should it? The short space of nineteen days every year cannot turn out hunters like those who formerly carried on the hunt throughout the year and yet alarmed and drove off the animals much less than the thousands of tourists do to-day. The fact is to be added that the high valleys show a tendency to depopulation owing to the greater comfort and better chances of gain in towns and cities. Therefore the question may be raised whether the

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chamois or its hunter is more likely to be extinct first.

Formerly, as nowadays, the élite of hunters consisted of the peasants of the upper valleys and the guides. These people, whose regular trade is generally much more remunerative than hunting, are enthusiasts and accordingly spend a good deal of care and money for their outfit. Their attire is made of the natural wool of mostly self-raised sheep. It is of a light gray color equally difficult to tell from the rock and from the glacier, and the coat is provided with very wide and spacious pockets which render the knapsack superfluous and give the whole suit a peculiar appearance. The hat is of a soft gray felt. As important as the hard, sharp-edged hoof is to the chamois is the quality of his boots to the one who will follow it. The boots are made of strong leather with the soles projecting little or not at all, and studded all round with hooded spikes the pin of which is driven through and then bent under the hood. Everybody who knows how life and death may depend on the keeping firm or yielding of a single spike will understand the special care bestowed on this part of the outfit. The proper hunting implements are the gun, the telescope, and the stick. The guns, the calibre of which must not be less than 9 mm., are some private arms, some old military rifles. Most of the former are rifles of the well-known falling block system, called "Martini"; the latter, Peabody or Vetterli guns, for sale in the arsenals for five francs or a little more. The smokeless Vetterli cartridge is used for ammunition. As to field-glasses, the so called "Zugspiegel," a telescope magnifying twelve to twenty times, is still most popular. These instruments have a rather bright field but a narrow angle of view, which, however, does not appear to be a drawback. On the contrary, it is said that the big angle of modern prismatic field-glasses leads to a less thorough inspection of the field. Nevertheless, the modern glasses gradually come to the front, since both their luminosity and their magnifying power have been increased. The hunter's stick is somewhat shorter than the ordinary "alpenstock," and either without any shoe—in order to avoid the noise through touching stones and rock—or it is provided with a boat-hook. This contrivance enables the hunter to lift himself when climbing, and means a safeguard in dangerous positions. The ample pockets of the jacket contain the provisions, mostly bread and dry meat, the cartridges, and, above all, the hunting license, for want of which the man risks being taken up as a poacher.

Unlike the neighboring countries, Germany and Austria—with the exception of three cantons only, where hunting-grounds are let out by the government—Switzerland maintains free hunting. Every blameless person is free to hunt inside the canton during a certain period fixed by the government and after having taken a license. This license is made out by the local police at a price determined by law. In the Grisons, the biggest and most mountainous canton, the fee for natives is 12 francs, for Swiss of other cantons 40 francs, and for foreigners 100 francs. Of course, the hunt itself is carried on in very different ways according to its being free or on leased lands. The grounds on lease are under the care of tenants who have the exclusive right to hunt, are free to arrange battues, can nurse and foster the game tenderly or kill it. Whilst the tenant has on his ground the monopoly of the hunt, with the license system every holder of a license is the authorized competitor of every other. Accordingly, every one starts on his own account and as a rule alone. The most zealous hunters repair to the limit of the hunting district the day before the hunt is opened. They are not allowed to go any farther with their equipment, and so they lose no time, starting at midnight, and try to reach a considerable height before sunrise. Thus they gain a wide field for examination with their telescopes and foil the most effective means of protection of the animals—the scent.

By sunrise, when the upper regions of the mountains are warmed by the first rays, the warm air rises and by suction causes a current going up-hill. Therefore the hunter tries to reach a point above the supposed stand of the game before the treacherous current begins, and so approach it unnoticed. If he has been successful and sighted the animals or the buck, the second more exciting act of the spectacle begins, the issue of which shows

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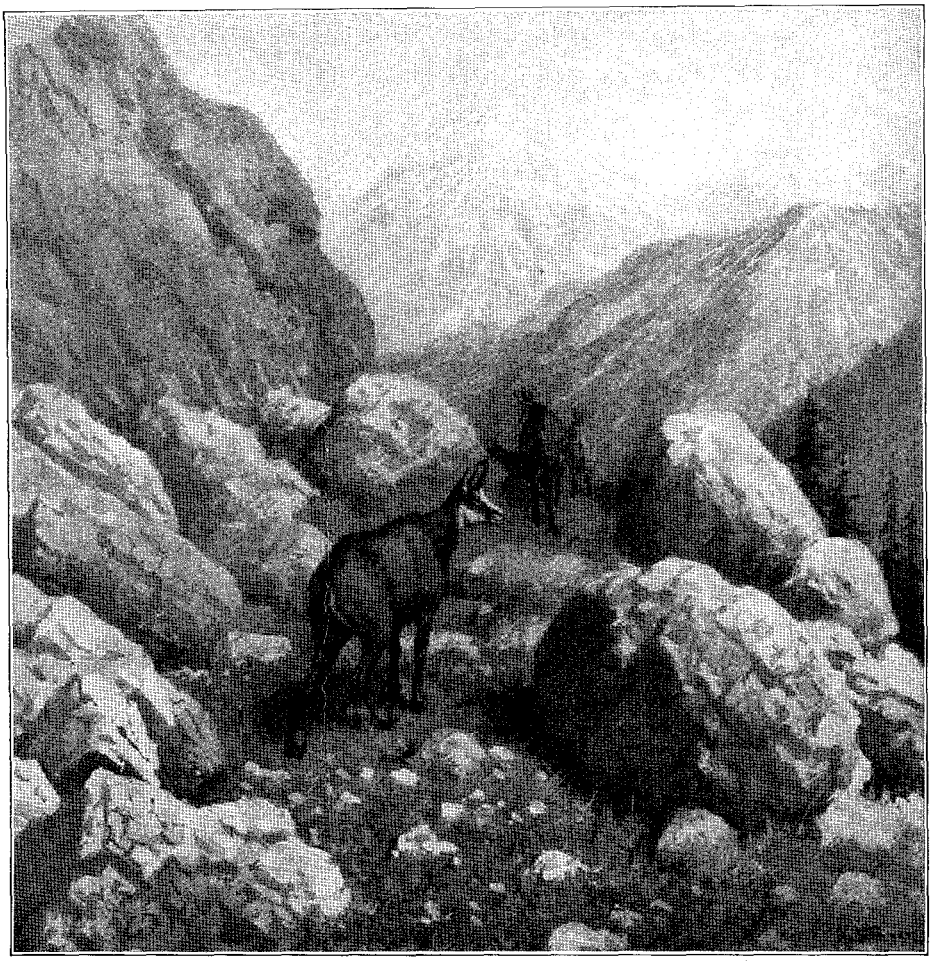
whether we deal with a comedy or a drama with bloodshed. The point is to advance with extreme care and under constant control of the wind to shooting-range; that is, in such a case the superiority of the native hunter shows most distinctly.

At last within range, the hunter has—if a whole flock is before him—to choose his



Chamois.

about eighty metres. Stooping and creeping, utilizing every cover and avoiding every noise, the hunter draws closer, like a cat to the bird. Often, however, this direct stalking is not possible, because the ground may not offer any cover or possibility of advancing noiselessly, or because gorges or crevasses bar the way. Then the position must be turned, an operation which may take hours. It stands to reason that this manœuvre has any chance of success only when combined with thorough knowledge of the locality, and that victim. Since shooting kids and suckling does is forbidden, he must select among the other animals, as far as possible, one whose position admits of hitting it in the shoulder-blade. If the doe has been separated from its kids by previous chasing it is difficult to tell her from the other animals, because the udder is very small and entirely hidden between the hind legs.

With the report of the rifle the whole flock springs up, hesitates an instant until the scent reveals to them where danger threatens, and rushes away. Very rarely

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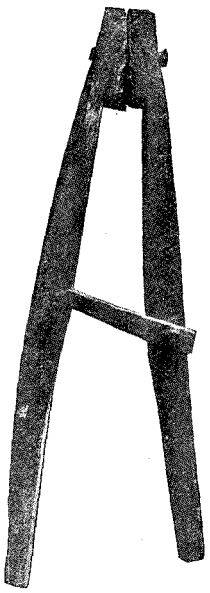
a hunter will succeed in placing a second shot during the momentary hesitation preceding the rush. The first one, of course, has been fired in the stooping attitude in which the man has crawled forward and which impedes his movements. He would therefore have to jump up, load afresh, and aim, manipulations which certainly do not require much time, but still more than it takes a chamois, as a rule, to get out of harm's way.

And yet three years ago a hunter of the Grisons managed to shoot from the same spot four chamois. He had viewed a flock grazing at the foot of a rocky wall. There was no possibility of approaching the animals across the open hillside between him and them. He had to turn them. In order to land in the proper place, he counted from below a number of projecting rocks in the wall which he meant to pass on his way down, and ascended the wall from its back. Looking down from the top, however, the aspect was so totally different from what he expected it to be from below that he had to estimate the direction and descend without marks. Having descended cautiously to a place which, according to the length of his course, could not be very far from the flock's pasture, he lifted himself a little to view the surroundings, and saw the animals couching unsuspectingly at a level with his position and within range. Between him and them extended a narrow gorge, the lower end of which was formed by a rock cut vertically on its outer face. The foremost animal was aimed at. As the report rang out the whole flock bounced up and rushed down into the gorge that divided them from their pursuer. But he, too, started to his feet, slipped a fresh cartridge into the barrel, and shot at short range an animal, galloping by, right through the shoulder-blade. The bullet, having gone through the animal's body, struck the ground immediately in front of the last two fugitives and kicked up a cloud of dust and splinters among the rotten stones of the gorge. The two, frightened, stopped short, and a third cartridge glided into the barrel. A third shot and the foremost of the animals fell, whilst the other tried to escape uphill. There in the steep rock the flight is slower and the bullet overtook the fourth and last victim. The first one had still been able to flee with the flock through the gorge but then had broken down under the rock at its mouth.



The trap.

The strange concatenation of circumstances and chances that led to this most extraordinary success shows how rarely a similar one may be obtained. Often, for instance, it will be impossible, in spite of all stratagems, to get within range. Up to a little more than two hundred metres a true shot is not unlikely to hit the animal. If so, it will generally be wounded only and remain somewhat behind the flying flock. In such a case a calm and experienced huntsman will not urge the game to a more speedy flight, which might possibly be successful, by firing once more. He will rather follow it, expecting that the loss of blood will finally arrest the escape. Thus he will come to a surer second shot and prevent the wounded animal perishing miserably and for nobody's good, which grieves a true hunter more than its escape.

If the circumstances are unfavorable, if a strong wind often changing its direction keeps blowing, or rain, blizzards, and fog veil the distance, even the most skilful hunter will come home empty-handed. He then must seek shelter in out-of-the-way Alpine huts or the little stone refuges of the shepherds, and may consider himself very happy if, instead of a chamois, he gets a chance to shoot a fat marmot. And yet the real hunter will be off whatever the weather, and will not miss a single one of the short nineteen days.

Every means is used to improve upon the uncertain chances of the difficult hunt. Salt-licks are the favorite method. They are made to attract and accustom the animals to certain places. Secretly, so that

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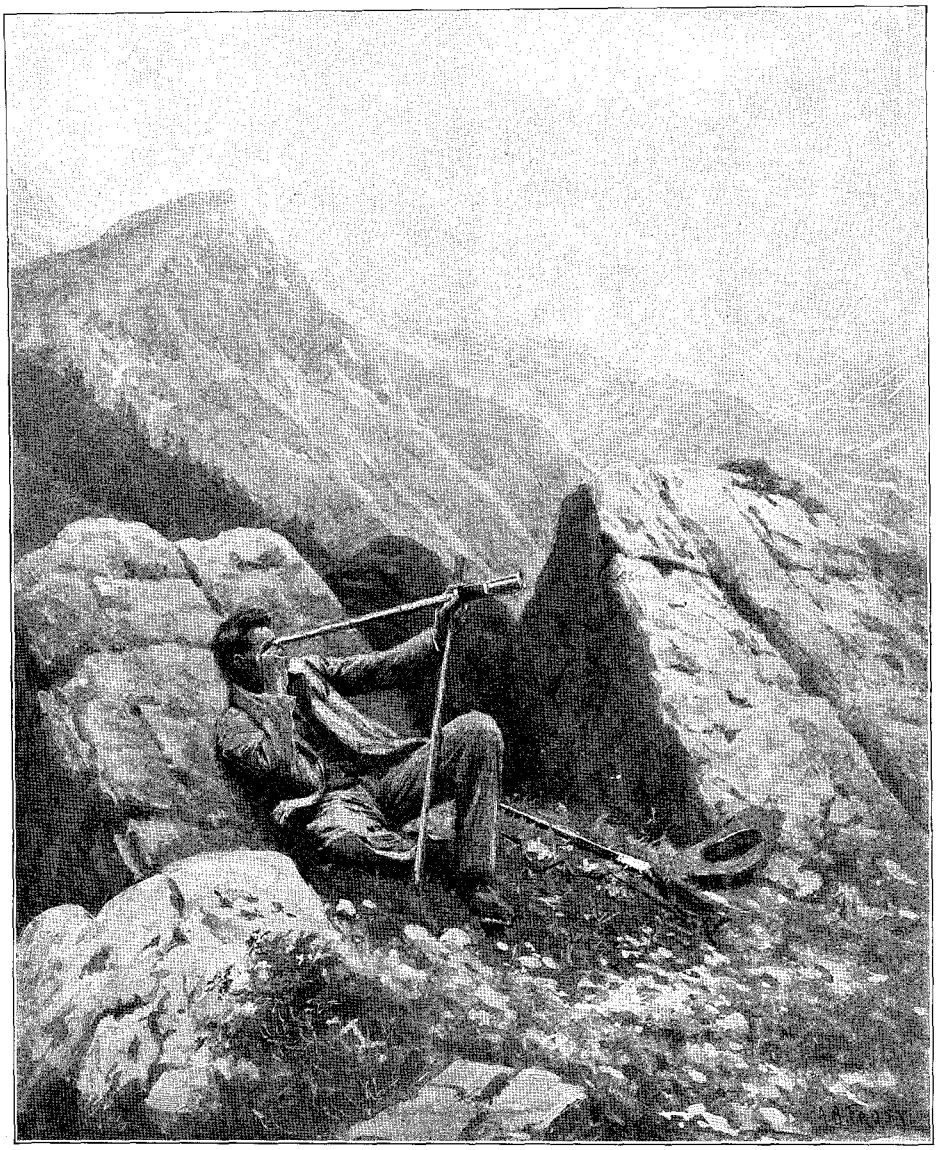
no other one may see him and reap the fruit of his labor, the hunter, long before the hunt is opened, puts out salt, either pure or in the shape of lick-stones made



Looking for game.

of gypsum or cement slaked with salted water. Still more effective and durable proves the painting of rocks with a mixture of salt, water, and gypsum. At the beginning of the hunt the animal is watched on its way to the lick. They do not shoot it while it is at it, because the surviving ones would not return to the place for a long while. Of course, even using these means, chamois-hunting does not turn into mere waylaying, since the impediments of wind and weather, and the interference of other hunters, remain. In some cases, particularly when a bigger flock has been sighted, several hunters make common cause, if surrounding the game prom-

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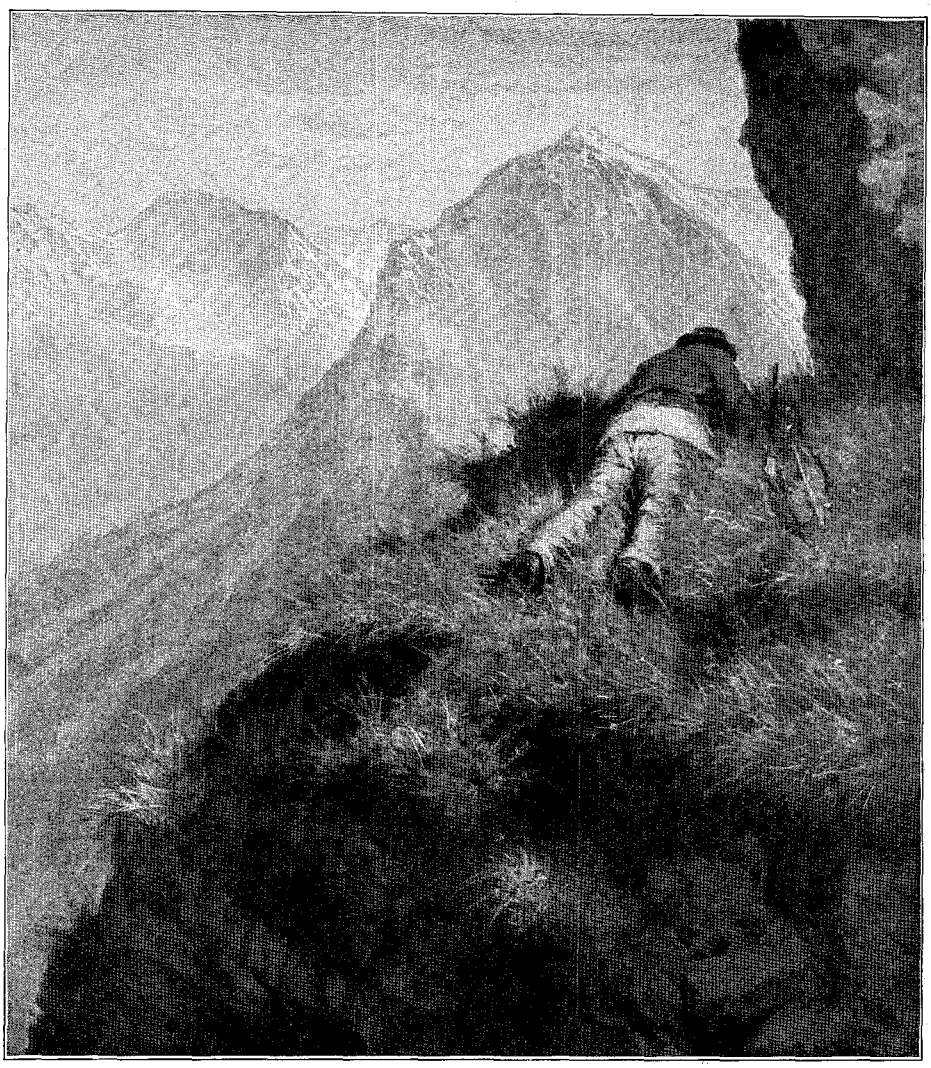

Waiting for a good shot.

ises a better result for each hunter than working separately. This is far from meaning a regular battue, which is impossible because there is no central direction or anybody who would pay for the beaters, who, apart from their wages, would have to have licenses. The affair is managed so that one man tries to get within range while the others at great intervals place themselves in those spots where the animals are likely to pass. Here, too, success is most uncertain, a chamois's opportunities for escape being always much more numerous than the hunters. Where an animal is difficult to get at, they try sometimes to bring it within range by one or two men approaching it from different directions, who start it fleeing toward a hunter on guard. Or sometimes the chamois runs into a dead lane, which leads to a projecting rock or one that blocks up the passage so that the game is compelled to return in order to continue its flight. Its pursuer, barring its way, may gather in rich spoils provided he be well posted. If his stand, however, should be on the narrow path of the fleeing game itself, he is in imminent danger of being over-

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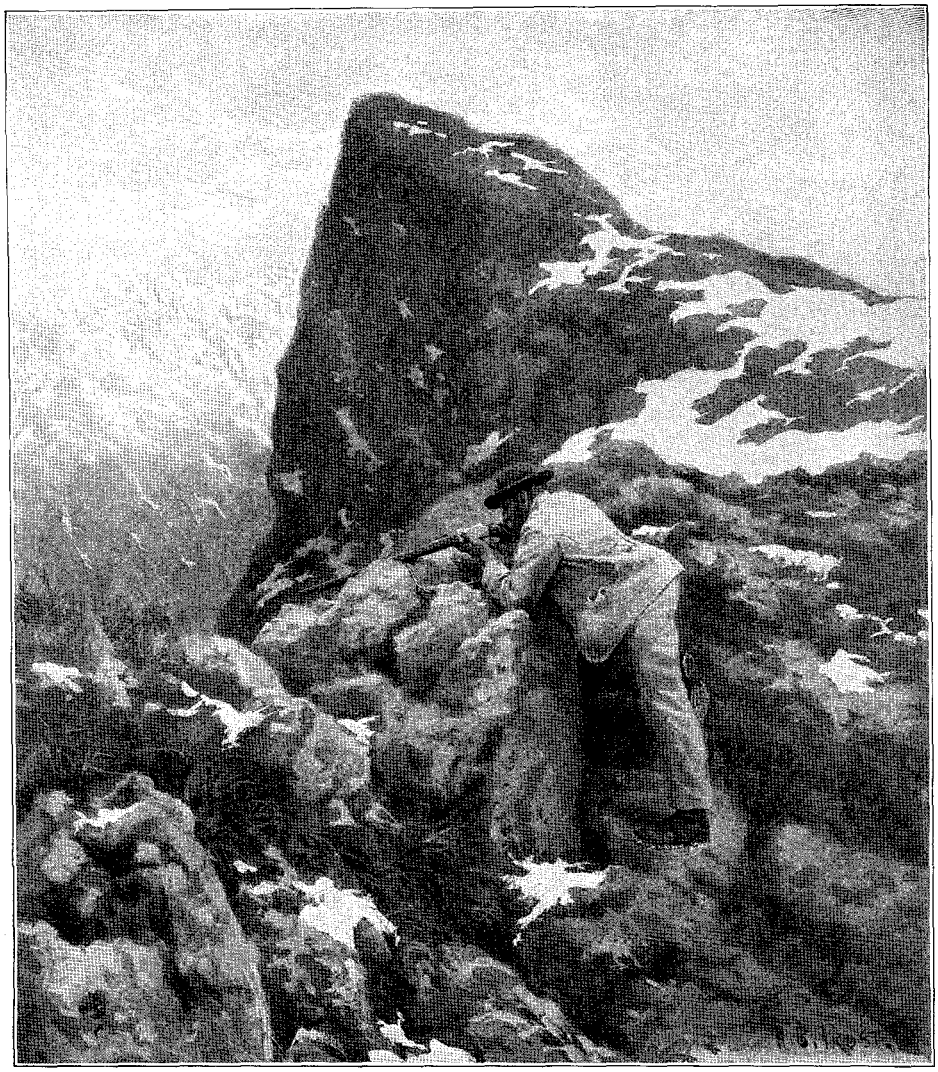

The shot.

run and flung into the abyss, or else the wounded animal falls down into some inaccessible place or is shattered in the depths for crows and birds of prey to feast upon. A fall from a considerable height may cause the bursting of the intestines, which makes the meat uneatable.

All the difficulties conquered and the animal safely killed, the roughest and most trying work begins. Often it is difficult and dangerous merely to reach the place where the game has fallen. All the zeal and ambition of a hunter are required. Lucky the man who is accustomed to carry his whole hay harvest on his own shoulders into the shed by loads of hundredweights, as the peasants of the high mountains do. To him the return home becomes a joyful triumph. As soon as the animal is brought to a fit place it is eviscerated. In order to carry it with the greatest amount of ease the front legs are tied to the hind ones; then the hunter slips his head between the body and the legs of the animal, so that they rest against his forehead. To avoid soreness, the hat is put in between, and to make the whole burden as compact as possible the ani-

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mal's head is bent backward and hooked under the knee of a front leg with one of the little horns. Thus the weight rests chiefly on the porter's neck, who must bend forward in order to diminish the pressure on his forehead. During the journey it will sometimes be possible to facilitate the job by dragging the burden over steep snow-covered fields or to roll it down some grassy slope.

Thus they proceed toward the bottom of the next valley or the nearest place offering some conveyance to a neighboring game dealer's or a railway station. In most cases this will be the small peasants' and tourists' inn situated at the upper end of some high valley. In the September hunting-season the inn is haunted by hunters only, when every night the general room shows a most lively aspect. The room is low, entirely wainscoted with wood, has small windows, which form deep recesses in the thick walls, a cupboard built into the wainscoting with numerous doors and drawers, and a huge stone stove, surrounded by a clothes-horse on which to hang up and dry the wet garments. At the fall of night hunters from all directions come together there. Gaiters and boots are taken off, the pipes lit, the guns cleaned, and the day's events talked over. The one who has brought home the richest booty finds the readiest listeners, especially when he has killed a chamois out of a flock which may be hunted in common next day. So a merry but usually rather quiet conviviality develops. When the ever new topic as well as the nourishing warm supper have been thoroughly enjoyed, the Swiss national play at cards, the "Jass," begins. He who takes it and his vocation as a hunter seriously is satisfied with one game, in order to be in good form on his way next morning before the break of day. Others whose enthusiasm is divided between hunting and "Jass" may still be found sitting up when the other starts.

The biggest, most mountainous canton in Switzerland, and at the same time the richest in game, is the Grisons. Its government in 1910 ordered a commission to examine the hunting question, from whose most interesting report the following statements are taken. In the five years from 1905 to 1909 chamois-hunting has twice been suspended, namely, in 1906 and 1908, and opened in the three other years from the 7th to the 25th of September. In these five years 4,418 chamois were killed, that is, an average of 884 per annum, or 1,475 per hunting season. In 1909, that is, after the close year of 1908, in nineteen days 1,580 were killed, which shows that the chamois increased rapidly after the close season. In the five years from 1900 to 1904 the hunt was open from the 1st to the 25th of September, and an average of 1,196 animals were killed. The commission estimated the living chamois of the canton for the month of August, 1909, at about 7,000 head, and held that by a proposed system of hunting-ground leases, under which the animals would be cared for during winter, the live stock might be brought to 20,000 head; and, moreover, the income which commonalties and the state draw from the hunt would be multiplied. Submitted to the plebiscitum, the bill proposing the system of hunting-ground leases was nevertheless rejected by a great majority. They would not allow their government to take away from them the right of freely roaming about the hunting-grounds of the whole canton, and accept in exchange a number of strictly limited leaseholds, which the rich only could rent. An increase of the license fee, however, to a three or fourfold amount would probably not have met with serious opposition. As a matter of fact, other cantons charge from sixty to eighty francs for the license, and at the same time offer fewer chances for game than the Grisons.

Formerly, that is, until the year 1874, hunting was practised by professionals, or at least those people whose income largely depended on the produce of the hunt. In those days hunting was sometimes altogether free, or open for a much longer period of the year; partly without effective supervision against poaching, and, above all, the most effective one, the mutual control by numerous license-holders. Moreover, the high mountain regions were then much less accessible than nowadays, when they are approachable by numerous paths and shelters. Then a single hunter, well acquainted with the remotest parts of his mountain district, and known to be a good shot and bold fel-

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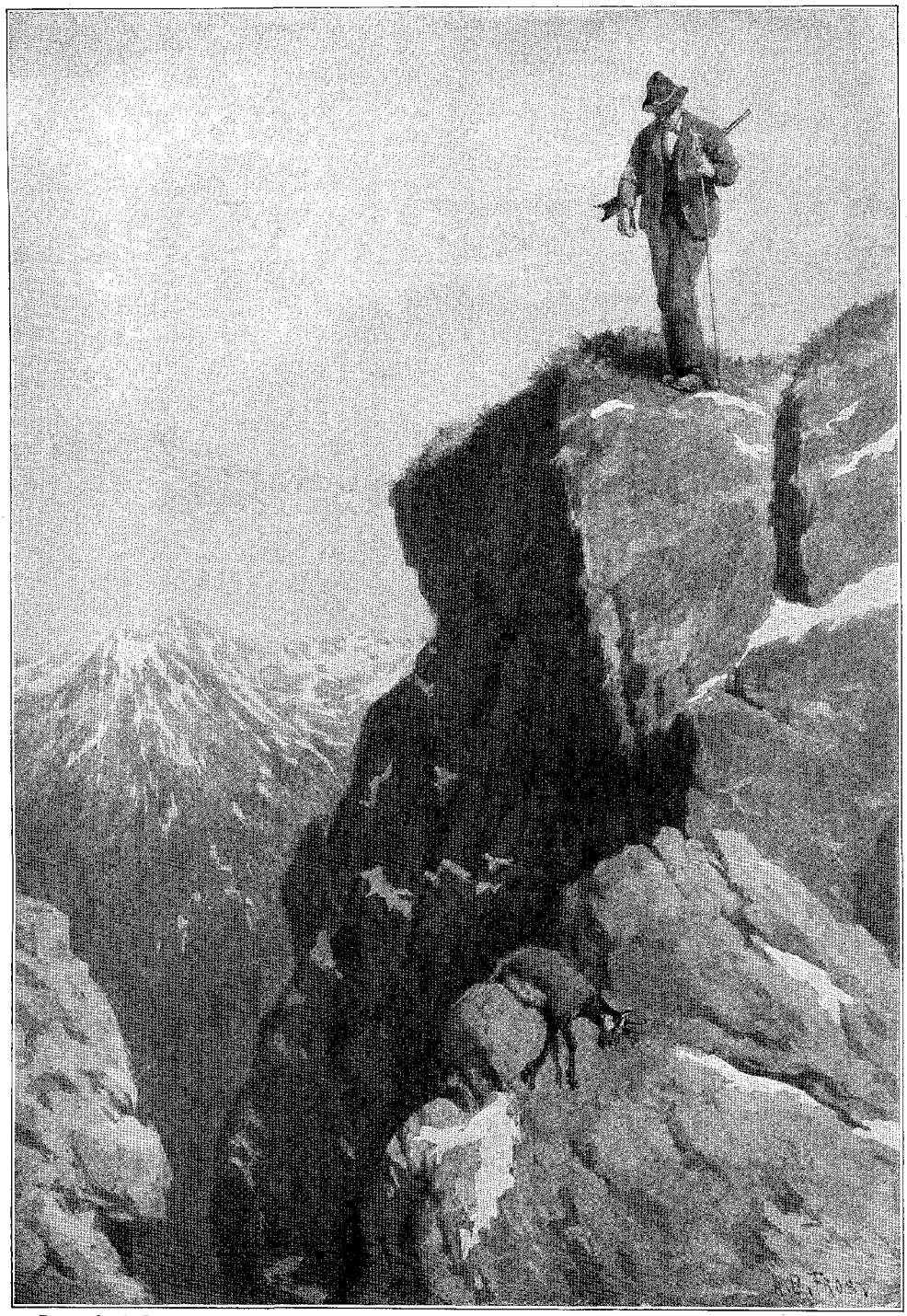

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

The quarry.

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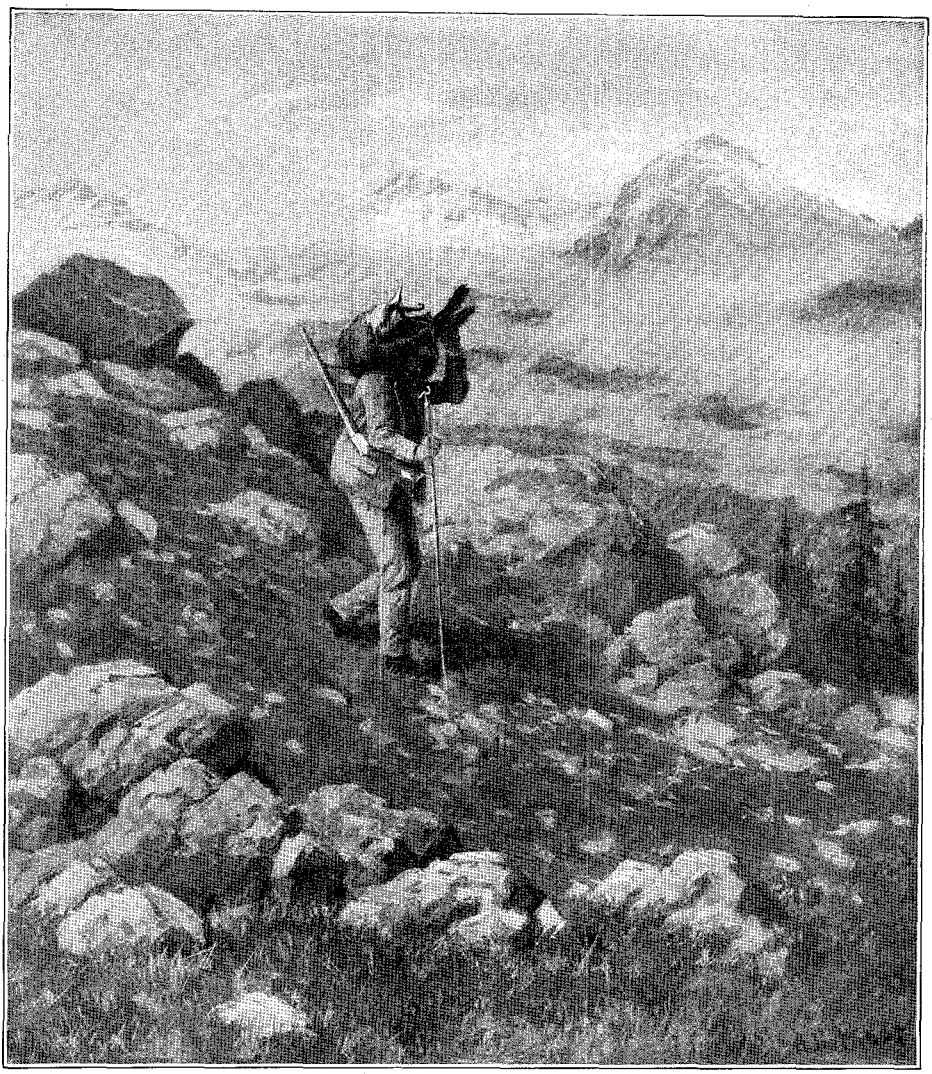

Bringing home the quarry.

low, could establish a kind of reign of terror. This reign was tacitly understood by the local population, because it was directed against those only who would have hunted in the usurped fields, and therefore it was not dangerous to the commonwealth. In so far as such a hunter was a great help to the peasants and shepherds in their struggle against beasts of prey, such as wolves and bears, and the damage caused by other kinds of game, he was often very popular.

Professional hunting under circumstances at that time so much more difficult required, of course, the most robust ones of a race of men robust in itself; accordingly the reports about the deeds of chamois-hunters of the last century often sound fabulous, even though authentic. The most interesting collection of accounts of such hunters' exploits are certainly found in F. von Tschudi's well-known and famous work, "Das Tierleben der Alpenwelt." Foremost amongst his heroes of the High Alps stands Johann Markus Colani, who by cunning and terror had secured the hunting monopoly throughout the vast territory of the Bernina group. Two thousand seven hundred chamois are said to have been that power-

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ful man's victims, and a certain number of men, too. A friend of his, A. Cadonau, of Bergün, asserts, however, that there was one only, a Tyrolese poacher, who was shot by Colani, near Piz Ot. To-day it would probably not be possible to find out what really happened eighty years ago and longer in the remote gorges and rocks of the Bernina. Anyway, it is not very probable that the choleric and violent man would have dismissed amiably a poacher from his hunting-ground, and that a third person who by chance had been witness of the deed would have felt tempted to bring a complaint against him.

Another hunter of the Grisons of a later period, whose name is still alive amongst the population, was Jacob Spinas. He started hunting when twelve years old, and after twenty-two years had killed about 600 chamois. The Bergell, too, the southmost valley of the Canton des Grisons, that extends from the upper Engadine down to the Lake of Lugano, has always turned out excellent hunters; so also Pietro Soldini from Stampa, who until the year 1868 had shot 1,200 to 1,300 chamois, 49 thereof in one season.

Most fascinating are Tschudi's descriptions of those perils and exertions of the hunters to which the greater number finally succumbed, whilst a few most marvellously escaped. One, on a narrow cornice with a yawning chasm underneath, fights a strong buck to the death; another is seized by an avalanche and his bruised body swept down into the valley; high up among the rocks they find the skeleton of a third in the place to which he had been able to drag himself, with an ankle broken when his strength failed and he perished by hunger and cold. Many were never heard of again; they went and did not return.

The city visitor who spends his holidays in the High Alps, when he sees the hunter coming down with blood-stained jacket and with the noble chamois on his shoulder, is probably shocked at such brutality and cruelty. He certainly would never be dangerous to a chamois, and the struggle for existence that man fights against man in the big cities of the plain costs no blood; but the greater inequality of their weapons makes it more cruel and imbittering than that between the strong, fleet game and its daring hunter.

SOLACE

By Walter Malone

WHEN I am bowed with grief, let me not say,
"Lord, I am cheered in mine adversity
To know that countless thousands in this world
To-day are bowed with burdens heavier
Than those allotted unto me." Let not
The selfish thought that hearts of others ache
With pangs more poignant than mine own, be made
A balm to soothe me to contentedness.
No, rather let me say, "Though I am thrall
To sorrow, it is comfort unto me
To know that countless others at this hour
Are glad of heart. I thank Thee that my gloom
Eclipses not the noontide of their joy."
O brother, though my hearth be desolate,
Lonely and dreary, let my solace be
To know that in thy house is warmth and love,
Dancing and feasting, and the sound of mirth:
Yea, brother, let my worthier comfort be
To know thy path is bright though mine is dark.

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A PATRIOTIC PILGRIMAGE

By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton
Author of "Martha Washington," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

AMERICAN interest in England will centre for some months around a picturesque hamlet in Northamptonshire on whose outskirts lies the Manor of Washington. The British Committee for the Celebration of the Hundred Years of Peace between England and the United States, by buying the English home of the family of George Washington, has paid a graceful and generous tribute to the character and ability of the former's quondam foe. For many years Sulgrave has been regarded by students of American history as a point of interest; but not until 1888, when Mr. Henry F. Waters proved that the Sulgrave Washingtons were the direct ancestors of George Washington, had they come to regard this little village in Northamptonshire as a genuine historic shrine.

When his Excellency General Washington said, in reply to Sir Isaac Heard's questions about the English origin of his family, that he had always heard that they came from Lancashire or Yorkshire or a still more northerly county of England, he little knew that he was starting genealogists of the future upon a hunt as exciting as one of his own Virginia fox-hunts. From the days of Washington Irving to our own time genealogists have engaged, more or less profoundly, in this sport, and we can only wonder that the ingenious and imaginative Weems resisted the temptation of supplying his hero with an appropriate line of ancestors. Colonel Chester, keen genealogist that he was, was thrown off the scent by Washington's own statement that his was a north country family. In this he was quite correct, but he evidently did not know of the removal of the Washingtons from Whitfield and Warton township, Lancaster County, to Northamptonshire prior to the emigration to America. Colonel Chester, making no allowance for migratory habits among the English, who usually stayed where they happened to be born, unless they came to America, overlooked many valuable leadings toward Sulgrave. Again, as if further to confuse him and his brother genealogists, is the fact that there are quite distinct footprints of the Washingtons in and around Durham prior to their settlement in Lancashire. Near Durham is Washington Hall and the hamlet of Washington, once Wassington or "Town of the Wassings," dating back to the days of the Conqueror.* This Washington Hall at Durham, now a tenement-house, affords another shrine that may some day be visited by the curious American tourist; but Sulgrave being nearer in time to the emigration of the Washington brothers is the most interesting spot in England associated with the family.

Strange as it may seem, after searches and researches in which Mr. Waters, Colonel Joseph L. Chester, and Sir Henry Drayton engaged for years, with ardor such as belongs to a still hunt after a baffling historical fact, a scrap of parchment found in the parish register of Tring brought them back at last to the simple statement made by Washington Irving: "The branch of the family to which our Washington immediately belongs, sprang from Lawrence Washington, Esquire, of Gray's Inn, son of John Washington of Warton in Lancashire." The only difference in Irving's treatment of this genealogical puzzle is that he seems to have overlooked one generation of the Lancashire Washingtons.

Interesting as Sulgrave will doubtless prove to the American visitor, his patriotic pilgrimage will be quite incomplete if it does not include Brington, where the

*The Wassingtons or Washingtons probably dwelt in Yorkshire before settling in Lancashire. We find mention of them, however, as owners of land in Lancashire as early as 1261 when they held half of a village in Carneford, and in 1484 a John Wassington, thirty years of age and upwards, is spoken of as son and heir of Robert Wassington, who died December 7, 1483. . . . (From Townley's "Abstracts of Lancashire Inquisitions," vol. II, p. 117.)

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Washingtons made their home for some years after they left Sulgrave, and also Ecton, the quaint little village in which the ancestors of Benjamin Franklin lived for many years. Both of these places are in the same county and within easy motoring or driving distance. In their eager quest after data concerning the English home of the Washingtons many historians have overlooked the coincidence that the ancestors of the two men whose influence was so great upon the early fortunes of the United States lived for several generations in the same county of England. Parton, adverting to this circumstance, and following in the footsteps of the aristocratic Irving, makes the following picturesque contrast between the two families: "Knights, abbots, lords of the manor, valiant defenders of cities and partakers of the spoils of conquest, bore the name of Washington, whose deeds and honors are recorded in ancient parchment, upon memorial brass and monumental stone. Franklin, on the contrary, came of a long line of village blacksmiths. A Franklin may have tightened a rivet in the armor, or replaced a shoe upon the horse of a Washington, or doffed his cap to a Washington riding past the ancestral forge; but, until Postmaster Franklin met Colonel Washington in the camp of General Braddock in 1755, the two races had run their several ways without communion."

This paragraph would only serve to provoke a smile, in view of the distinguished ability and achievements of the two men, did they not both owe certain characteristics to their English ancestry. The soldierly qualities, the habit of command, the stanch loyalty, the high courage, and the marked dignity and reserve of Washington, who had spent his early years in the simple life of colonial Virginia, may well be regarded as ancestral traits, while in Benjamin Franklin we find reproduced the perseverance, industry, inventiveness, shrewdness, and keen insight into character which belonged to a long line of village blacksmiths who needed in their business to use their heads as well as their hands to good purpose, and naturally studied men as they came and went in the course of their busy lives. One biographer goes so far as to attribute Franklin's unequalled power of holding his tongue upon occasions to the ancestral village smith who, hearing all the gossip of his little world, needed to observe great discretion in the repeating of it.* If in affairs of state Franklin knew how to be discreetly silent, about his own concerns he was open and communicative, in which again he differed from Washington. When the latter was approached with regard to his English connections he dismissed the question courteously but summarily. He had heard that the English family had lived in one of the northern counties of England—this much he had heard and he gave himself no further concern in the matter, as if to say, whoever his English forebears may have been and in whatever part of England they may have lived, he himself was a Virginia gentleman—that fact sufficed. Franklin, on the contrary, having, as he acknowledged, a curiosity in collecting family anecdotes and a habit of making notes, recorded in his autobiography, with evident pride, the fact that he was descended from sturdy Northamptonshire yeomen who had held land in the village of Ecton for three hundred years and more, adding that the eldest son had always been bred a smith, a custom which was followed by his father. Well equipped as he was with ancestral lore, it is not strange that, at the time of his first mission to England, Franklin should have made his way to Ecton to pay his respects to the memory of those who had gone, and to enter into pleasant relations with members of the family still living in the neighboring town of Wellingborough.

He who to-day delights in genealogical quests may readily imagine the interest with which Franklin turned from serious affairs of state to spend a few days in the lovely midland county of old England in which his forebears had lived for three centuries or more. This historical pilgrimage may be made now with far less fatigue than in Franklin's day—by rail from London or in a five-mile drive from Northampton. The Manor farm-house, still

*The village smith was a man of importance in early times, as there was then scope for his craftsmanship in both practical and decorative matters, and the forge seems to have been a part of the Franklins' heritage. They were freeholders, as the name indicates, the term Franklin being in use as early as the days of Chaucer, who says:

"This worthy Franklin bore a purse of silk
Fixed to his girdle, white as morning milk."

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standing, has frequently been spoken of as the early home of the Franklins. There is no proof of this, although the records of Ecton show that a stone house belonging to the family was sold to the Lords of the Manor in 1740. The village church is well worth a visit, as here are to be seen tombstones and records which prove that Franklin was able to read his title clear to ancestors who were landowners in Northamptonshire for many generations, while the line of the Washington family has been definitely settled only within a few years, which brings us back to Sulgrave and its associations.

Some years ago, while travelling from York to London, an English lady who happened to be seated near me in the railway compartment spoke authoritatively of Sulgrave as the ancestral home of the Washingtons, and wondered that Americans interested in the history of their country should not more frequently visit this old town. At that time so many doubts had been thrown upon Sulgrave that I felt disposed to reserve my enthusiasm until I could be quite sure of having found the true goal of pilgrimage, recalling the story told of a patriotic visitor to Mount Vernon who was found shedding tears over the old ice-cave, under the impression that he was weeping over the tomb of the *pater patriæ*.

It was not until 1907 that I visited Sulgrave. Being in Oxford and misled by the fact that the places lie near each other on the map, my friend and I set forth upon what seemed to be a short journey; I believe, however, that one can make more changes of train in twenty miles in England than anywhere else, and although we left Oxford at nine in the morning we did not reach Sulgrave until long after noon. At Banbury, immortalized in nursery rhyme, there was a change of cars, and finding that the connection between Woodford and Helmdon involved a wait of nearly two hours, we secured a brougham, and so between hedges of hawthorn, and in rain and sunshine, we drove to Sulgrave, via Culworth. Upon this visit we saw the church, the Washington tablets, and the Manor House; but on the whole the visit was unsatisfactory, as we had no intelligent guide. Just before leaving Sulgrave we met the vicar, who told us many interesting things about the church and the Manor House, but regretted the absence of his sister, who had, he said, made a study of the Sulgrave Washingtons. At the vicar's suggestion I afterward corresponded with this intelligent Englishwoman, who offered to answer all my questions but at the same time urged me to come again to Sulgrave: "Come talk to me, my dear lady," she wrote; "I am the romantic one of the family; come as soon as you can." This, you will admit, was a sufficiently enticing invitation, as romantic people are usually enthusiastic, and nothing in the world is as contagious as enthusiasm! Being practical also, and thrifty, my correspondent had appended to her letter a list of trains and connections with a minute table of expenses down to the last penny, after the delightfully exact English fashion.

By far the most direct route to Sulgrave is from London by the Great Central to Helmdon; but being in Oxford, in October, 1909 I again made my journey from there. As the weather was quite hopeless on the morning of the one day that remained for this expedition, and having a foolish American prejudice against visiting rural landmarks in a pouring rain, I waited for the noon train to Helmdon, and so again journeyed by winding ways, but fortunately in sunshine which never seems quite so beautiful as in England. Heavy clouds still overhung the meadows of emerald-green, as green as June fields in America; the woods that skirted the meadows were of a darker shade, with a suggestion of October in the scarlet of the rose hips on the hedges and of the rowan-berries, with here and there a touch of russet-brown. The land swells gently from the dead level of Oxford northward, for not far away are the Basset Hills, and Edgehill, where the first battle was fought between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians, in which struggle George Washington's English relatives took part on the royalist side. At Banbury we exchanged the railway-train for an electric tram to Woodford, where we took still another train to Helmdon. All these changes, although the distance is not over twenty-five miles! I wired *en route*, as directed by my English friend, to James Watson, carrier, Brackley, this last being the post village nearest to Helmdon. No carrier's wagon was to be seen when I

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The Manor farmhouse, Ecton, has frequently been spoken of as the early home of the Franklins.—Page 775.

reached Helmdon, a charmingly picturesque little village where every one knows the business of his neighbor. As in Barrie's "Thrums," it would have been impossible for Lawyer Ogilvy's servant Cassieky to have gone to the T'nowhead farm for extra milk without Jess and all her neighbors knowing there was to be company at the Ogilvys' and that "they'll be ha'in' a puddin' for supper the nicht." So the station-master, with the air of one in authority, said that he had just seen the carrier's son, who had told him where his father had gone—he could not say how long this errand would delay him—on his return he would find my telegram and in answer to it he would reach the station at Helmdon "sometime during the afternoon." This information not being entirely satisfactory, and as it was then three o'clock and Sulgrave and its treasures lay only two miles away, I set forth to walk, but was soon overtaken by the carrier himself, who entertained me during the drive with the agricultural and social affairs of the countryside.

Sulgrave appears in Lewis's Topographical Dictionary as a parish in the union of Brackley, containing five hundred and sixty inhabitants. As we drove through the little straggling hamlet, with its one shop that is also the post-office, I wondered where the over five hundred souls were lodged—the houses are so few and so small. The parish is large, however, including two thousand acres, even if the living is pitifully poor, as the parish church is a discharged vicarage, valued in the King's books at £9, 17s. To the west of the little church of Saint James, with its square tower, so common among early English churches, is Castle Hill, around which many traditions cluster; but the crowning glory of the sleepy little town of Sulgrave, its title to distinction even in the English mind, is that it was the home of the ancestors of the great American. Perhaps also, back of the glory, in the minds of these thrifty villagers, is the hope of possible revenue accruing to Sulgrave from the open hands of patriotic American tourists coming here to do honor to the ancestral home of Washington. For, however genealogists may have queried and doubted and wandered far afield on a false scent after the Washington line, even to Scandinavia, to Ireland, and later to Yorkshire and Middlesex, the family at

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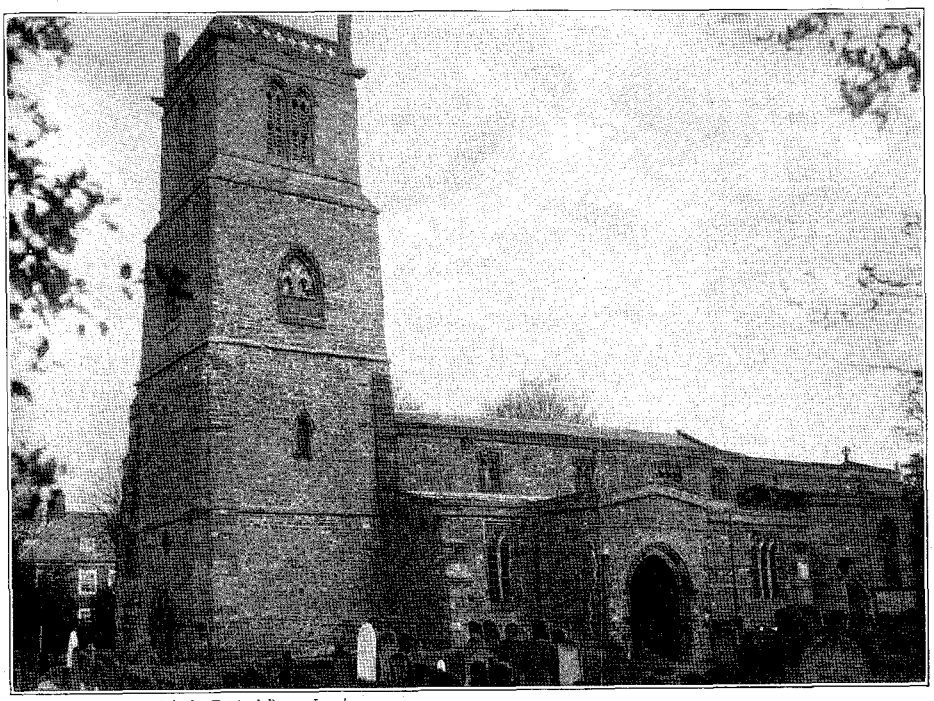
the vicarage, where the living has been held by the Ardennes for several generations, seems never to have wavered in its belief that Sulgrave Manor was the home of the forefathers of George Washington. Tradition may go wrong in certain details, that monarch. In the pavement of the south aisle is a stone slab bearing effigies of Lawrence Washington, his wife Amy or Amee, and their four sons and seven daughters. The inscription, in black letter, is dated 1564. When Washington



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The village church, Ecton. Here are to be seen tombstones and records which prove that Franklin was able to read his title clear.—Page 776.

but it is not likely to go far astray in the framework of an historical structure.

As I had been invited to stay over night at the vicarage, the afternoon—all that was left of it—was mine, and between showers, with a cheering regale of tea and plum-cake sandwiched in between trips, my enthusiastic and intelligent cicerone conducted me to the church and Manor House. The church came first, early English in architecture, the beautiful north door with its carving dating back to 1350, other parts of the building being of later date, about 1650. As if to guarantee the antiquity of the Sulgrave church there is in the chancel a leper's squint which belongs only to very ancient sanctuaries, while carvings in stone of Edward III and his wife Philippa go to prove that it was built or rebuilt during the reign of Irving visited Sulgrave, prior to 1855, the brasses of the slab were still intact. Since then some vandal, supposed to have been an American, has despoiled most of the effigies of their glory. A member of the Washington family in England has placed a tablet on the east wall, near the Washington pew, and has had the remaining brasses on the slab securely fastened to the floor. The wall-tablet bears the following inscription, a copy of that on the floor:

HERE LIES BURIED YE BODIES
OF LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, GENT. AND
AMEE HIS WIFE BY WHOM HE HAS
ISSUE IIII SONS AND VII DAUGHTERS.
HE LAWRENCE DYED THE — DAY OF
— ANº 15— AND AMEE THE VI DAY
OF OCTOBER. 1564.

Lawrence Washington survived his wife Amee more than twenty years and the

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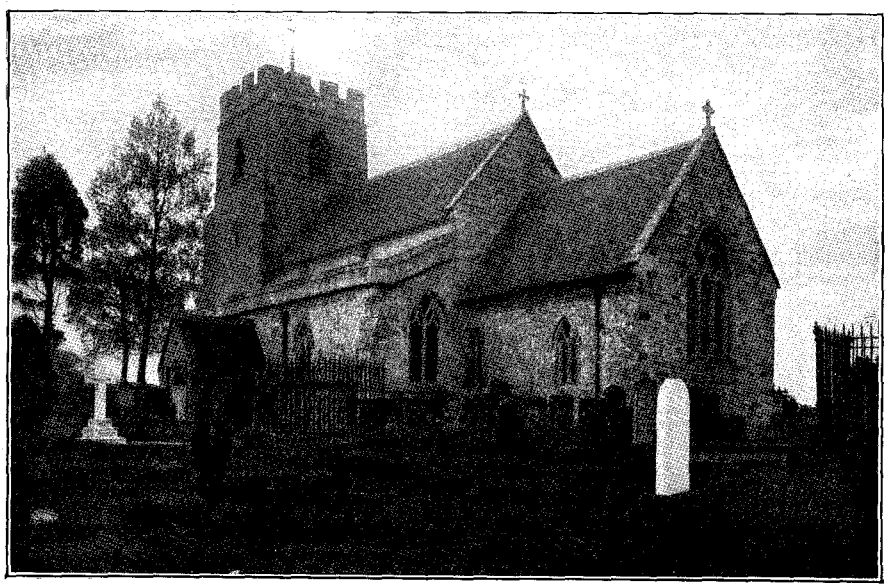
The little straggling hamlet of Sulgrave.—Page 777.

date of his death, October 19, 1585, was evidently not added to the inscription, although he was buried in the Sulgrave church. Both wall-tablet and slab bear the Washington arms in color—argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second. Hither from Sulgrave Manor came Lawrence Washington to sit in the family pew with his wife Amee, whose effigy with those of her eleven children once shone forth in memorial brass. Fortunately, drawings of these figures have been preserved, which represent the four sons in frock coats—the old coat that was really like a frock—and the seven daughters in close caps and long gowns, the mother in the costume of a woman of rank in Tudor times, while the father, Lawrence Washington, appears in the long fur-bordered robe of a mayor. This Lawrence Washington, of Gray's Inn, son of John Washington of Warton, Lancashire, and of Margaret Kytson, was a successful wool merchant in 1539 when he bought Sulgrave Manor. As his maternal uncle was one of England's foremost merchants, it is reasonable to suppose that the nephew was attracted to commerce by the success of his kinsman, who was known as "Kytson the Merchant." Another reason for Lawrence Washington's engaging in the wool business in Northamptonshire is that his neighbor, Sir John Spencer, with whom



The church came first, early English in architecture.—Page 778.

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he was connected by marriage, was the foremost patron of the wool trade in the Midlands. This first Lord Spencer, knighted by Henry VIII, is said to have aspired to possess twenty thousand sheep, but never could count more than nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine at one time.

Lawrence Washington of Gray's Inn lived in or near Northampton before his removal to Sulgrave, and besides being a successful wool merchant was evidently a man of some importance in the community, as he was twice mayor of the town and one of the original trustees of the Free Grammar School. It was not from Lawrence Washington's eldest son, Sir Lawrence, that our Virginians were descended, but from his second son Robert. This Robert married Elizabeth Light, of Warwickshire, and through her the Sulgrave Manor came into the family, being already vested in her father-in-law, Lawrence, the mayor. Robert Washington and his wife lived at Sulgrave until 1610, when he and his son Lawrence sold the Manor to Lawrence Makepeace, Esquire, of Lincoln's Inn.*

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Hither from Sulgrave Manor came Lawrence Washington to sit in the family pew with his wife Amee.—Page 779.

It is quite plain that at this time the Washingtons had fallen upon evil days and the removal of Robert and his son to Brington, which was part of the Spencer estate, was doubtless in consequence of the family connection with Earl Spencer through the Kytsons and Pargiters. That this nobleman befriended his Washington kinsfolk is proved by the fact that Lucy Washington is spoken of as "lady housekeeper" in the Spencer family, and that the names of the young Washingtons appear upon the registers of Althorpe as frequent guests of the house. Although Robert Washington did not own Sulgrave Manor after 1610, he desired that his body should be buried where his father's was, in front of his pew in the church, under the same stone. Lawrence Washington, son of Robert, died before his father and was buried at Brington in 1616. His son, the Reverend Lawrence of Purleigh, born in 1602, was the father of the John and Lawrence Washington who came to Virginia about 1658.

Leaving the church and its epitaphs, we turned to more cheerful memorials of the Sulgrave Washingtons, and walking down Church Street, soon reached the old Manor House. By crossing a field we entered the court upon which kitchen and side door

* Lawrence Makepeace, the purchaser of Sulgrave, was a grandson of old Lawrence Washington the mayor; so that, although the Washington Manor passed out of possession of those of the name, it still belonged for some years to those of Washington blood. It was in the family altogether for a hundred and twenty years.

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Sulgrave Manor is now little more than a farmhouse.

both open. The house is of limestone in fairly good preservation, and either only a portion of the old house has been preserved or it was never completed according to Lawrence Washington's orginal plan, which makes it appear odd in style and architecture. The court from which we entered is not the front of the house, as the great door is on the other side, facing to the southeast, and leads into what was once a large hall, now divided into dairy and living-room. When Washington Irving visited the Manor House he noticed the Washington crest (the raven or eagle wings) in colored glass on a window of what was then used as a buttery. He says that another window, on which the entire family arms was emblazoned, had been removed. Sir Henry Drayton, a local genealogist of repute, referred to two similar compositions in the possession of Lady Hanmer which are known to have come from the Manor House at Sulgrave, and others at Fawsley Church, presumably from the same place.

Sulgrave Manor is now little more than a farmhouse, yet there are many indications that it was a building of size and importance in its day. Over the front entrance is a shield embossed in plaster, now quite indistinct, said to have once

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Over the front entrance is a shield embossed in plaster . . . above this shield in the gable are the royal arms.

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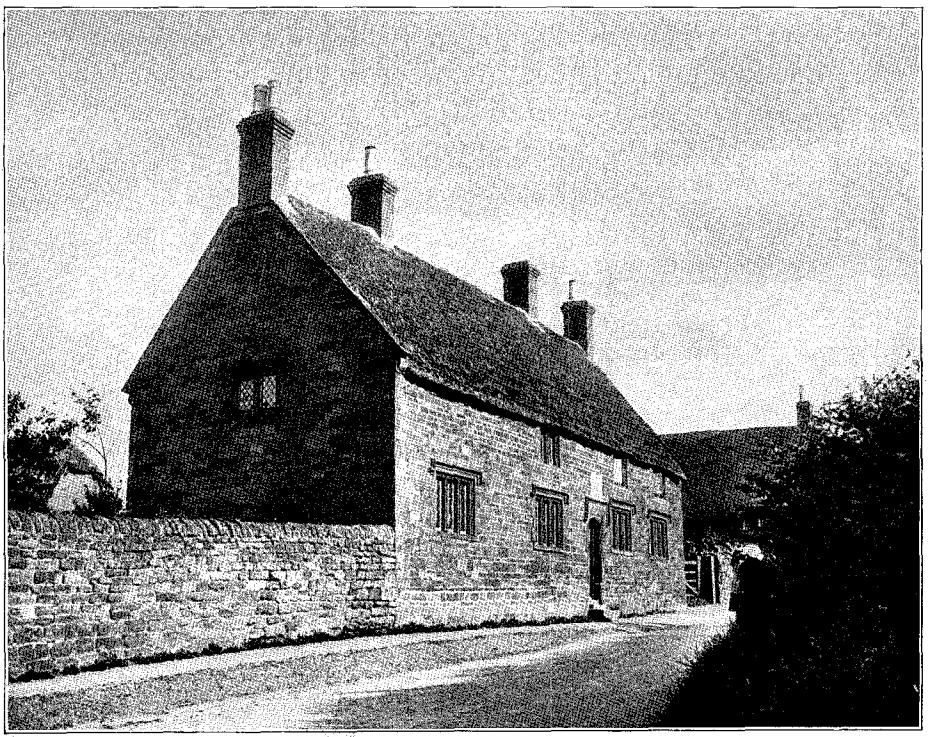
borne the Washington arms. Above this shield in the gable are the royal arms, with a lion and griffin, or dragon, as supporters, and in the same embossed plaster-work are the initials E. R.—not Edward Rex, but Elizabeth Regina. In the two spandrels of this principal door are the Washington arms, with the mullets or stars and the bars sunk instead of relieved, and in the apex of the gable the arms again appear above the royal arms. This door leads into the hall, on one side of which is the living-room with large windows from which the mullions have been removed. On the left-hand side of the entrance we noticed a niche which was once used for holy water, as this house was an ancient priory of Saint Andrew's, before it was discharged by Henry VIII. The present living-room of the house is a large square room with dark oak beams in the ceiling and a generous fireplace, which has been filled up with some unsightly modern heating apparatus; this and the tasteless furniture were so out of place in the old room that we were glad to escape from its incongruities and make our way up the handsome dark-oak stairway, with its twisted oak balusters, to a spacious room above, simply furnished as a bedroom. It was in this room that Lawrence Washington, son of Robert, and ancestor of George Washington, was born. At the head of the stairway is a large closet, which was pointed out to us as of special interest as the place where Queen Elizabeth hid while engaged in a game of hide-and-seek during a visit to the Manor House, when Robert Washington was living here. It is said that this queen, who seems to have had the same talent as our own Washington for sleeping about in different houses, spent a night here on one of her royal progresses; and desiring some light diversion before retiring to rest engaged with her host and his guests in a game of hide-and-seek. After a suitable time of looking elsewhere the sportive lady was found in this large closet, and much praised by her diplomatic host for



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Walk by country roads to Little Brington, where another Washington house is to be seen.—Page 784.

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A short half-mile from Little Brington is Great Brington. In the church, beautifully situated upon rising ground, we find Washington tombs.—Page 784.

finding so good a hiding-place. So runs the tale, and, whether true or not, it serves to light up the sombre old house, fast falling into ruin, with the light and color that belonged to royal progresses and pageants.

To Americans who are interested in Old World associations with the family of our first President, upon this peace anniversary between the two great English-speaking nations, I say, as my enthusiastic friend said to me, come to Sulgrave, cross the threshold so often crossed by the men and women who lived and loved within these walls, sit

Road leading to the church at Great Brington.

by the chimney-place where they once sat with their children, and look out from the windows upon the green fields and hedges of the old England that they loved and that we love to-day, and see how the surroundings, side-lights, and village traditions give reality and substance to the story of the Washingtons who lived here more than three centuries ago. From Sulgrave go to Northampton, as I did, and see among its many memorials, dating far back in English history, the name of the first Lawrence Washington with the dates of his services upon the mayors'

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shields in the town hall. Then drive through Althorpe Park, the fine well-wooded estate of Lord Spencer, or walk by country roads, set about with pretty thatched cottages, to Little Brington, where another Washington house is to be seen. Over the doorway of this dwelling is a tablet bearing the devout inscription:

THE LORD GEVETH
THE LORD TAKETH
AWAY BLESSED BE THE
NAME OF THE LORD
CONSTRUCTA 1606.

From the date upon this tablet it was evidently placed upon the house before the Washingtons sold Sulgrave Manor and moved to Little Brington. In the old garden some distance from the house is a sundial upon whose stone face the Washington arms are carved with the initials R. W. and the date 1617.

Memorial of Benjamin Franklin in Ecton Church.

A short half-mile from Little Brington is Great Brington, typical English village, tidy, comfortable, and well cared for by its owner, Lord Spencer. In the church, beautifully situated upon rising ground, are the richly carved tombs of the Spencers, from the first Baron Robert to recent times. Here again we find Washington tombs, that of Lawrence, son of Robert Washington of Sulgrave, set in the stone floor of the chancel. Upon this tomb, the Washington mullets and bars are impaled with the three goblets of the Butlers both very handsomely carved in the stone. After seeing the stars and bars as they appear upon Lawrence Washington's tomb we cannot wonder that many persons have attributed the design of the American flag to this source, a very natural inference and one that has never been disproved. On the seal and book-plate used by General Washington the arms are given as upon the tomb of Lawrence Washington at Brington, except that the Butler goblets are omitted. The story in the Washington family is that a ring which had been for some years in the possession of an aunt of the Reverend Lawrence Washington of Purleigh was given to him by her, and in turn given by him to his son John, the emigrant to Virginia. As the early settlers of America did not trouble themselves much about heraldic symbols or quarterings, the three goblets of the Butlers were not missed by John Washington, and the seal as it stood while the family lived at Sulgrave has always been used by the American Washingtons.

This patriotic pilgrimage might well be extended to Purleigh in Essex, where the Reverend Lawrence Washington, the great-great-grandfather of George Washington, held a living which was subsequently sequestered from him by the Parliamentarians, he being on the Royalist side and his two brothers, Sir William and Sir John, in the army of the King. It matters little to us to-day upon which side the Washingtons fought in the civil war in England—it is enough for us to know that they were loyal to the cause which they espoused, and I must confess to a distinct thrill of enthusiasm when I learned that Sir Henry Washington, own cousin to the Virginia emigrants, refused to surrender Worcester to the Parliamentarians even when menaced by greatly superior numbers, with lack of ammunition and food staring him in the face, because, as he loyally stated, he "awaited his Majesty's commands."

General Washington's high courage and loyalty in the darkest days of the Revolution seem to have been hereditary traits. The old motto of the family was in his blood as well as upon his arms—*the end crowns the work*, or, as the even more opposite legend of his Butler ancestors reads, *Persevere, never despair*. No commander ever persevered more val-

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iantly in the face of overwhelming difficulties than George Washington, as if to prove, as his first biographer said in this connection, "Hereditary rank may be an illusion, but hereditary virtue gives a patent of innate nobleness beyond all the blazonry of the Heralds' College."

THE TRICK OF THE VOICE

By Edwin W. Morse

"THAT was about the worst performance of *Carmen* I ever heard," said Heartfield, laying the copy of *Il Secolo*, which he had been reading, on the compartment seat, and gazing out of the window at the peasants among the mulberry-trees. "I'm glad to see that this paper roasts her."

I assented: she was pretty bad.

"I suppose," Heartfield went on, reflectively, with his eyes still on the ever-changing landscape, "I've seen half a dozen *Carmens* in the last twenty years, and, do you know, the one whose voice lingers most gratefully in my memory is the first one I ever heard—Minnie Hauk. You remember her, Jim? Weren't those great days—when the old Academy was as sweet-toned and as resonant as a Stradivarius and when Campanini and Del Puente were young and lusty! I was young myself then. Perhaps that's the reason Minnie Hauk's voice made such an abiding impression on me. I can hear it and see her yet in every scene!

"I have a theory," my friend continued, still gazing meditatively out of the window, "that the *timbre* of every person's voice, yours and mine as well as a singer's, is distinct from that of every one else's voice—just as distinct as one's thumb-print is, and that this individual quality persists through life. Perhaps," after a pause, "it lasts into the next world, and if so I'd wager a harp that I shall be able to pick Minnie Hauk out of the heavenly choir by her voice, unless"—and he looked at me with a mock expression of stern reproach—"you and a lot more of my friends succeed in dragging me down to Mr. Lucifer's rathskeller."

Heartfield's visions were suddenly dispelled by the conductor and his demand for our tickets; and the high spirits in which we had both left Milan were momentarily dashed when we learned from this functionary that we should have to stop over for two hours at Piacenza before we could go on to Parma, where we were to renew our acquaintance with the Correggio frescoes. As usual, I was to blame. Through my stupidity in misreading Bradshaw up or down, I don't know which, we had taken the wrong train. There was no help for it, however, and we were too light-hearted to mind such a misadventure. For Heartfield had received a cablegram the day before, bringing the welcome news that his designs for a city hall in Milwaukee or Saint Paul, I've forgotten which, had been accepted, and we were as happy as two boys out of school. It was this competition and another for an art museum for some town in the Middle West, over both of which Heartfield had worked nights and Sundays for weeks, that had upset his nerves and had made this brief holiday in Italy necessary. With some difficulty I had got a leave of absence from the *Recorder* office, and with more difficulty I had finally beguiled my old friend—we had been chums at Dartmouth in the late 'seventies—into hanging up his T-square for a few weeks in order that we might both get a change of scene and a rest. John's wife, Grace, had gladly entered into the conspiracy to coax him away from his work, for she realized more keenly than any one else did the overstrained condition which he was in; the children and her other interests, she generously urged, would occupy her until he returned, rested and refreshed.

"This is a deuce of a place to be

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stranded in on a hot forenoon," exclaimed Heartfield, as we descended to the station platform at Piacenza. And the surroundings certainly were unattractive—a dingy station building; two or three carefree, sleepy-eyed porters; the railway officials gesticulating and important; a few native travellers getting in or out of the train; and, at one side, two soldiers, mere boys apparently, trying heroically with their knives to carve a hunk of bread from a loaf which they had wedged firmly into the architecture of the station.

"Look at those fellows, John! They ought to have a cleaver or an axe for that job!"

"I have often wondered," rejoined my companion in his gravest manner, but with a twinkle in his eye, "whether or not the regulations of the Italian army provide for the use of these loaves of bread as weapons in hand-to-hand fighting or as breastworks. Teak sawdust baked in one of Andrew Carnegie's Pittsburg ovens couldn't be tougher or harder."

Leaving the soldiers to their bread we set out from the station, through the stillness, the glare, and the heat of the June forenoon, to see what the Palazzo Farnese looked like. Whenever it was possible we took advantage of the loose awnings which hung in front of the shops. The streets were deserted; every one seemed to have gone indoors to wait for the cool of the afternoon. Once Heartfield stopped for a few minutes in the shadow of a wall to make a hasty sketch of the detail of a cornice which had caught his practised eye. "It differs a little from anything in the books," was his only comment.

As we strolled leisurely along, stopping now to examine the design of some ironwork on an old door or glancing at a pair of brown eyes only half concealed by a striped window awning, we both noticed an elderly man on the other side of the street looking at us curiously and apparently keeping pace with us. When, on leaving the Palazzo Farnese, we set out to see the church, a short distance away, for which Raphael painted the Sistine Madonna, we saw, not a little to our surprise, that the same old gentleman was eying us and apparently following us.

Thus challenged, we looked at him more carefully. He was under the average height and stooped a little as he walked. Although he was dressed like an Italian, for some reason he did not look like one. His gray hair and longish beard, his slightly bent figure and the halting deliberation of his gait, told us that his age might be seventy, perhaps more. His eyes, however, were keen and alert. The thin, loosely fitting dark-colored clothes that he wore, with a soft hat and a blue silk handkerchief carelessly knotted around his neck, indicated, we thought, that he might be a petty tradesman or the owner of a small farm. The most curious thing about him was his evident interest in us, the motive or the purpose of which was beyond us to fathom. A year had not yet passed since our war with Spain ended, and there was still, here and there, a feeling of hostility to Americans, of which we had been made vaguely conscious, among the Italian people. There was nothing sinister, however, in the bearing of this inquisitive old gentleman. On the contrary, his attitude seemed friendly. And when he turned down a cross-street and disappeared we indulged in all sorts of conjectures as to the cause of his unusual behavior.

Just as we were emerging from the Church of San Sisto we came face to face with the mysterious stranger again, and, not a little surprised, we instinctively drew back a step. The expression of his wrinkled and bearded face reassured us, however, and the next moment he advanced haltingly with the words, "You're Americans, ain't yer?" adding, when we admitted our nationality, "I thought so. Not many come to this place, and it does me good to see one. I'm an American, too." The old fellow picked his way, so to speak, among these words, as if, by reason of long neglect, the English tongue had become a matter of memory instead of an instinct with him.

Our curiosity and interest in turn were now aroused by our new acquaintance, and we urged him to show us the way to a café where we could have a talk. So, with only an occasional word, he led us slowly by a zigzag course through several streets to the Piazza dei Cavalli, the centre of the town, where, in the Café Roma, we found a table in a cool corner near a window. During the walk we had had an opportunity surreptitiously to note the clearness of

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the old man's bronzed skin and the neatness of his whole appearance, and especially of his shoes. When we were seated and Heartfield had asked the waiter to bring us some bread, Gorgonzola cheese, and a flask of native wine, our new acquaintance added a few words in Italian that was incomprehensible to us, but which improved, no doubt, the quality of both the wine and the cheese.

Having laid a foundation for a smoke, we lighted our cigars, the old gentleman, declining our offers, loading and lighting a pipe of curious shape; and then we boldly asked him to tell us how he happened to be in such a place as Piacenza.

"There ain't much to tell," he replied slowly, it evidently being an effort for him to recall the English words he wished to use, simple as they were. "I was a soldier in the Civil War—a sergeant in a New Hampshire regiment. In 'sixty-three I was wounded in the head and captured and thrown into Libby Prison. A year later, while I was bein' taken to Andersonville, I escaped and made my way north. For a year I was in the hospital at Nashville, and when the war ended I managed to get enough money together to come over here in a sailin' vessel. I was so tired, and somethin' ailed my head, and I wanted to sit 'n the sun and rest. I've been here ever since. But I'm goin' back some day to die 'n my own country. It's good to talk with an American again."

A wan and pathetic smile flickered around the corners of the old man's lips as he ended this simple tale, behind which, we instinctively felt, lay much suffering and many tragic experiences. We wanted to know more, but a certain dignity and reserve surrounding the old soldier prevented either Heartfield or me from inquiring more particularly into the circumstances of his life. The sweet wine, being free from all such scruples, came to our aid by loosening the old fellow's tongue a little, and, as if he wished to justify as well as to explain his long expatriation, he went on, even more slowly than before, searching for his words carefully:

"I'm very comfortable here. Many years ago, when I had got my health back, I married an Italian woman, and we have three grown children, and all of them work in the mulberry groves. I make shoes, but," with a suggestion of a smile, "I don't work very hard now. I enjoy the sunshine and the warmth. It makes me shiver to think how cold and bleak it used to be in New Hampshire. But I shall go back there before the end comes."

As the old soldier paused to take another sip of the sweet wine, Heartfield, glancing at his watch, reminded me that we had less than fifteen minutes in which to catch our train. Hastily paying the score, while Heartfield went into the piazza to find a cab, I gave the old veteran my card with my club address in New York, and urged him to let me know if I could ever be of service to him. He thanked me rather awkwardly, adding, with another suggestion of a smile, "I haven't any card: we don't need 'em here. But I'll write my address on one of yours."

He did so, and I thrust the card into my pocket as we hastily bade him good-by and wished him the best of luck. Jumping into the cab we were hurried across the piazza, the old soldier looking after us rather wistfully, I thought, and waving his hand. We reached the station barely in time to get our hand luggage together and secure a compartment as the train pulled out for Parma.

The incident of the meeting with this veteran of the Army of the Potomac had sobered us both. We looked out of the window at the slopes and summits of the Apennines as they swept by and at the yellow torrents flowing from the gorges and under the long bridges which we crossed from time to time, but we saw nothing. My thoughts were following the old soldier, sorely wounded, into Libby Prison and into the hospital. Heartfield, I suspect, was thinking of his own father and perhaps of the self-sacrificing devotion of his widowed mother while he was working his way through college and through the Tech. If, as I imagined from one or two things I had heard, his father had been a man of rather weak character, his mother was certainly a remarkable woman in many ways.

Suddenly Heartfield broke the silence. "I never meet a veteran of the Civil War without being strangely affected—I suppose from the recollection of my own father, who, you remember, enlisted and left home when I was six years old, and

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who now lies in a nameless grave on some Virginia battle-field—we never could learn where. But there was something about this old man that moved me unusually—whether it was his story or his manner or his voice I can't say. I think it must have been his voice which reminded me of some one or something. I wonder what part of New Hampshire he came from and what his name is."

"I have his name here," I replied, reaching into my pocket and pulling out the card which the old soldier had given me. Glancing at it I saw, in faint, pencilled writing, the words:

GIOVANNI CUORECAMPO

Via Felice Cavallotti

Giovanni Cuorecampo—John Heartfield! The words swam before my eyes, and I read them again more carefully, so as to make sure that the unfamiliar handwriting was not playing me some trick. There they were, however, ominously uncompromising—*Giovanni Cuorecampo—John Heartfield*. Slowly the dreadful truth, or my surmise of what the dreadful truth might be, engulfed my mind, leaving me dazed, irresolute, and, for the moment, helpless. Instinctively I clutched at the window frame in a nervous attempt to pull myself out of the whirlpool of emotions in which I found myself struggling, and as I did so a gust of wind blew the card from my loosened fingers.

"Confound the luck!" I cried, with confused feelings of genuine regret and of unspeakable relief surging through my mind. "There goes that card! How careless of me to lose it!"

"Can you remember the name?" asked John calmly, his eyes still fixed on a waterfall in the distance which had prevented him from noticing my momentary agitation.

"Ye-es," I replied hesitatingly. "I—I think so."

"What was it?"

"Giovanni Bianco," I answered in a low voice, after a pause.

"Ah, John White," he rejoined easily. "Not much of a clew, but when I get back I shall have to see if I can find any trace of him in the records of the War Department. The old man interests me for some reason or other. I wish I could get the sound of his voice out of my ears."

THE HOMEWARD ROAD

By Charles Buxton Going

THE fields of workaday are thickly sowed
With tangled troubles and the thorns of care;
But when night comes, it brings the homeward road—
And you are there.

Together, in the cool and fragrant hush,
Cares fall away, and love and life grow strong;
And lo! the restful fields with flowers are lush,
And full of song.

A little wishing moon, above the hill,
Hangs in the saffron sky its silver bow;
And to the murmur of the crickets' trill,
Homeward we go.

To home and hearth and heart—how glad the quest!
Through dusk whose velvet bloom half veils the view,
Homeward and loveward—oh, dear heart, the rest!
Homeward, with you!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

AT our doorway we find it hard to tell whether the nearnesses or the distances are more enticing. The shade of one's own trees is grateful, and the small pink-and-white clover that blossoms in the lawn close to the earth is sweet; yet the far-away paths are always calling, calling, as they must ever to human souls. Past the blue delphiniums of the border, themselves suggestive of distance, as a subtle-minded gardener once told us, to the hazy blue of the distant hill is an inevitable journey for the eye, and where the eye wanders the feet would fain follow. Wherever we glance, we see stable and permanent surroundings slipping into the beginning of trails. Our neighbor's trim green lawn, surrounded by the tidiest hedge in the world, under a huge, overshadowing elm, would seem to be a very abiding-place, stationary and unchanging, yet it is here that we get our first glimpse of the highway, and one glance at the open road is sometimes enough to set the feet a-going. Another way, one sees the living green of sunlight in the wild grass and least birch-trees on the hillside, and may not stay, for a little wind entices, and one follows with swift feet down the slope, through the intervale where a stream wanders, up the hill where it runs riot in the long, waving grass, to a sunny bit of road which lingers as if waiting for a comrade before entering the shadow of the wood.

Old Trails

As we stand wavering on the threshold, uncertain whether to go or stay, spring calls to us in the early note of bird or the cry of the hylas, in young greens and faint rose tints that run swiftly over distant hill and wood; or autumn beckons, with its magic, haze-haunted distances, and its gray-blue mists beyond the oaks that burn deep-red with the late fires of fall. Even winter, sometimes austerely, over white snow that seems the end of things, sometimes gayly, with tingling in the blood, stings one forth, over crisp paths, by naked, lovely branches against a clear, cold sky, past roadsides where every branch and withered blossom bends with its soft weight of new-fallen snow. And the call of the summer nights, the charm of the road one cannot see, who can resist that? The familiar pathways are full of challenge of the unknown; sweeter, more penetrating odors creep out in the darkness, from dusky tangles of vine and shadowy fields; the common roadways seem to end in stars.

This is a gently rolling country, that lingers in its passage toward the sea, by many a low-lying meadow and reedy stream; and through it, here, there, and everywhere, a little loitering river wanders its own wet way. If we lack opportunities for steep climbing, yet there are gentle heights to tempt our feet. One, that to which the delphinium beckons, you reach, after your tramp by the roadside is over, through an old New England pasture, full of unforgetable charm. By gray rocks covered with ancient lichen, by clumps of tall fern you go, climbing a broad slope past wild rose and barberry tangles. Blueberries, dim in color as this hill summit from our distant home, grow here among the bay, and juniper, and sweet fern. You hold a few in your hand as you go climbing on, past the tiny sentinel cedars that dot the close grass, to a broad and gracious summit. You are higher than you thought. Miles and miles about you stretches the encompassing green country, with the silver line of the river, and the soft, deep-foliaged trees, out and out; the entire horizon is clear, in perfect circle. In the west lies the faint blue outline of distant mountains, and between, slight ridges that the misty sunset finds, wave upon wave of land shining out toward the sky. It is silent, except for the tinkle of a cow-bell now and then, and the cawing of a hoarse old crow.

Some of the roadsides about us are as neglected and as full of charm as if they did not know they are living in an era of landscape gardeners. Long grass sways by the fences; wild grapevine, berry-bushes, woodbine tangle there; asters, white or purple, and tall, starry goldenrod nodding over fences still are spared us, by the grace of God and the forgetfulness of man. That highway whose invitation is ever before us charms by its onward directness, its over-

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shadowing trees, elms, oaks, and ancient maples, and by its bordering meadows. Neither gypsy caterpillars nor automobiles have as yet destroyed it, though both are making progress. This highway, in all seasons, in all moods, we know, in sunlight, starlight, and in misty rain. Here, in a sheltered hollow, spring comes earliest; over the half-hidden, sunny water one sees the delicate ripple of young leaves, myriad-tinted; trailing willow branches are there with their faint golden gleam, and red blossoms of the maple, all wearing the iridescent glory of April days. To the broad grassy meadows just beyond, in May, the bobolinks come home and build again, madly singing in the summer.

On sleepy, sunshiny afternoons, so great is the charm of these meadows, and the pale, indescribable green of the young wheat-field near, or its later golden grain, that you almost forget the open road. A sense of warmth and rest and fulness of life possesses you; you sit upon an "old gray stone" and doze in the sun, with the fragrance of pine in your nostrils; then you waken with a start and trudge on.

Still more compelling is the invitation of this highway in late evenings, in the dampness and wet fragrance of full summer. Everything calls one—the booming of the old frogs from the low, marshy pond, answering each other from under the great willows on opposite sides where they make their homes. Tree-toads are calling, calling from shadowy trees close to the road, and the cheep of drowsy birds comes from unseen nests near by. Fireflies everywhere lure one on; that field of wheat is full of them; so is the long grass where bobolinks are asleep.

There is another road, whose loveliness at night belies a touch of sordidness it wears in the light of day. Here we go to see the stars, for it commands wide open spaces. Orion, the pole star, the corona borealis—and the steady swing of our stride seems in unison with their steady swing. Common things take on a dim, mysterious beauty, lent by the fireflies and the star-shine. Through the soft darkness of the neighboring corn-field the tasselled tops shine like dull torches, as we stop to breathe in the sweetness of it all—the moist, cool sweetness. Would that John Keats might have smelled this of a summer night!

Something is always calling us from chair or hammock in our birch-trees' shade—the drifting flight of a butterfly, the beat of a swift bird's wing, floating bit of thistledown, or flower and driven leaf of autumn, sharing the wind's wild flight. I would not have the challenge of the distances find me lacking, nor discern heights or glimpses of far roads that I do not know. This sense of constant quest is but part of the eternal impulse which we share with all the universe toward change and movement. It is well that radium — potent in modern surgery — has opened the minds of scientists to a suspicion that matter is but a form of energy, of motion, and that they begin to waken to an idea suggested by Greek philosophers more than two thousand years ago! Great is the joy of moving where all things move; deep is the thrill of that sense of wide companionship that nothing escapes. The symbolism of the open road has always been our best and profoundest symbol; the "pilgrimage of man" suggests more potently than any other figure our lot between the cradle and the grave. There is an unescapable charm in feeling one's feet move slowly along the common highway; each step reaches back to our earliest beginning, and onward to one end, connecting our two ultimate selves. Something primeval perhaps lingers in it, a sense of those earliest stages when the animal found itself floating free from the old vegetable fixedness, in fearful joy of oozy motion; something too of the thrill of those first moments of ability to choose a path, the flash of the living will through the incipient stages of animal being.

Afoot and Alone

THE thought of one's primeval self suggests primeval process; there are walks hereabout that bear witness to the ceaseless growth, the stir and unrest, at the heart of apparently stable things. Such is the path about our little lake, by shelving shore, under overhanging trees, past jutting points where the reflected beauty of moss and tree ripples down into the water with exquisitely changing gradations; and the more rugged path about the upper lake, where, between hemlock branches, we get glimpses of an irregular wild shore, and of secluded corners overgrown with reeds and lily-pads. We know, for the wise have told us, that, through timeless and imperceptible nature

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process, our bright sheet of water is filling up from the other. Through the silence, we can almost hear

"The moanings of the homeless sea,
The sound of streams, that, swift or slow,
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be."

Of the glacial action that determined the shape of our rounding hills and wide sand plains, dim pictures form themselves in one's mind, but the "imagination boggles at" that cold world of ice. Curiously interesting is the walk along the "eskar," or bed of a glacial river. High, winding, with uniform wooded slopes below—you would think it an aqueduct but for the curves. You are with the tree-tops, touched with faint spring color or autumn-tinted, and you know, though you are far up in the air, that this is the bed of the most ancient type of river. You are going the way the water went uncounted years ago, under the slowly melting mass of ice, heaping up débris.

The aqueduct in places would seem to be imitating the eskar, save that it runs straight, at times with even, grassy slopes perhaps seventy feet high. Here and there it is carried over marshy stream or deep gully by stately Roman arches of gray stone, the dull Pompeian red of its brick walls fading and crumbling above the green. All about, a network of aqueducts, converging cityward, afford for us and for other tramps enchanting trails, with always a footpath running through the grass, sometimes at a height, sometimes across a level meadow, most charming of all when sunken and sheltered by high banks, where deep cutting was necessary to keep a level for the water. Here summer lingers into autumn, and autumn keeps winter out long after the highways are surrendered. Violets and low wild roses blossom along the slender trail; the gently sloping sides are clothed with gracious grass and fern; goldenrod, asters, sumac, and scrub-oak bring autumn glory there.

For country near a large city, there is an amazing amount of woodland hereabout. Though much of it is second growth, and it lacks the deep solemnity of the ancient wood, it has the immemorial appeal of the forest, which is different from the appeal of anything else earth has to offer, more intimate, more subtle, perhaps going farther back. There are wood-roads here and there, deep ruts with grassy strips between; you can walk for miles under delicate, translucent young leaves in spring, and see everywhere about the flame of green sunlight in ferns that light the shadowy corners. In autumn, the brown and red and gold, interlacing overhead, the slim tree-trunks, the tracery of branch and twig, recall, but with far greater beauty, the glory of living color of the Sainte Chapelle. Here one is aware, more deeply than anywhere else, of eternal process, stir, and change, at nature's very heart. Some rustle across the stillness brings constantly a sense of encompassing life.

"Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.
Here the snake across your path
Stretches in his golden bath;
Mossy-footed squirrels leap,
Soft as winnowing plumes of sleep.
. . . . . .
Change, the strongest son of Life,
Has the Spirit here to wife."

If you wish a companion for your wayfaring, perhaps you seek the little river that goes gently, with innumerable twists and windings, toward the sea. From the highway you pass through an opening, once guarded by a pair of bars; you follow, through a low bit of meadowland, a road deep grown with grass, daisies and buttercups blossoming at the side and between. Under the aqueduct, beyond the tall grasses of the marsh, where wild blue iris grows, beyond the reeds and rushes, you find the river, the slow little river, the laziest stream in all the world, outside of England. It is, of all the rivers in existence, the one for those divided in their minds, not knowing whether to go or to stay at home. It flows gently past its mossy, wooded banks, so full of reflections of birch and maple, pine and dogwood, that it must almost think itself a forest, with so untroubled, so clear a surface that you cannot tell, by looking, which way the current goes, and the floating leaves are of no help. This is because of the many curves and turnings; it goes back on its course again and again. Opposite lies a great estate, once open to the wayfarer, now, alas! closed, with miles of magic, tree-bordered driveway.

"Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion,
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,"

and still does, I fancy. Sacred? Of course! Is it not the river Charles?

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It is an enchanting stream, gracious, companionable. In spring and autumn, boats and canoes with young men in white flannels recall the Oxford students of old days, except that these young men sit up straighter, as behooves them, the companion being not the undergraduate fox-terrier but a college girl.

The path skirts the shore closely, through beds of fern, past wild honeysuckle and tangled vines, up a little slope fragrant with pine. You reach at last a beautiful pine wood, with its fragrances, its brown bed of needles, its "sunny spots of greenery," and here you stop, letting the river ripple on through wood and meadow to the sea.

So we keep moving, moving, in spite of the enticement of the threshold, the immemorial desire to wander being ever with us, the need of being up and away. This slow progression sets mind and spirit free; you walk out of old worries, old tangles, into fine freedom. And the joy, the sheer joy of going on! Beauty is greater because you pass and go; the charm of the wild rose that you see but once haunts you endlessly. The sting, the challenge, the potency of change have deeper cause than we know for so commanding us. If each step reaches back through eons of life to the very threshold of being, it reaches forward still more endlessly. Each onward footstep brings its thrill; it is one footstep nearer the goal, and seems at times to be about to touch the very outer edge of mystery.

The most appealing path is no path at all, but a bit of open country, where high slopes with softly swelling hills and hollows stretch out like a bit of the Wiltshire downs. In the bottomlands below, the river comes nearest us, and here lies a sunken meadow, safe and hidden; automobilists cannot see it as they speed along the highway, for on one side it is wood-sheltered, on the other guarded by the gently rounding hills. It is beloved by birds and butterflies, by fireflies, crickets, and by us. Most of all we love it at the folding-time of the birds, when we face the even grass and hear the good-night chirping, with the gurgle of the frogs, and the "noiseless noise" of slow water. This, like the upper slopes, is covered by smooth short grass, with the gold of close-clinging buttercups everywhere, tiniest daisies, and reddening sorrel tints. Like much of New England, it has no luxuriance of vegetation, but a spare and delicate beauty, wrought by nature in one of her fine, ascetic moods; yet the soft hollows of the downs keep all winter, under the snow, the freshness of living grass, and the first flush of pale green in earliest spring over hill and hollow has enchantment that I find nowhere else.

I know the way I shall take, when the last moment comes. Not by the highway shall my feet fare forth, nor any main-travelled road; not by aeroplane or motor, but afoot and alone, under the wide-branching oak, over the brow of the little hill, dipping into the hollow, by the half-hidden path bordered by sweet fern and the least goldenrod, up the broader slope where the world opens out to westward. Bare hill and hollow, stretching on and on; trees beyond trees; a glimpse of the lake, and beyond—the red-brown bars of sunset. It would seem but an easy step from this world to a fairer—if indeed any could be more fair, which I doubt.

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THE FIELD OF ART

SIR JOHN TENNIEL—CARTOONIST

Good Sir John!

A tribute to Sir John on his retirement, by Linley Sambourne.

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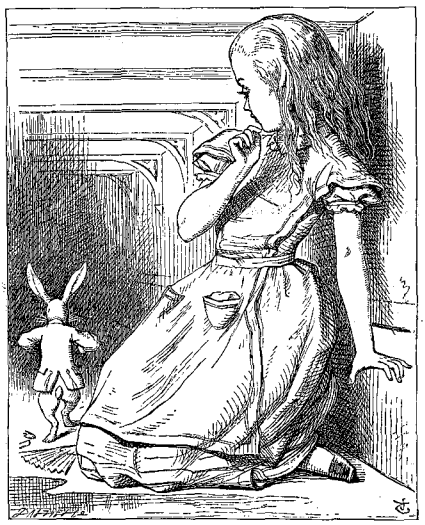
FOR about a dozen years before his death, on February 26, Sir John Tenniel, so long chief cartoonist of *Punch*, had done no work. Yet the obituaries seemed to indicate that the memory of his accomplishment was still fairly vivid, that the impression made was a lasting one.

What is the underlying cause of this? Not caricature; Tenniel's cartoons were free from distortion. Not rampant humor; Tenniel's sense of humor was ever restrained though ever ready. Nor primarily strength of drawing; Tenniel had, indeed, a clean-cut line which was generally adequate and at times remarkably so. He used always a precision in linear statement which imparted to his drawings an effect of sureness that did not always bear analysis. The salient quality of Tenniel's draughtsmanship is its simple directness, a very important, a very necessary, quality in political satire. But the success of Tenniel in the field which was peculiarly his own for so many years was based initially on certain inherent qualities which, to some extent, at least, may not strike the beholder, at first sight, as potent factors in political caricature.



It was the rabbit returning splendidly dressed.

From "Alice in Wonderland."
Reproduced by permission of Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

"I weep for you," the Walrus said.
"I deeply sympathize."

From "Through the Looking Glass." Reproduced by permission of Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

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First of all, seriousness. Cartooning of the best kind is a serious business. It is not the agile wielders of the slap-stick whose names appear most prominently in the annals of political pictorial satire, but men of the weight, the force, the energy of Gillray, Daumier, Tenniel, Nast, Keppler. And seriousness finds its highest expression in honesty of purpose such as was Tenniel's. "The secret of the power of his cartoons," said an American writer, "has always lain in their inherent truthfulness."

Dropping the pilot.

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Next, dignity; a dignity racial as well as individual. That is, an element which emphasizes the high standard set by his serious intent. An element which places us, indeed, in an atmosphere of reticence and good breeding. It has been said somewhere that this reticence, this restraint, was in accordance with the policy of the publication on the pages of which it was displayed. If this is so, if such restrictions were imposed, the remarkably large number of indubitable "hits" scored by the artist in his two thousand cartoons becomes all the more noteworthy.

Underneath the dignity of demeanor, the reserve, there are felt strength and variety both of invention and of suggestion, and often strong dramatic feeling.

Such qualities Tenniel employed with singular, straightforward effectiveness. Sharp he was often—witness his Civil War cartoons—but bitter, hardly. Certainly not bitter with the ferocity of Gillray, nor with the relentless mercilessness of Nast's Greeley-campaign drawings. And even if we winced under his attacks on the North during those trying times of the sixties, we can smile to-day at the recollection of kindlier notes. His conception of Lincoln as the coon ready to come down from the tree on being assured that Crockett (John Bull) is in earnest has an American tang that appeals to us. And there is grim humor in his summing up of the situation in his picture of Lincoln stirring the hearth fire, from which pours forth a thick volume of sooty smoke resolving itself into innumerable minute Africans; "What a nice White House this would be," he sighs, "if it were not for the blacks!" Tenniel's cartoons against Lincoln have been referred to repeatedly, but there can be no doubt of the good faith that animated them. And be it said now that for the height of bitterness in attacks on the war President one must turn over the caricatures produced at the time in our own land. As for the rest, the cartoonist is neither omniscient nor an infallible prophet, but a human being. Tenniel made the *amende honorable* on the death of the martyr President in his drawing with the accompanying verses by Tom Taylor. The reference to prophecy recalls the "keen political foresight" attributed to Tenniel. Once, however, hopefulness and optimism inspired a cartoon which proved fallacious. On April 12, 1884, desire prompted a picture of General Gordon at Khartoum straining his eyes to see needed help coming, and rewarded only by a "Mirage." On February 7, 1885, came the scene of the arrival of relief, with the joyful caption "At Last." A week later the news of the taking of Khartoum did away with all hope, and Britannia, "Too Late," despairingly sees the Mahdi's hordes pouring through the gate into the beleaguered city. Gladstone was prime min-

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"HUMBLE PIE."

Mr. Bull. "Humble pie again, William!—You gave me that yesterday?"
Head Waiter. "Yes, sir—no, sir—that were GENEVA humble pie, sir. This is BERLIN humble pie, sir!!"

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WHAT NEXT?

Russian Bear. "You've read my 'Circular!' You know my intentions are strictly honourable! What are *you* going to do?"
British Lion. "Blest if I know! Ask the Government, and if they can't tell you, try the Opposition!!"

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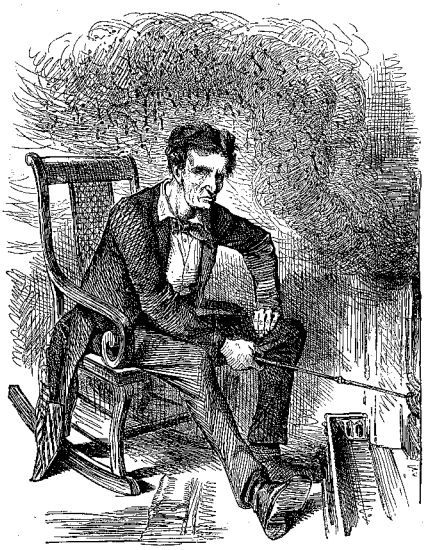
ister at the time, and he and Beaconsfield were prominent figures for years in Tenniel's weekly pictorial comments. Separately or in juxtaposition, he presented them again and again with a happy seizure of salient characteristics in feature and expression, with a subtle yet simply expressed summarizing of such fundamental traits under the changing influences of mood and circumstance and varying attitude of mind.

When in 1850 Tenniel was called to *Punch* in place of Richard Doyle, he was apparently not too enthusiastic over the prospect. His eyes had been turned to other spheres: at sixteen he had exhibited and sold his first oil-painting, and subsequently he had been one of the competitors for the frescoes of the Palace of Westminster. But he had also illustrated Æsop, and it was this work which attracted Mark Lemon's attention. If he really uttered at that time the statement attributed to him: "Do they suppose there is anything funny about me?" he certainly experienced a change of heart subsequently. "Some people," he once said to Spielmann, "believe that I am no humourist, that I have no sense of fun at all. . . . Now *I* believe that I have a very keen sense of humour, and that my drawings are sometimes really funny."

He was absolutely right. That appears most markedly in the title-pages of which he drew so many for *Punch*. There is the



THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

President Abe. "What a nice WHITE HOUSE this would be, if it were not for the BLACKS!"

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The Roundelay of Rollo.

From an original drawing by Sir John Tenniel in *Punch's* Pocket Book, extended to thirty-eight volumes, with one hundred and twenty-six original drawings and twenty-five tracings. From the rare-book collection of Charles Scribner's Sons.

inimitable Punch standing beside the imperturbable British lion, whom Toby, his fat little dog, is aping in carriage. Or Punch being carried off to the Chicago Fair of 1893 by the American eagle. Cosmo Monkhouse well characterized these titles and the head-and-tail-pieces as showing "decorative ingenuity and sprightly humor." And who can fail to see the twinkling eye behind the scenes he drew for "Alice in Wonderland"? He has fixed for us, with hearty sympathy, types of the hatter, the mad hare, the carpenter, the loquacious walrus, and the rest of the company. Finally, in his cartoons, the humor is often least apparent, yet often there. One has but to glance at the Beaconsfield series to see that.

The reference to the British lion brings to mind a bit of stage property which Tenniel often used, and to the best effect. The first appearance, which I remember, of this royal animal in his cartoons occurred on August 22, 1857, in the print entitled "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger," revenge, that is, for the Sepoy massacre of women and children at Cawnpore. Tenniel, in fact, was happy in the delineation of animals; his Russian bear was an inimitable mixture of strength, clumsiness, and cunning. Again and again he appears: paying his addresses to Gladstone (as an elderly maiden), slowly crushing Turkey to death, clumsily yet stealthily playing his game on the chess-board of European politics.

Particularly noteworthy in all this is the fact that the story is told, the point made, with but a few figures, not infrequently with only two. That is an important element: conciseness, clearness. Summing up then the characteristics of Tenniel's style and expression, there are found seriousness, honesty, directness, force, clearness, the saving salt of subtle humor, and adequate presentation.

F. WEITENKAMPF.

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